June 17, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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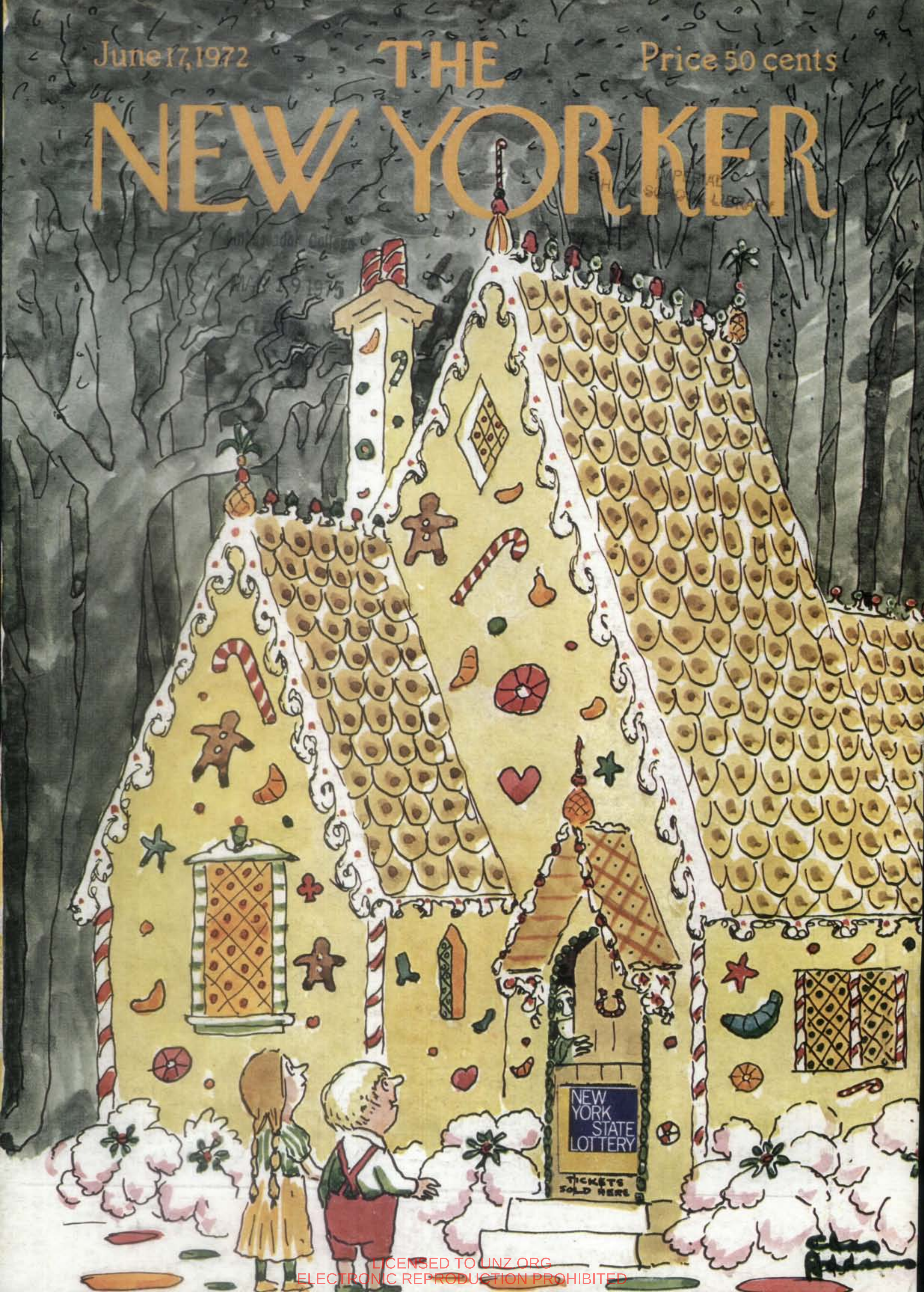
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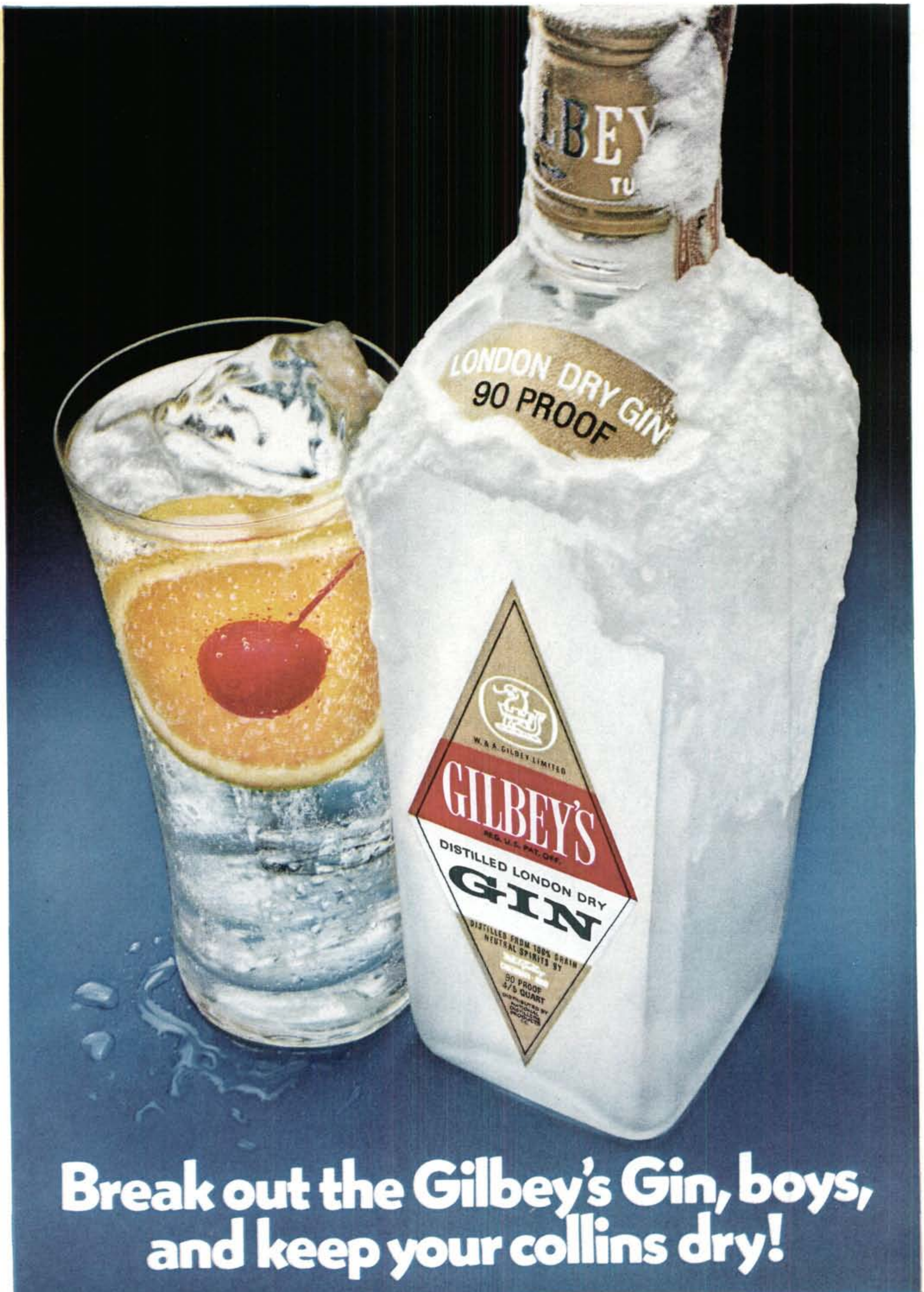
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Chickencoop Chinaman—A play written by Frank Chin and directed by Jack Gelber. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 24.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—An all-black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden are superlative in this revival, which, for a wonder, is superior to the original. Ably directed by Burt Shevelove. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Hunter—This play is as annoying as it is puzzling. The performances of Michael Hadge and Robert Glaudini as a pair of soldiers, Douglass Watson as an old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer as a girl off the prairies are creditable, though. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

In My Many Names and Days—A play in two parts by Charles Fuller. Part I: Friday through Sunday, June 16-18, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 25, at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Friday through Sunday, June 23-25, at 8:30. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Through Sunday, July 2. Free.)

Jamimma—A consistently interesting play by Martie Evans-Charles about a meek black woman and the funny and tragic results of her inability to assert herself. The performance, under Shauneille Perry's direction, is good. Marcella Lowery, Dick Williams, Roxie Roker, and Lucretia Collins head the all-black cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael will substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, June 20-21. Opens officially on Thursday, June 22. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Older People—John Ford Noonan's skittish fan-

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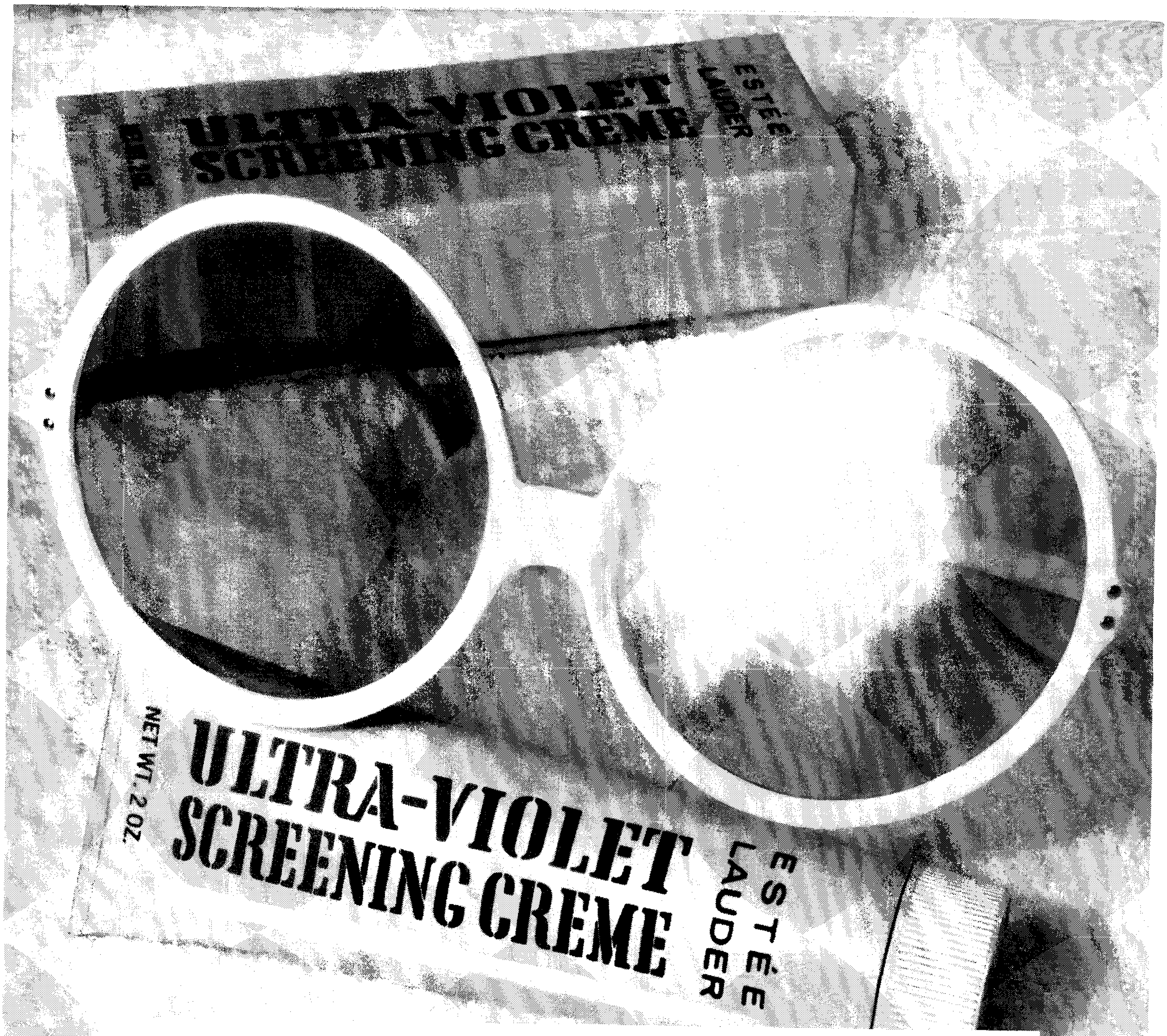
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tasy about the elderly comes in the form of vaudeville sketches and doesn't add up to much of anything, in spite of a few pleasant moments. It is well played, though, by a cast of six, under Mel Shapiro's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and they are being delivered by Art Carney and Barbara Barrie, who have just replaced Peter Falk and Lee Grant in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Carrie Nye, Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

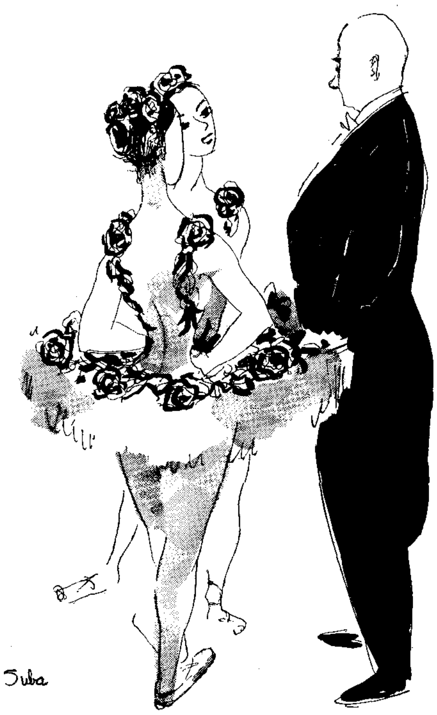
Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**butterflies are free:** Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **follies:** Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **lenny:** Sandy Baron has just succeeded Cliff Gorman as the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** 1,829 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 5,046 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** 3,225 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except June 17, at 7:30; on Saturday, June 17, at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **hair:** 1,732 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)... **no, no, nanette:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **one flew over the cuckoo's nest:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3)... **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **sleuth:** Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances will resume on Sunday, June 18, with a week-long Stravinsky festival of music and dance (twenty of thirty ballets are premières). Tentative schedule—Sunday, June 18, at 7: "Scherzo Fantastique," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Violin Concerto," and "Firebird" (with Joseph Silverstein, violin).... ¶ Tuesday, June 20, at 8: "Symphony in E Flat," "The Cage," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 8: "Octuor," "Serenade in A," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Ebony Concerto," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Circus Polka" (with Madeleine Malraux, piano, and Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano).... ¶ Thursday, June 22, at 8: "Rubies" from "Jewels," "Duo Concertante," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Scènes de Ballet."... ¶ Friday, June 23, at 8: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Dumbarton Oaks," "Ode," and "Pulcinella" (with Mme. Malraux; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and William Metcalf, baritone).... ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon."... ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 7: "Choral Variations on Bach's 'Vom Himmel Hoch,'" "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Requiem Canticles" (with Miss Bonazzi; the Messrs. White and Metcalf; and a chorus of seventy). (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

Louis Falco—With his dance company, in a program of his own works. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday through Saturday, June 14-17, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comic George Carlin is booked here through Monday, June 19. Singer Billy Joel starts Wednesday, June 21. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Pianist Richard Wyands plays with a bassist through Sunday, June 18. The Ray Bryant duo starts Thursday, June 22. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Pianist Duke Jordan is collaborating with a bassist between nine-thirty and one-thirty. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Wednesday through Saturday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pianist Cedar Walton and bassist Sam Jones will be playing between ten and four. Sundays and Mondays, from eight until two, Duke Jordan will be on piano and Major Holley on bass. Tuesdays, from eight until two, another pianist will fill in.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Marian McPartland—a pretty *rara avis* herself—is happily and gratifyingly back at the Steinway, assisted by bassist Rick Petrone. They perform six nights a week from eight until one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist every night but Monday. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Jim Raney plays a guitar while Linc Milliman handles a bass. Nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Through Sunday, June 18, saxophonist and flutist James Moody will be in charge of a quartet. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. J. D. Crowe and the Kentucky Mountain Boys do the kind of thing their name implies through Sunday, June 18. Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks, who hark hiply back to the nineteen-forties, arrive Wednesday, June 21. On Mondays and Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from eight-thirty to midnight, after which people may dance to records until two. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Bassist Charles Mingus is moving into the Blue Room Cabaret, a plastic-chaired, mirror-walled room on the second floor of this theatre complex. Beginning Thursday, June 15, he will present variously sized groups, from a trio all the way to his twenty-two-piece band. The hours are ten and midnight Sundays through Thursdays, and ten, midnight, and two on Fridays and Saturdays. Cocktails and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Mondays, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other activities to lead a Dixieland septet. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Lynn Richards does an all-purpose job at the piano. Music from nine. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Sunday, June 18, guitarist Larry Coryell directs a fivesome. On Tuesday, June 20, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson will turn up with his quintet. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal, who has a complex and showy piano technique, is leading a trio six nights a week. From nine, and between Jamal sets, Bill Rubenstein takes comfortable command of the piano. Mondays are problematical, with new talent turning up. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Big things in a little package. Through Sunday, June 18, Thelonious Monk, for whom a piano is a piano is a piano, will be conducting his quartet. Saxophonist Archie Shepp, who is very much into black music, brings in a quintet on Tuesday, June 20. Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band does its potent stuff. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. 924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Monday through Wednesday, and by Nina Sheldon (who also sings) and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from seven to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, June 18, cornettist Wild Bill Davison will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, Carol Denmark and the Grand Prix entertain. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other odd dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Dick Gregory, our articulate ombudsman, and Two as One, a couple of singers and players, are on point duty at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Gladys Knight and the Pips, who call themselves rhythm-and-blues, use not faith but their own entwined voices to move mountains, and in a hurry. Their hours are nine and midnight in the **ROYAL BOX.** A Ray Bloch orchestra and the Arturo Arturos band provide the dance music. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss has time to grow under the feet of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays.... ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

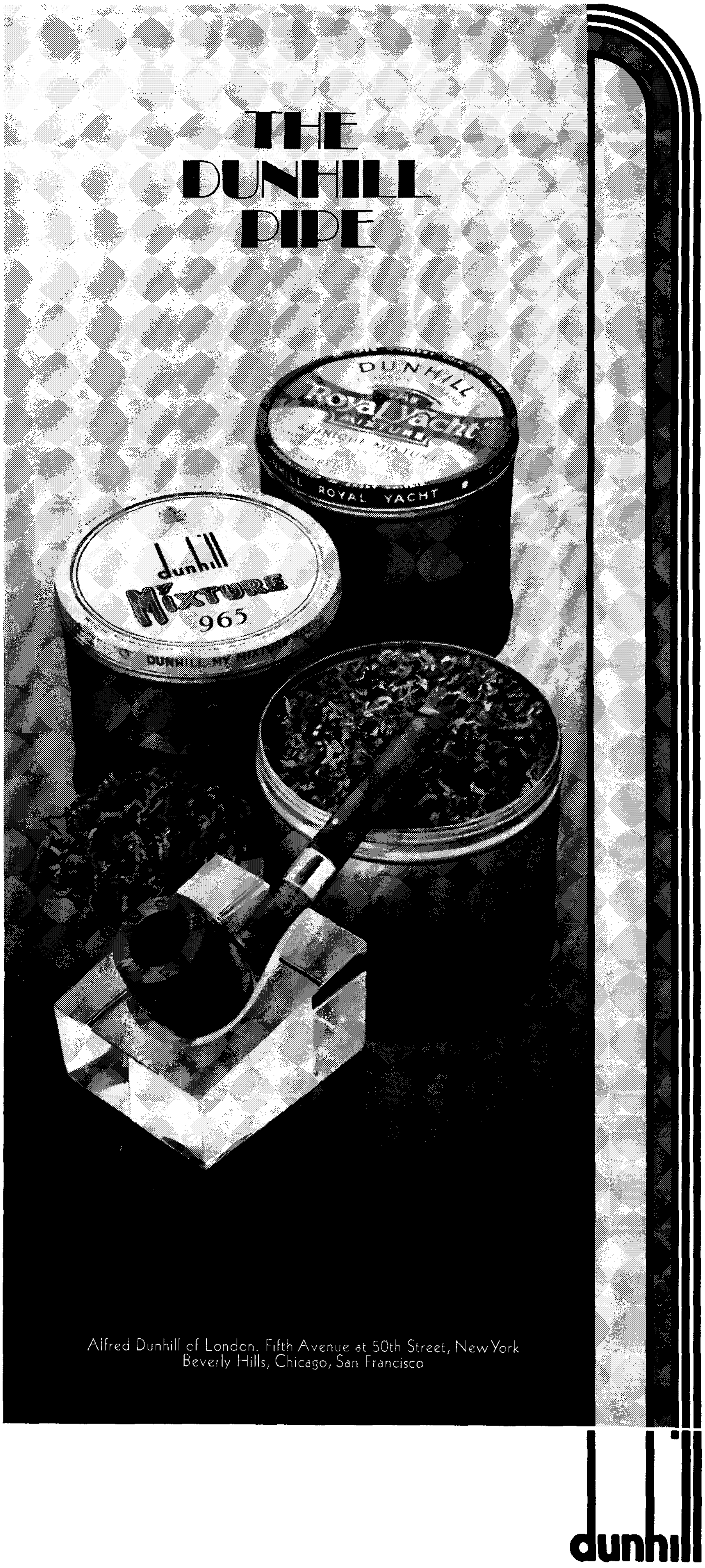
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Billy Eckstine is singing his witching arias in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one.... ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The pagan rout assembled by Louis Prima (bandsmen, jumpers, shouters) is doing dinner and supper bang-ins on this sterling rooftop. The dance music starts at eight. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A fond summertime farewell on Saturday, June 17, to the **MAISONETTE** and those masters of musical memory, the Mills Brothers. Until then, the music for featly footing it will come from the George Cort orchestra.... **LA BOITE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers only the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... ¶ Mabel Mercer, who always gets her wis-

HOWA
John
SAN



Alfred Dunhill of London. Fifth Avenue at 50th Street, New York
Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco

dunhill

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), has just been installed in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** Buddy Barnes is her excelling accompanist. Starting time is nine. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** there is Melba Moore, a lady imbued with song, during the dinner and supper hours. Dance tunes by Charles Turecamo and his band and the Felipe Yanez trio. The enterprise will shut down for the summer after Saturday, June 17.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short and his wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **DUNCAN'S,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two.... **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays.... **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. ... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays.... **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano is Ronny Whyte, whose course runs from nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday.... **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). Closed Sundays.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. ... **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every night but Sunday and Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

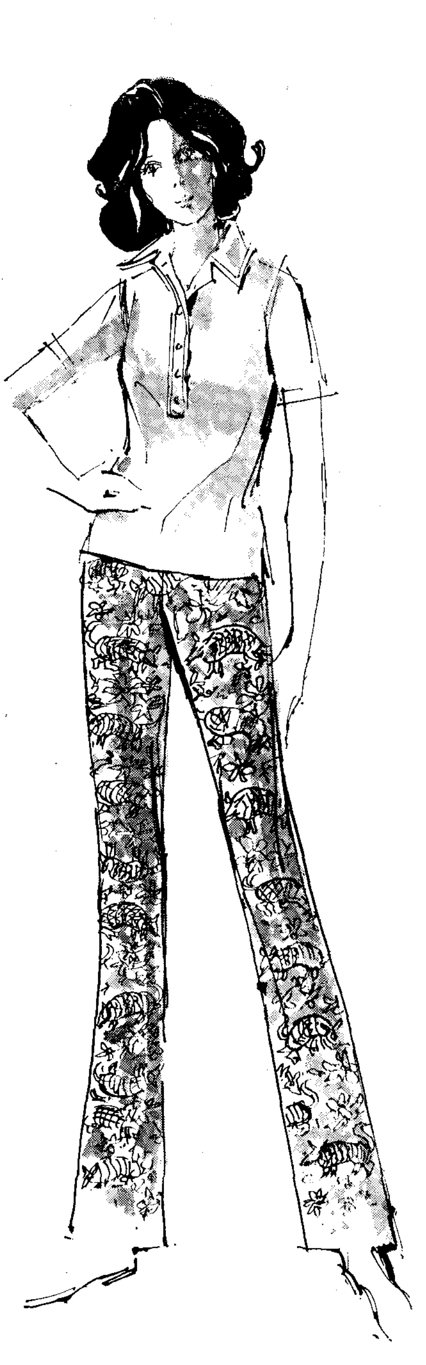
Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Thirty sculptures, four paintings, and drawings and graphics dating from 1927 to the year of his death, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall—A complete suite of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Old Testament; through June 30. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emily Fuller—Strips of colored canvas in varying widths suspended from the walls and ceiling in groups; through Friday, June 23.



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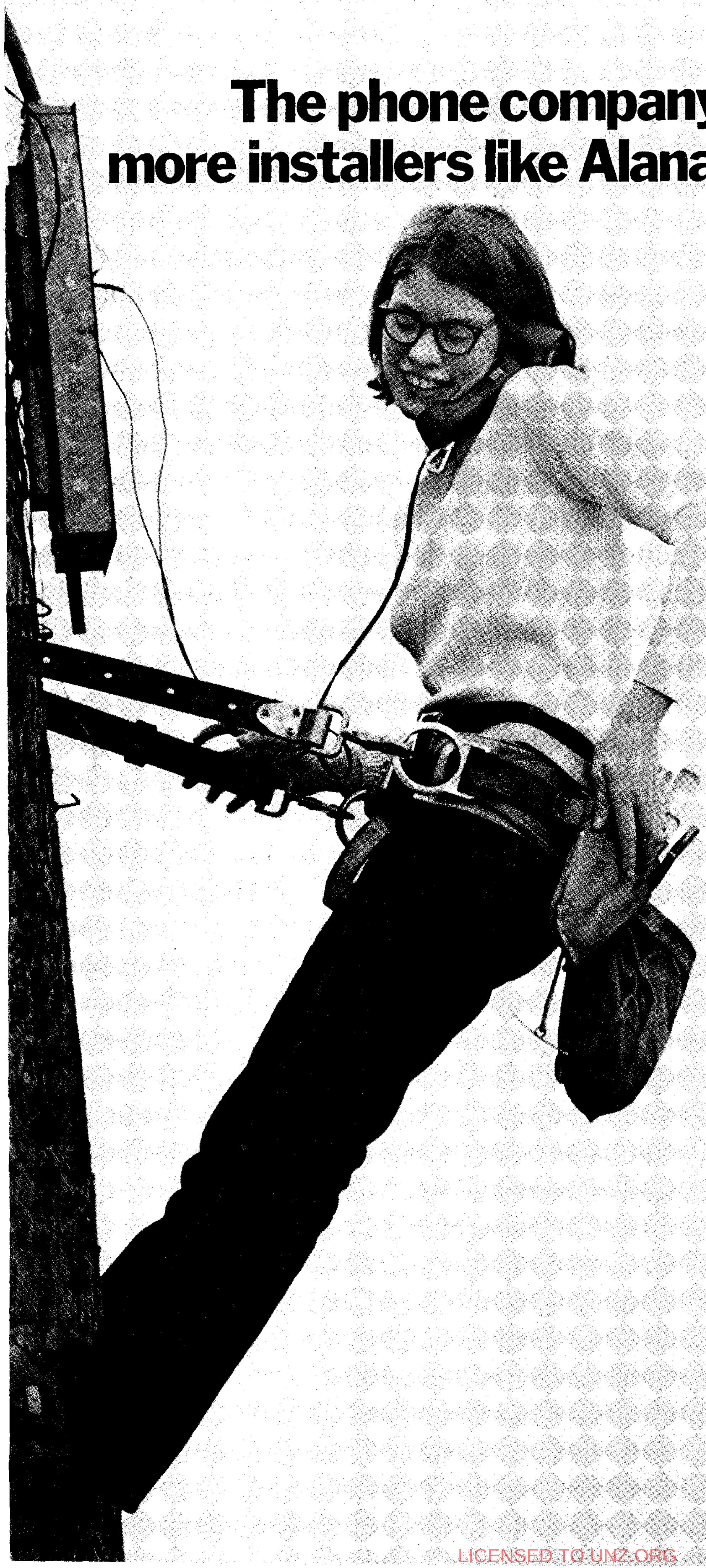
The phone company wants more installers like Alana MacFarlane.



Alana MacFarlane is a 20-year-old from San Rafael, California. She's one of our first women telephone installers. She won't be the last.

We also have several hundred male telephone operators. And a policy that there are no all-male or all-female jobs at the phone company.

We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

For example, Alana likes working outdoors. "I don't go for office routine," she said. "But as an installer, I get plenty of variety and a chance to move around."

Some people like to work with their hands, or, like Alana, get a kick out of working 20 feet up in the air.

Others like to drive trucks. Some we're helping to develop into good managers.

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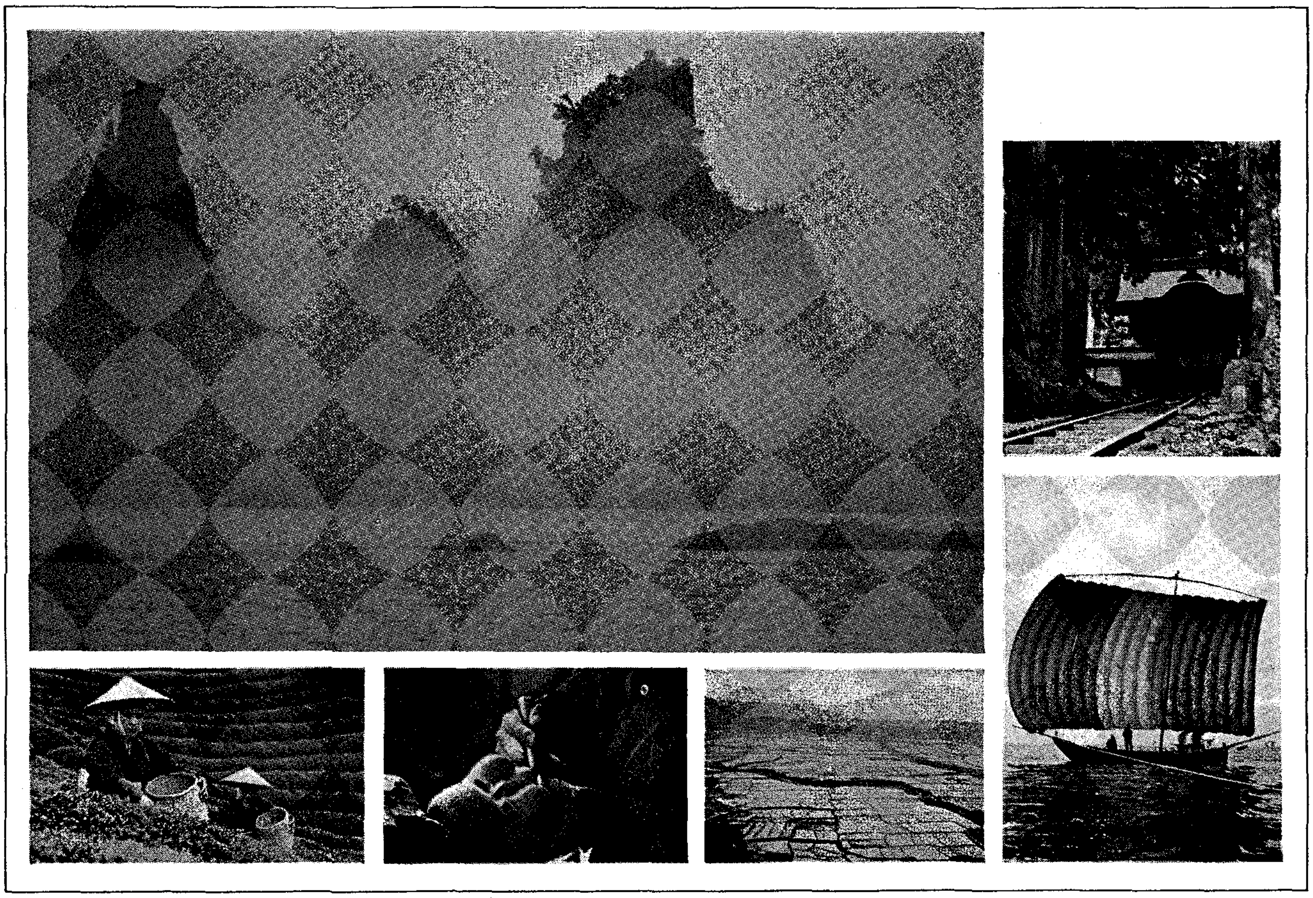
Beyond Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka



Spend a couple of days off the beaten path. Discover the Japan where tourists are few, but always welcome.

By night, molten lava in the crater of Mt. Asama glows with an unearthly light. But you'll never know the unique sensation if you don't leave Tokyo behind for a day or so.

If you tire of the glittering Ginza, visit a town like Kusatsu, where 80 *ryokan* (Japanese inns) cluster about the town square. Let Kusatsu's hot springs bathe your body and soothe your spirit.

Step aboard a high-speed hydrofoil not far from Osaka, and race through a sea dotted with pine-clad islets that look the same today as they did when they inspired Japan's most famous artists centuries ago.

Glide in a flat-bottomed, air-propelled boat through the rapids of the Kumano River to the deep, still waters of Torohatcho gorge. Look down into the mirrorlike water and see the reflections of azaleas and rhododendrons perched on the granite cliffs high above you.

Let your imagination go when you visit the regions where tea is grown. The long, carefully manicured rows of tea plants suddenly begin to resemble green dragons asleep on the hillsides.

Wander the countryside of Japan and soak up the sights no city can offer: pearl divers disappearing in clear cool waters; villagers celebrating a rich harvest with *bon-odori* dances on the village mall; a craftsman fashioning a ceramic vase of classic Japanese simplicity.

The Japan you'll remember best is the Japan beyond the usual. For more information on the hidden Japan, send for our free booklets, "Northeastern Japan" and "Midland of Japan."

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION
45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020
333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60601
1420 Commerce Street, Dallas 75201
1737 Post Street, San Francisco 94115
727 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 90017
109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu 96815
165 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario

A Japan few tourists see.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

James Hilleary and Kenneth Young—Color-stain paintings by two Washington, D.C., artists; first one-man shows here. Through June 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Konopka—An artist who paints his wife in interiors and landscapes; first one-man show here. Through Thursday, June 22. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Giacomo Manzù—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through June 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Isamu Noguchi—A single abstract sculpture in three bronze castings of different tones, plus two in aluminum; through Saturday, June 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Elijah Pierce—Painted sculptures, mostly reliefs, depicting religious and social subjects in naïve style; first one-man show here of an eighty-year-old black wood-carver. Through Friday, June 23. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Clayton Pond—Closeups of details of objects enlarged to the point where they are identifiable only by their titles; through Friday, June 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Nicholas Schöffer—Sculptures by the internationally known Constructivist who works in light and motion; included are early works, plus a model for his Tour Lumière, now under construction on the outskirts of Paris, which will be taller than the Eiffel Tower. Through July 1. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Somberg—Paintings in bright colors, influenced by Cubism: through Friday, June 23. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by such American artists as Luks, Avery, Soyer, and Shahn: through Sept. 11. (Closed Saturdays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Black-and-white works in various mediums by, for example, Ben Bishop, Don David, Martin Hurtig, and Golda Lewis; through June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by prominent American landscapists; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fine and applied art produced in early-twentieth-century Vienna by, among others, Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through July 29. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Lynda Benglis, Robert Grosvenor, Sol LeWitt, and five other artists; through Friday, June 23. (Closed Saturdays.)... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by gallery artists—Bannard, Boxer, Goodnough, Gourevitch, and Kozloff, to name several; through Saturday, June 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists (Birmekin, Broderson, Gablik, Gwathmey, King, Oliveira, and Tovish, for instance); through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by about twenty young New York artists; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **FISCHBACH**, 20 W. 57th St.: A dozen gallery artists, including James Bishop, Gene Davis, Sally Drummond, Robert Mangold, and Ray Parker; through July 28. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by William T. Wiley, Willard Midgette, Philip Pearlstein, and other gallery artists; through June 30.... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Figurative sculptures in plastic by four artists; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Lithographs, serigraphs, and posters on the subject of the Olympics by Vasarely, Hartung, Kokoschka, Albers, Antes, d'Arcangelo, Wesselmann, Hockney, and others; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Gallery artists—Mon Levinson, Janet Fish, Larry Zox, and Rack Straw Downes—plus Fausto Melotti; through Friday, June 23. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Alechinsky, Antes, Bissier, and Bury; through July 14. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.: Bill Alpert, Carl Gliko, Saito, and Edvins Strautmanis; through Saturday, June 17. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works shown during the season by gallery artists, who include Bishop, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, Moller, and Mayhew; through July 7. (Closed Saturdays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Works by two sculptors and two painters; through July 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, such as Larry Bell, Robert Irwin, Louise Nevelson, Ernest Trova, and Jack Youngerman; starting Saturday, June 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **PALEY & LOWE**, 59 Wooster St.: Gallery artists; through Wednesday, June 21. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PALLEY**, 93 Prince St.: Wall pieces by Peter Plagens, Lynn Umlauf, Robert Jacks, and Joe Zucker; through Saturday, June 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such modern masters as Archipenko, Gris, Modigliani, and Tamayo; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway at 13th St.: Twenty-six Canadian printmakers; starting Saturday, June 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Works by gallery artists, who number about twenty; through Saturday, June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A dozen gallery artists, among them Stella, Noland, Caro, Olitski, and Sander; through June 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **SONNABEND**, 420 West Broadway: Thirteen gallery artists scheduled to exhibit at Documenta in Germany; they include Mel Bochner, John Baldessari, and Vito Acconci. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by Arp, Bauermeister, Bertoia, Bill, and Etrog (to mention several); through July 14. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: A show of paintings and sculptures; a half dozen of the artists are Andre, LeWitt, Flavin, Snelson, Ryman, and Smithson. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: American geometric abstractions of the thirties by Albers, Bolotowsky, Biederman, Balcomb Greene, Ferren, Glarner, Diller, George L.K. Morris, and the like; through July 14. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 12.... ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 12. A complementary show is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5.... ¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; through July 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11.... ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5.... ¶ Modern-master works by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Pi-

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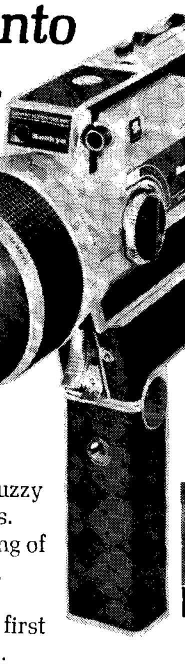

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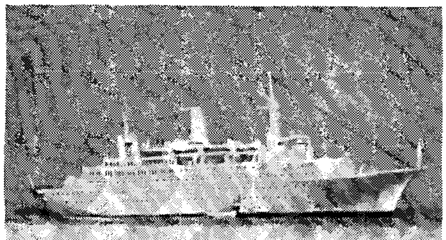

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

casso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; starting Thursday, June 15. . . . ¶ Four interrelated pieces, each approximately twelve feet in length, in the form of an automobile and deriving from Yogi philosophy, by Don Potts, a California sculptor; starting Thursday, June 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The new Costume Galleries present fashions dating from 1800 to the present. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—The alcove in the Hall of Mexico and Central America offers a stunning display of pre-Columbian gold objects from five hundred to twenty-two hundred years old. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Penelope Gilliatt, Gilbert Rogin, and Arthur Berger. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Noguchi, Gottlieb, Lindner, and others. Through Sunday, June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred Stravinsky scores, photographs, and memorabilia from the collection of the composer's widow, Vera Stravinsky; through July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York handweaving and needlework from the eighteenth century to the present; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About a hundred and ten paintings, drawings, and watercolors constituting a retrospective of the works of the Irish landscape and genre painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957), younger brother of the poet; through Sunday, June 18. . . . ¶ About two hundred paintings, plus ceramics, bronze and brass metalwork, and other objects, all done in Persia from the eighth century to the nineteenth; through June 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over thirty maps spanning a period from the early sixteenth century to the late eighteenth, indicating the progress of exploration and settlement mostly of the North American continent. Of special interest is the first map of New York, published here in 1730. Through June 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a three-week non-subscription Verdi festival—Wednesday evening, June 14: "Rigoletto," with Joan Sutherland, Batyah Godfrey, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Edmond Karlsrud; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 15: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Fiorenza Cossotto, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Ruggero Raimondi, and John Macurdy; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 16: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 17: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Ivo Vinco, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 17: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Mario Sereni; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 19: "Rigoletto," with Joan Sutherland, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Ivo Vinco, and Edmond Karlsrud; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 20: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giovanni Gibin, Anselmo Colzani, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 21: "Don Carlo," with Elinor Ross, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and John Macurdy; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 22: "Rigoletto," with Joan Sutherland, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Edmond Karlsrud; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 23: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Frederica von Stade, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 24: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Merrill; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 24: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Bette Midler—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, June 23, at 8.

Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, Four Tops, Jr. Walker & the All-Stars, and Labelle—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 23, at 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, July 16—Saturday, June 17, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Charles Haupt, violin; and Jesse Levine, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 18, at 5:30: The New York Pro Musica in a program of Renaissance music. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8:30: James DePreist conducting a program of baroque music. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" in concert form. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Marion Rice's Denishawn Dancers (with Carolyn Brown) and Barton Mumaw. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 22, at 3; Friday, June 23, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 24, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Friday, June 16, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 17-18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, June 20, at 7:30, and Wednesday, June 21, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday and Friday, June 22-23, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 24, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so between former Met players and other National League stars of the past decade, will start at 1:30.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 17; varsity race at 7:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Wednesday through Sunday, June 14-18.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 17. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 17. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 10:44 and 1:29, and Saturday between 10:44 and 1:44.)... AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 19, through Saturday, July 29. The Saranac, Saturday, June 24.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 17.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, June 17, at 2:45, and Sunday, June 18, at 2:30.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 22. ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 16.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Wednesday, June 14, at 8: May Swenson reading from her own works. ...¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 8: Mark Strand reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door of the auditorium on the nights of the readings.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 14, at 2: European sculpture and other works of art, from many owners....¶ Thursday, June 15, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and drawings; the property of various collectors....¶ Friday, June 16, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from several sources....¶ Tuesday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2: Coins and artifacts recovered from the Dutch East India ship Hollandia, which sank near the Scilly Islands in 1743.... ¶ Wednesday, June 21, at 10:15 and 2: Old-master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from numerous collections. Exhibition starts Friday, June 16....¶ Thursday, June 22, at 2: Art Nouveau, including Tiffany lamps and Steuben glass; the property of many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 16.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 14 at 2: "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Mae Busch and von Stroheim....¶ June 14 at 5:30: "Old and New; The General Line" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; no English titles....¶ June 15 at 5:30: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Francellia Billington and von Stroheim....¶ June 15 at 8 and June 16 at 2: "The Red Lantern" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles....¶ June 16 at 5:30 and June 17 at noon: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau and Oskar Werner.... ¶ June 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Shachiapang" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles.... ¶ June 18 at 12:30 and 3: "Zoo in Budapest" (1933), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Loretta Young and Gene Raymond.... ¶ June 18 at 5:30: "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" (1970), in Chinese, no English titles....¶ June 19 at 2: "Flowers of Friendship Blossom in Table Tennis Matches" (1971), in Chinese; no English titles.... ¶ June 19 at 5:30: Three Chinese films.... ¶ June 20 at 2: "The Stars Look Down" (1941), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave.... ¶ June 20 at 5:30: "The Arp Statue" (1971), directed by Alan Sekers....¶ June 21 at 2: "Red Detachment of Women" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles....¶ June 21 at 5:30: "The Stars Look Down" (1941).... ¶ June 22 at 5:30 and 8: "Red Detachment of Women" (1970). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 15: "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson....¶ June 16-18: "Johnny O'Clock" (1947), directed by Robert Rossen, with Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes....¶ June 21-22: "Birth of the Blues" (1941), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. (Showings Wednesday through Sunday, June 14-18, at 4 and 6, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 21-22, at 6 and 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Cornell, Dreyer, Cocteau, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Frampton, Griffith, Kubelka, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except June 15, 17, 18, and 20) at 10. No Mondays.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Stacy Keach, Colleen Dewhurst, and James Earl Jones in HAMLET. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start Tuesday, June 20, and will run through Sunday, July 16. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts that will run through Sunday, Aug. 13. (First concerts on Wednesday, June 21—in the event of rain, next evening—and Friday, June 23, at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Sept. 2. Thursday, June 15, at 8: José Feliciano and Billy Joel....¶ Saturday, June 17, at 7: Canned Heat and Dr. John.... ¶ Monday, June 19, at 7: Badfinger, Kindred, and Michael Gately....¶ Friday, June 23, at 7: Seatrain, Loggins & Messina, and Chi Coltrane....¶ Saturday, June 24, at 7 and 9:30: Melanie and Janey & Dennis. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first of two concerts, this one with Yuval Waldman, violin. (103rd St. Monday, June 19, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

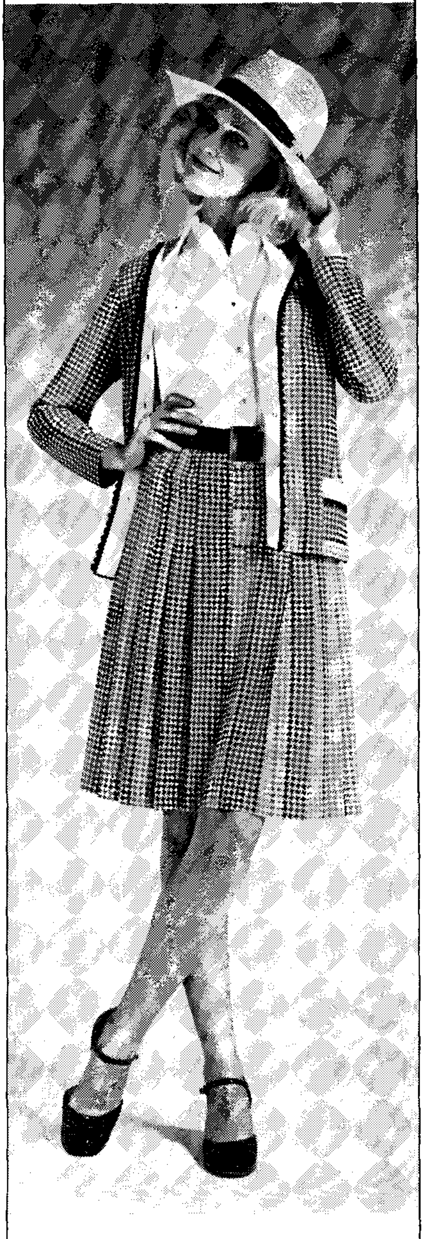
Walking Tours—"The Seventies," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, June 18. Meets at the church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—We can promise you a brand-new rose garden, complete with a hundred and forty-three varieties, two fountains, and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

Flea Markets—MARKET PLACE (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown.... NEW YORK FLEA MARKET (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.... ANTIQUES FLEA FAIR-EAST (York Ave. at 90th St.): A benefit show. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

World traveler



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 15: "The Conformist" and "The Battle of Algiers."
June 16-20: "As You Desire Me" and "Queen Christina."
From June 21: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Romance."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 17: "Go Into Your Dance" and "Broadway Gondolier."
June 18-20: "Du Barry Was a Lady" and "The Merry Widow."
From June 21: "New Orleans" and "Hallelujah!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
June 14: "Performance" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
June 15-18: "Freaks" and "Tales from the Crypt."
From June 19: "Klute," "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," and "Myra Breckinridge."

Orpheum Music Hall, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
June 14: "Once Upon a Time."
June 15: "You'll Never Get Rich."
June 16-22: "Woodstock."
(**Note:** At 8 every evening except Monday, on the theatre stage and undoubtedly live, the exhilarating art of tap-dancing will be displayed by the Hoofers, or vaudeville redivivus. Among the tappers are Rhythm Red, Sandman Sims, Jimmy Slyde, and Mabel Lee.)

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 20: "Minnie and Moskowitz" and "The Conformist."
From June 21: "The Last Picture Show" and "The Go-Between."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 20: "Every Little Crook and Nanny."
From June 21: "Monkey Business" and "The Cocoanuts."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 20: "Fritz the Cat" and "Putney Swope."
From June 21: "Frenzy."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 15: "Lord of the Flies" and "Ulysses."
From June 16: "Cabaret."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Hammersmith Is Out."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
From June 14, at 8: "A Place Called Today." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fillmore."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Every Little Crook and Nanny."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Possession of Joel Delaney."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Burglars."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Easy Rider."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 20: "What's Up, Doc?"
From June 21: "Portnoy's Complaint."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Day in the Death of Joe Egg."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 20: "The Hot Rock" and "Made for Each Other."
From June 21: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Green Wall."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Every Little Crook and Nanny."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Hammersmith Is Out."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 15: "Fritz the Cat."
From June 16: "Cabaret."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Godfather."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 20: "Red Sun."
From June 21: "The Revengers."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Legend of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through June 20: "The Burglars."
From June 21: "Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Tomorrow" and "The Reivers."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 20: "To Have and Have Not" and "The African Queen."
From June 21: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Friends."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 21: Festival of Women's Films.
From June 22: "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Red Sun."

Elgin, 8th Ave at 19th. (675-0935)
June 14: "Horsefeathers" and "Duck Soup."
June 15-19: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
June 20: "Desire" and "The Devil Is a Woman."
June 21: "The Devil Is a Woman" and "Dishonored."
June 22: "Dishonored" and "The Scarlet Empress."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 20: "Buck and the Preacher" and "Brother John."
From June 21: "The Possession of Joel Delaney" and "Hannie Caulder."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Swiss Family Robinson" and "101 Dalmatians."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The War Between Men and Women."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fritz the Cat."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 20: "The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid."
From June 21: "The Possession of Joel Delaney."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Faces" and "Shadows."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 15: "The French Connection."
From June 16: "Cabaret."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Uncle Vanya."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 20: "The Boy Friend" and "Get Carter."
From June 21: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 16: "Bronco Bullfrog."
From June 17: "The Gods and the Dead."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 20: "Zabriskie Point" and "The Gypsy Moths."
From June 21: "Frenzy."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 14: "Sundays and Cybèle" and "One Summer of Happiness."
June 15: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Rembrandt."
June 16: "Monterey Pop" and "Gimme Shelter."
June 17: "My Uncle" and "My Wife's Husband."
June 18: "Kiss Me Kate" and "Cabin in the Sky."
June 19: "Contempt" and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"
June 20: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Time in the Sun."
June 21: "America America."
June 22: "The Thief of Paris" and "Viva Maria!"

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 20: "Minnie and Moskowitz" and "I Love My Wife."
From June 21: "Silent Running" and "The Andromeda Strain."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 20.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Thalia; June 21.)

The Andromeda Strain (1971)—Biological invasion from outer space. Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, having chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style, has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Olympia; starting June 21.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Art; June 16-20.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Art; through June 15.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 20.)

Broadway Gondolier (1935)—A musical with Dick Powell, directed by Lloyd Bacon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 17.)

Bronco Bullfrog—A first film by a young English director, Barney Platts-Mills, set in Stratford-atte-Bow, which is the home of Joan Littlewood's famous old theatre.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Touching stuff about young Cockneys driven into the crime that is their surrounding life because their parents are superficially too conventional even to give them a bedroom to make love in. The talk by the young actors is improvised on given situations, and they execute it marvellously. The theatre is showing the film in both subtitled and untitled versions; maybe the language really is that foreign, but not the feelings. (New Yorker; through June 16.)

Brother John (1971)—Sidney Poitier as—preserve us—a Christ figure in Dixie. The film shuttles back and forth between primitive, keep-'em-quiet Christianity and tag references to modern liberal causes. With Will Geer and Bradford Dillman, directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 20.)

Buck and the Preacher—With Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte, directed by Poitier. Belafonte steals the picture by comic nonchalance, perhaps with Poitier's connivance. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 20.)

The Burglars—With Omar Sharif, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Dyan Cannon, directed by Henri Verneuil. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. East Twin 2; through June 20.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema Studio; starting June 16.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Thalia; June 18.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo. Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; June 15-19. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; starting June 21.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Art; through June 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through June 20.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia; June 19.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo ("My grandmother used to say she was sitting about like Joe Egg when she had nothing to do," says the father—Alan Bates—who swings into a role full of brave vaudeville routines and backchat). Janet Suzman plays the mother, with great substance and beauty, but some things about the piece are essentially nonrealistic and theatrical, and they don't transpose to the naturalism of the screen. Directed by Peter Medak. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Desire (1936)—Ernst Lubitsch produced Dietrich in this Frank Borzage picture, and freed her from von Sternberg's melodramatic clutch. The film was known as "The Pearl Necklace" when it was incubated at Paramount. Dietrich swipes a pearl necklace from a Paris jewelry shop and races for the Spanish border; Gary Cooper, as a Detroit engineer, drives laconically in the same direction. Cooper is a beautiful light comedian. (Elgin; June 20.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to be one of his favorites. (Elgin; June 20-21.)

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Dishonored (1931)—Dietrich, directed by von Sternberg, ecstatically plays the piano in a death cell. Absurd, but the best von Sternberg, and *echt* Dietrich. She seems always to come from another planet, and to be the only inhabitant of it. (Elgin; June 21-22.)

Du Barry Was a Lady (1943)—Sluggish in places but not bad, with Red Skelton, Lucille Ball, Gene Kelly, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, playing most of the songs from the Broadway Cole Porter show. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18-20.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Elgin; June 14.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Columbia II.)

Every Little Crook and Nanny—With Lynn Redgrave and Victor Mature, directed by Cy Howard. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; through June 20.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie.)

Festival of Women's Films—I.e., films produced, written, and/or directed by women; features, shorts, and documentaries are included. Six entries a day will be shown, starting at noon, seven days a week, through June 21. The schedule is complicated; the best idea is to call the box office: WA 4-8339. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Plaza.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (St. Marks Cinema; June 15-18.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Cinema Studio; through June 15.)

Frenzy—With Jon Finch and Barry Foster, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Murray Hill and Symphony; starting June 21.)

Friends (1971)—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 21.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Festival. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through June 15. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through June 20.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Get Carter (1971)—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. After waiting for the story fragments to be assembled, there is some excitation, and then the viewer is offered the satisfaction of violence. What makes the movie unusual is the metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 20.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Thalia; June 16.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Gramercy; starting June 21.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

The Gods and the Dead—A Brazilian film, di-

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rected by Ruy Guerra. In Portuguese. (New Yorker; starting June 17.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 17.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid—With Cliff Robertson and Robert Duvall, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Playboy; through June 20.)

The Green Wall—With Julio Aleman, directed by Armando Robles-Godoy. In Spanish. (Juliet 1.)

The Gypsy Moths (1969)—Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman, and Scott Wilson as three exhibition parachutists risking their lives to earn a poorish living out of small-town audiences hungry for the spectacle of risk-taking. Very well directed by John Frankenheimer, the acting as finely as the action sequences. (Symphony; through June 20.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—King Vidor directed this misconceived tearjerker and Bible-basher, the first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood. It looks pretty patronizing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 21.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Hannie Caulder—With Raquel Welch, Robert Culp, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Burt Kennedy. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 21.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Elgin; June 14.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (72nd St. Playhouse; through June 20.)

I Love My Wife (1970)—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Olympia; through June 20.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past these hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Thalia; June 18.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 21.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Gramercy; starting June 21.)

The Legend of Nigger Charley—The whites are the stereotypes in this black-oriented escapist piece. Three slaves run for freedom and overcome unsubtly described sorts of racial discrimination. The picture is pretty ordinary, but it has its moments of broad-grin comedy. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (34th St. East; through June 15.)

Made for Each Other—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through June 20.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (Thalia; June 19.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (St. Marks Cinema; June 14.)

The Merry Widow (1952)—A remake by Curtis Bernhardt of the infinitely better 1934 version, which starred Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. This one has Lana Turner, and Gwen Verdon to be spotted in the chorus line. Franz Lehár's music always works in its iced-cake way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18-20.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Gramercy and Olympia; through June 20.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Elgin; June 15-19. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; starting June 21.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Thalia; June 16.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 21.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great

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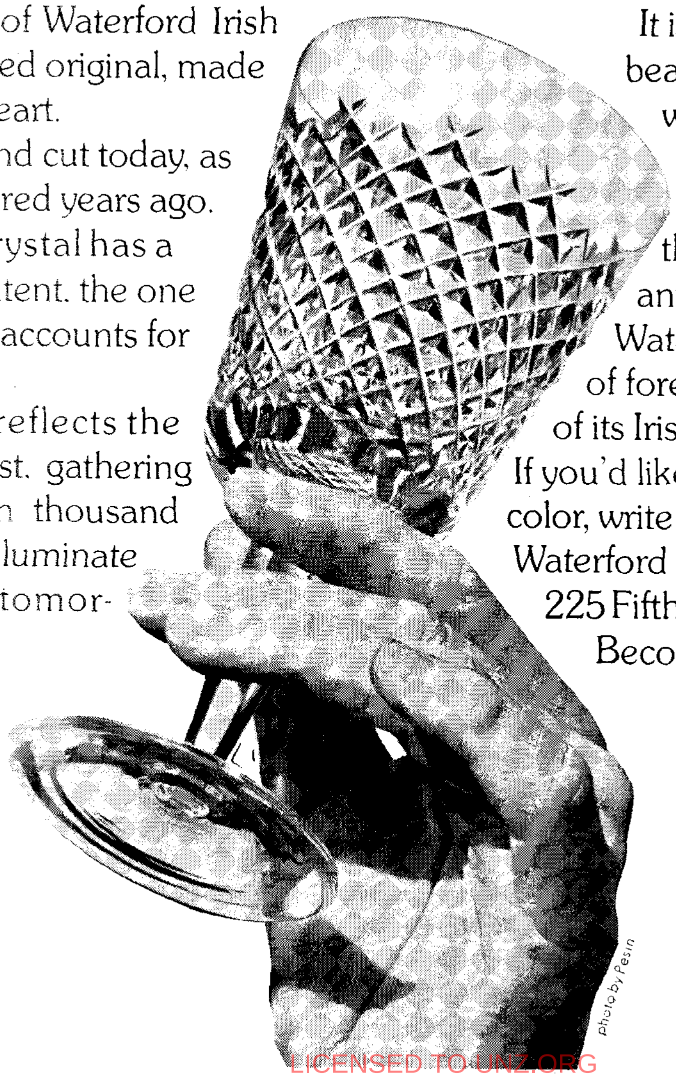

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violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the film-makers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 19.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Thalia; June 17.)

My Wife's Husband (1965)—Labyrinthine French farce, tirelessly complex and trivial, with Fernandel and Bourvil. There is one quite funny scene about a waterside restaurant near Marseille being visited on an off day by a representative of the *Guide Michelin*. In French. (Thalia; June 17.)

New Orleans (1947)—With Louis Armstrong and the All Stars, Billie Holiday, and Woody Herman and his orchestra, directed by Arthur Lubin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, starting June 21.)

Once Upon a Time (1944)—Cary Grant is trying to sell the world on the show-biz possibilities of a dancing caterpillar. It changes into a butterfly at the end, but changing into a butterfly at the end is what the comedy itself doesn't do. Directed by Alexander Hall. Janet Blair is the mother of the little boy who finds the possible-star-overnight caterpillar. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 14.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Guild.)

One Summer of Happiness (1955)—A Swedish love film by Mattsson. Arne Mattsson. You don't need to know any more. In Swedish. (Thalia; June 14.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Coronet.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; June 14.)

A Place Called Today—With J. Herbert Kerr, Jr., and Lana Wood, directed by Don Schain. (Fine Arts; starting June 14, at 8.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema II.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Based on Philip Roth's book, with Richard Benjamin, Karen Black, and Lee Grant. Directed by Ernest Lehman. (Beekman; starting June 21.)

The Possession of Joel Delaney—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Playboy; starting June 21.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Thalia; June 15.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Murray Hill; through June 20.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Art; June 16-20.)

Red Sun—With Charles Bronson, Ursula Andress, Toshiro Mifune, and Alain Delon, directed by Terence Young. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through June 20.)

The Reivers (1969)—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. (Waverly.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. (Thalia; June 15.)

The Revengers—A Western with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Woody Strode, and Susan Hayward, directed by Daniel Mann. (86th St. East; starting June 21.)

Romance (1930)—With Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon, directed by Clarence Brown. (Art; starting June 21.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine

R.G. Harrison

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NORDSTROM BEST, All Stores

the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Elgin; June 22.)

Shadows (1961)—An original exercise in improvisation by a group of players who do their ad-libbing, sometimes to great effect, in a scattering of places around this city. John Cassavetes' direction is also effective and self-effacing. (Little Carnegie.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," with the same star (Richard Roundtree) and director (Gordon Parks). (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 21.)

Silent Running—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Olympia; starting June 21.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 21.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Thalia; June 14.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (Art; starting June 21.)

Swiss Family Robinson (1960)—John Mills, Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, in a Disney-humanized version. Throw away your head, or throw up. (Guild.)

Tales from the Crypt—Five stories directed by Freddie Francis. (St. Marks Cinema; June 15-18.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; June 22.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—"Que Viva Mexico," the only film that Eisenstein directed outside the Soviet Union, was never completed. But out of the fabulous footage that he and his cinematographer, Edouard Tissé, shot in Mexico in 1930 and 1931 the film "Time in the Sun" was edited by his disciples, who attempted to approximate his original plan—from Aztec cults through Conquistadores and peonage to Christian feasts. (Thalia; June 20.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 20.)

Tomorrow—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Waverly.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—Inanely radiant film about the trial of the Berrigan brothers and the seven others who burned draft cards at Catonsville. Poshly photographed by Haskell Wexler, abominably acted, tritely written from Daniel Berrigan's own stage play: what a poor and puffed-up piece of testimony to stand for brave acts and for people of grand and simple purpose. With Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson, directed by Gordon Davidson. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 22.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (34th St. East; through June 15.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The film is often interspersed with long shots through series of rooms, in a way that makes it look like Vermeer. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian; the excitement about unrealized possibilities for the future centuries ahead is also all Chekhov, not Soviet propagandist. A beautiful film, exactly detailed and tender to frailty. In Russian. (Regency.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof of revolutionary politics in Mexico was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decaë. (Thalia; June 22.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Music Hall.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Beekman; through June 20.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best: Burton's best is extraordinary. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 19.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 20.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 16-22.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire gets pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Orpheum Music Hall; June 15.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Symphony; through June 20.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITHIN the last half-dozen years, the mockingbird, moving north into New England and multiplying, has progressed from the status of welcome stranger and curiosity to that of nuisance. Bird people who first found the invasion from the Southland a romantic affair are beginning to group the mockingbird, in their emotions, with such long-established non-favorites as the starling and the blue jay. The main trouble is that once a mockingbird establishes itself in a territory, with its full repertoire of imitations, the amount of time left open for legitimate songbirds to make themselves heard is limited. Even the other species of mockers retire from the scene. The thrasher, which used to enliven two or three days each spring with its madcap torrent of high-branch mimicry, tends to avoid the territory. The catbird sits mute. Unlike the thrasher and the catbird, the first of which used to join riotously, the second modestly, in the song of other birds, celebrating their talents with some affection, the mockingbird sings occlusively. For their first few years in the North, the mockingbirds seemed to have left behind their habit of singing at night. But last year they began occasional night sessions, and this year they have developed regular midnight-to-dawn routines in imitation of the killdeer, the meadowlark, the cardinal, and the oriole. The mimic is shutting the authentic music-makers out of their own songs, if not by monopolizing their singing time, then by giving their songs back to them so crudely that they become discouraged from producing the pure thing.

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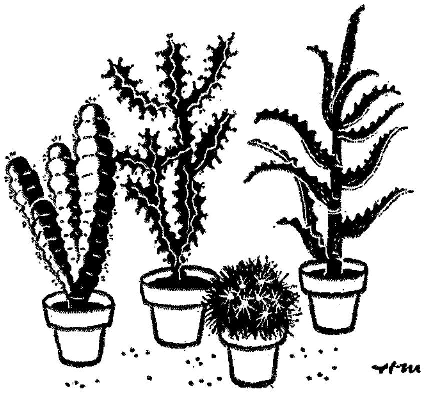
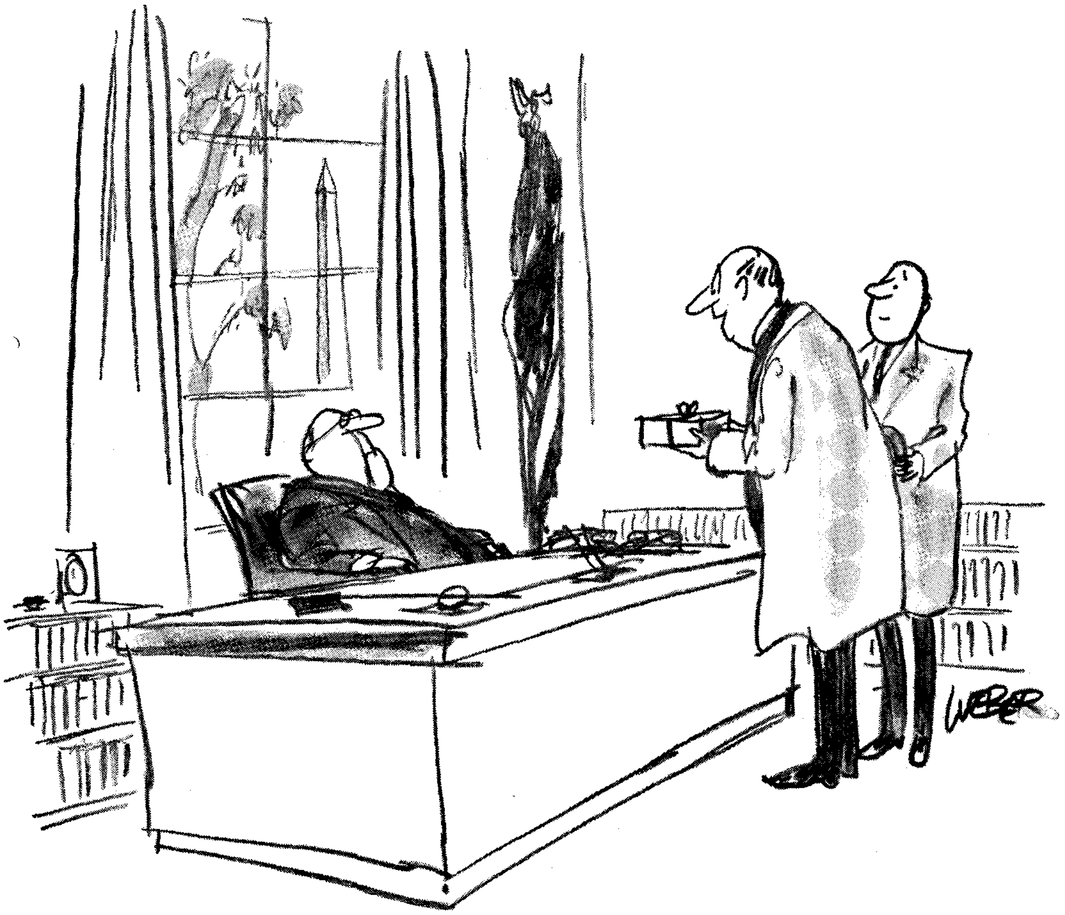
SOME weeks ago, Senator William Proxmire made public an internal Navy memorandum from Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, the Chief of Naval Operations, to Admiral Isaac C. Kidd, the Chief of Naval Material, which read, in part, "Difficulty of achieving these targets during the remaining months of F.Y. [Fiscal Year] '72 fully appreciated. But importance of avoiding shortfall in meeting newly established F.Y. '72 targets to avoid resultant adverse effects on anticipated F.Y. 1973 outlay ceilings dictate[s] need for top management attention." Zumwalt was telling Kidd to step up military spending in 1972 not in order to meet any threat to the United States from an enemy but in order to set the stage for swollen budget demands in 1973. He was saying, in effect, "We've got the money, so let's buy something or they'll think we don't need it." Zumwalt's logic is a paradigm of a kind of thinking that is now fairly common in Washington. Ordinarily, people reason from the need; that is, they first discover something that needs to be done and then look for the means to do it. Zumwalt does it the other way around; he reasons from the means. He starts with the means (the money) and then looks for a need (some new weapons). But, of course, a need that is created rather than just discovered is, by definition, not a need. It's an excuse for doing something unnecessary. When this kind of "need" is answered, the world becomes filled with a great deal of expensive junk. At the moment, a lot of this junk happens to consist of airplanes and explosives. The junk, in turn, needs a need, just as the money did. It needs threats in order to justify its existence. Threats have been found. It may even need a war, and we have a war, too. When the government starts to reason from the means in military matters, the logic runs backward, and so does the genesis of wars. By and large, it used to be that a war began when a war aim was perceived. It might grow out of a desire for conquest or out of fear—it might be aggressive or it might be defensive—but the war aim was a given, and was the basis for everything that followed. The war was fought to achieve the war aim, the army was raised and the weapons were made to fight the war, and money was raised to pay for the army and the weapons. At first glance, our wars today have everything wars used to have—taxes, armies, weapons, battles. But now we begin with the money. Then we make the weapons and raise an army in order to spend the money, we find a war in order to use the army and the weapons, and, if our officials then have enough time left over, they may even figure out some war aims in order to justify it all.



Restored

WE recently attended a reception and guided tour at the Jefferson Market Regional Library—a splendid "Venetian Gothic" Victorian landmark, officially designated as such, restored, and converted from the 1876-built Jefferson Market Courthouse into a branch of the New York Public Library, which was our host. "In the late nineteen-fifties, plans were being prepared by the Library to relocate its inadequately housed Jackson Square Branch on West 13th Street," the invitation brochure stated, and it went on:

> By this time, Old Jeff, whose existence was threatened, had acquired a band of supporters, residents of Greenwich Village who had become aroused by the rapid disappearance of historically and architecturally significant landmarks. Committees were formed, Library officials were approached, studies were



"This is strictly on the q.t., Senator, but we at Consolidated Utilities have long been aware of your fondness for chocolate-covered cordial cherries."

made. Agreement was reached.... Giorgio Cavaglieri was the architect who accomplished the restoration and conversion.

Old Jeff—doubtless familiar, externally, to many of our readers—is a great brick structure at Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street with stained-glass windows and a high clock tower. Inside, on the street floor, its chief feature is the children's reading room, a bright, cheerful chamber with arched carved doorways and a twenty-foot ceiling. Here, after drinks, Mr. Cavaglieri, a wiry man with a commanding profile and silky mustaches, rallied the Library's guests and led them upstairs to an even more commodious reading room, with a thirty-six-foot ceiling. "The downstairs reading room was a courtroom," he said. "This one was *three* courtrooms, but you can see from the disposition of the ceiling and the windows that it must have originally been conceived as one space, as it is now. The building went through a number of changes before I began to work on it. When the court left it, in 1945, it was taken over by some civil-defense organizations, and later by the Police Academy. It was leaking like a sieve when I came to it; moldings were broken; plasterwork had to be redone; we had to patch up all the carved wood, and we applied a black ebonized finish to conceal the patches. We had very large spaces to deal with; we had to illuminate and heat large amounts of air. I abolished a number of rooms—judges' chambers, and so on—because I needed the space for the work of the library. I had to sacrifice some Victorian elements, such as fireplaces, but I tried to retain the character of the past while installing modern elements. The cooling equipment is concealed within the roof trusses—above the ceiling but inside the roof."

We buttonholed Mr. Cavaglieri later on, in his office, in the Fisk Building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and learned that he was born in Venice in 1911; graduated, *magna cum laude*, as a doctor of architectural engineering in Milan in 1932; studied city planning in Rome; and, having been drafted into the Italian Air Force during the Ethiopian War, helped build an airfield in Libya. "In 1936, I opened a little architectural practice in Milan, but at the end of 1938 there was trouble with the Fascist government, and I left the country," he said. "Both sides of my family were Jewish; my architect's license was withdrawn, so I came here." He worked in Baltimore for a while, with a firm that was doing stores and factories, and in 1943 he was drafted into the *American* Army, in whose Corps of Engineers he rose from private to staff sergeant. "I landed in Normandy, and walked to Berlin. I had married just before the war; my wife died a year and a half ago. We had no children. I took an office in this building in 1946. I've moved four or five times in the building. I taught at Pratt Institute for fourteen years."

Mr. Cavaglieri, who was recently president of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects, was president of the Municipal Art Society in the early nineteen-sixties, when that group was pushing hard for the landmark-preservation law. The conversion of Old Jeff into a library cost a little over a million dollars. "It costs more to start with an old building than to start from scratch," Mr. C. said. "Demolition is expensive, however. I do believe that architecturally significant old buildings should be kept alive—in use, not as museums. I was raised in Venice, where everything is old and in use. My father, who was a civil engineer, had an office in a fifteenth-century building on St. Mark's Square. The Jefferson Market Library, with its clock and tower, is a landmark in the real sense of the word. 'I'll meet you by the clock,' people say. Its acceptance by the public has been tremendous; it has many more patrons than the Jackson Square Branch had. I do believe that if the courthouse had been torn down and an apartment house had been erected there, it would be like Third Avenue—nothing to interest the eye."

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SIGN observed by a vacationer on the dock of the Pamet Harbor Yacht Club, on Cape Cod:

AREA PROHIBITED TO
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OF SELECTMEN, TOWN OF TRURO

Party

WE have heard from a young friend of ours who recently attended a party announced as a celebration of the Fabulous Forties. "It was a big party," our friend writes. "A very big party. I liked it. It was educational, I think. There were many famous stars attending, including Bette Davis and Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett and Myrna Loy and Lana Turner and Jane Russell and Lena Horne. Rita Hayworth would have come except that she got a job on television at the last minute. I liked the fact that you could learn about the forties by looking at the famous stars, and I liked the fact that, except for some references to the U.S.O.-Hollywood Canteen, everybody steered clear of the Second World War and all that business. The party was a benefit party for Phoenix House, which is a drug-rehabilitation program, so it had contemporary overtones, if you know what I mean.

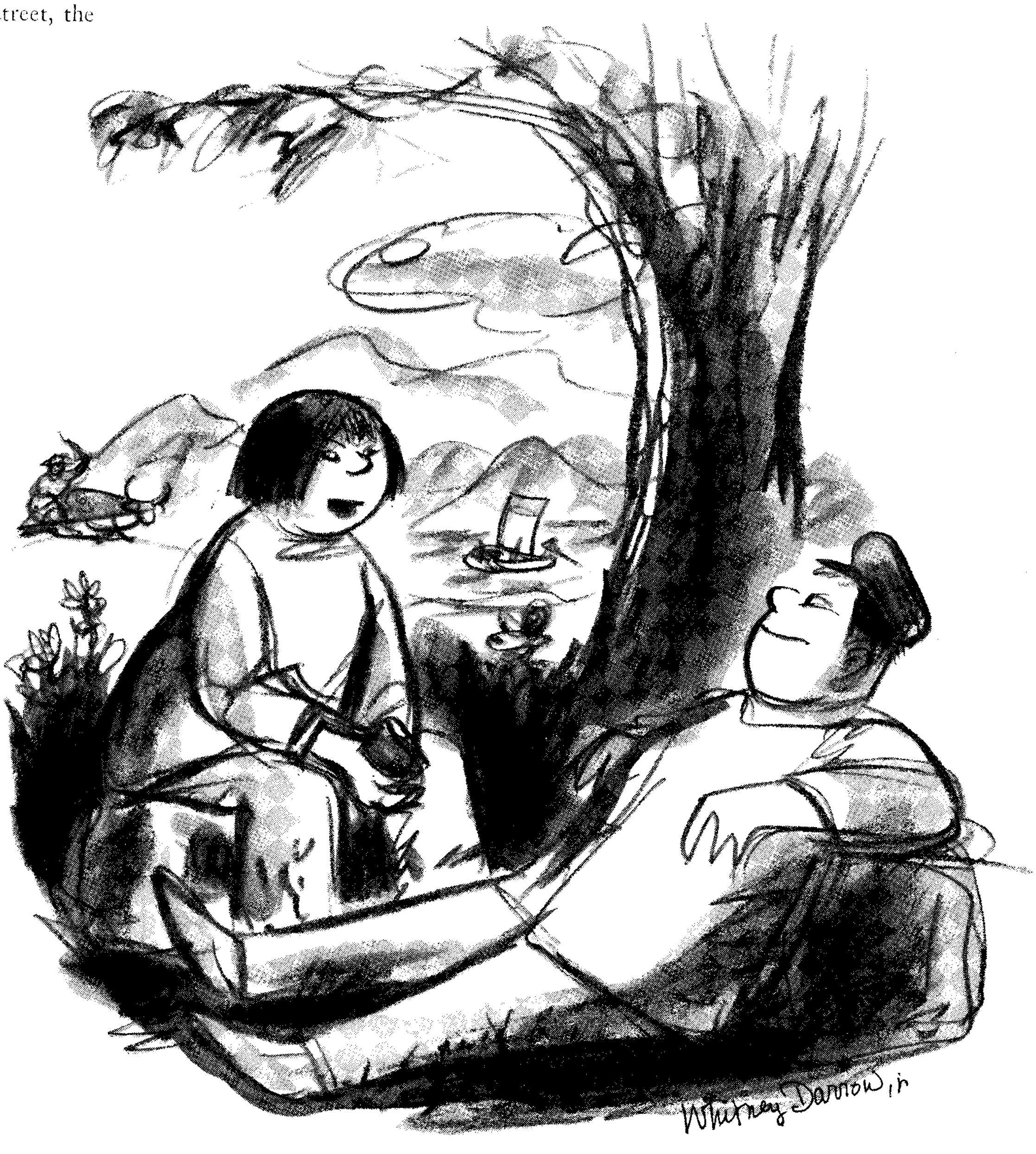
"The party was given at Roseland Dance City. Outside Roseland Dance City, on West Fifty-second Street, the line of demarcation between Observers and Observed was very strongly drawn. People were lined up three deep to watch people who had tickets to the party go into the party. Sometimes it was a long wait between stars, but people stuck it out anyway. Inside Roseland, the line between the Observers and the Observed was less clear. Everyone looked at the stars, of course, but the stars seemed to do quite a bit of looking around themselves.

"My first move upon entering Roseland Dance City was to look the lobby over. On the right was a mural involving violins and horns and cymbals, which I immediately saw was meant to be symbolic of dance music. Under the mural was a bed of plastic carnations. Next to the bed of plastic carnations was a box full of 'Go Drug Free—Phoenix House' buttons. On the left was a soft-drink counter (closed), and in the middle was a table at which two girls, facing the door, presided over a seating plan that looked like a battle plan. Indicated on the seating plan were the Kitchen and the Bandstand and the Stage and nine enormous sections of tables. Sections 6 and 7 were reserved for Celebrities. On that map, those sections looked big enough to hold a division of Celebrities each.

"The first person I noticed in the lobby was a very good-looking blond girl who was lounging on the shoulder of a man in a denim suit. The girl had on a forties dress, and she looked pensive. 'I just remembered how I don't like forties music,' she was saying. Meanwhile, everyone was noticing Lana Turner, who was wearing a spangled dress, and who had entered with four escorts in different kinds of jackets. A lot of people wanted to take Lana Turner's picture, and she coöperated with them all. 'You're all my friends,' she said.

"Then I went inside to the ballroom. Jane Russell was leading a conga line. Lana Turner was spelling the names of her escorts for the photographers, who were standing around her table. Other people were trying to figure out what to do with the dinner, which came in white cardboard boxes. Peter Duchin was up on the stage, playing music for the people dancing in the conga line. The stage was framed by great gold curtains. Some kind of American flag, which flashed on and off, was hung against the gold curtains. Also hung against the gold curtains were six large pictures of six kids. The legend 'Drug Free—Phoenix House' was printed under each kid's picture.

"Peter Duchin began the Celebrity introductions by paying tribute to Bette Davis, who then introduced other stars. Bette Davis didn't pay any tributes to the people she introduced, but she announced their names with a certain clipped emphasis, and that worked very well. The last star she introduced



"Well, if you don't want to read Chairman Mao and if you don't want to do bayonet practice, what do you want to do?"

was Lana Turner. Lana Turner made a speech. It was hard to hear, because the public-address system wasn't very good. What I heard was '. . . as thrilled to be here as I am . . . I would like to take just half a minute . . . I would like to thank . . . my *deepest* respect . . . Hollywood Canteen . . . my beloved Miss Bette Davis.' It must have been hard to hear on the stage, too, because Bette Davis didn't hear what Lana Turner said and had to ask her to say it again. 'I merely gave you a heartfelt tribute,' Lana Turner said. 'Oh, that's nice,' Bette Davis said. I was standing near Lady Keith, who was the chairman of the dance, and her daughter, Kitty Hawks, who, with Peter Duchin, was co-chairman, and Lady Keith said that it was interesting that the Celebrity introductions had begun with a tribute to Bette Davis and ended with another tribute to Bette Davis. 'It came out where it started, like "La Ronde,"' Lady Keith said.

"The excitement was mostly over after the Celebrity introductions. It was difficult to find anything new to look at. I went to talk to my friend Jonelle Allen, who is an Emerging Celebrity. Jonelle was still very excited. 'I met Lena Horne,' she said. 'There are no words! She's my idol! I've just finished making "Come Back Charleston Blue," and I'm very tired. "Charleston Blue" is the movie where I get smashed in the face with a grapefruit.'

"Before leaving the party, I went to talk to my other friend, Sir Humphry Wakefield, Bart., who runs Mallett, the antique shop in Bergdorf Goodman. Sir Humphry always has the goods on a party. He has a theory that New York is a diamond 'twice as big as the Ritz,' and that at parties you get different facets of the diamond, and a party is as good as the number of facets you get. 'There are a great many facets here tonight, and they are all going *gleam, gleam, gleam,*' Sir Humphry said, which was his way of saying that it was an O.K. party."

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OVERHEARD at a SoHo sculpture exhibit, blue-haired matron to blue-haired matron:

"You call this art?"

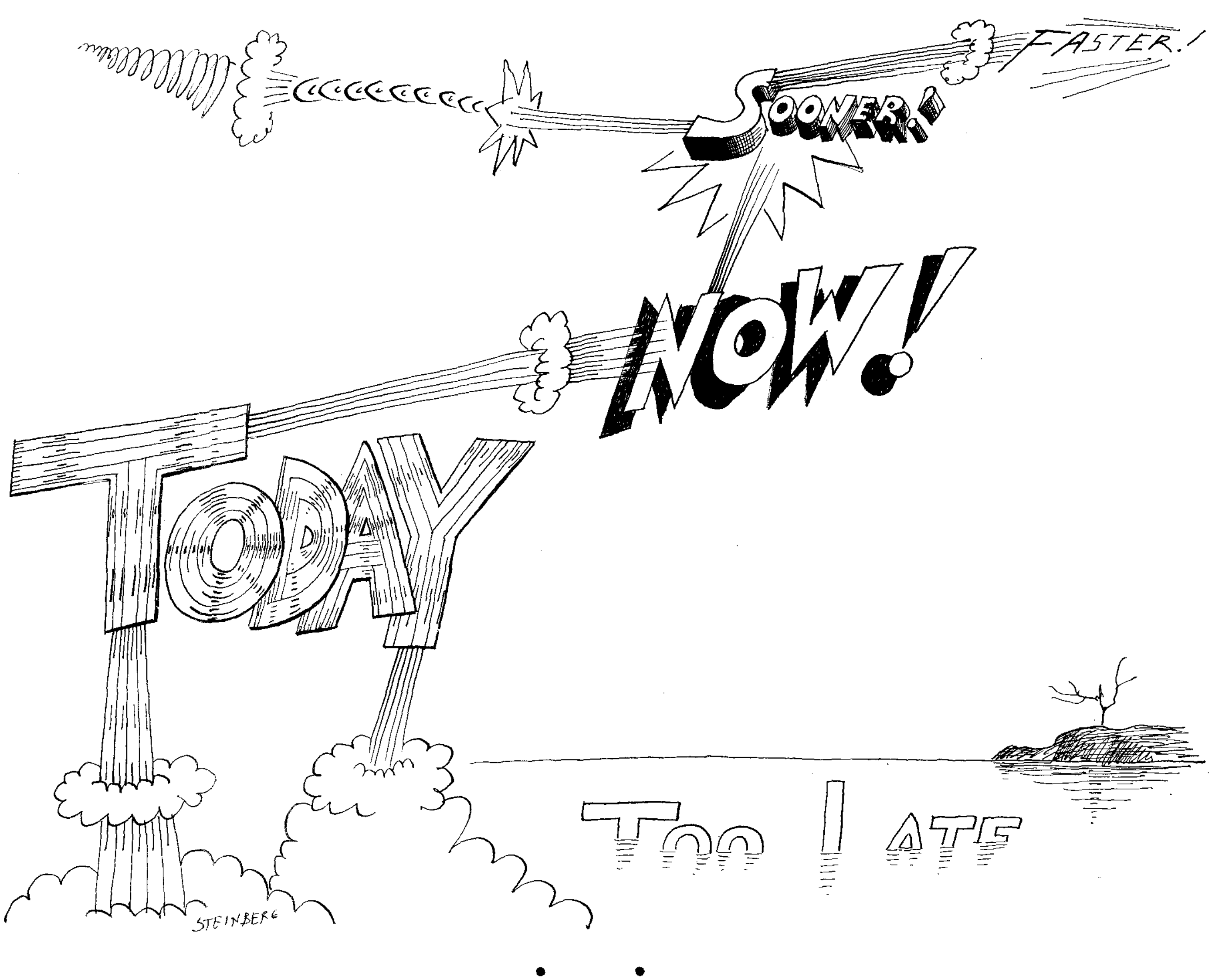
"Of course. Can't you see it's welded?"

Urquhart

WE have had a tonic chat with Brian Urquhart, who has just been appointed Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations in the Office of Special Political Affairs. He deals with peacekeeping missions, improvised emergency operations, delicate negotiations, and whirlpools of trouble. We found him quietly seated in his office—a pleasant one on the thirty-eighth-story of the Secretariat Building—riffling through documents and occasionally glancing up at a strikingly calm photograph of the late Ralph Bunche, with whom he worked for many years in close and admiring collaboration. Mr. Urquhart is fifty-three, sandy-haired, British, gentle in manner, and stocky. He is soft-spoken, but staccato soft-spoken. He moves with quick gestures, but leaves the impression of great depths within. "I've been with the United Nations twenty-seven years," he said. "I began in London, in 1945, with the desks, chairs, and telephones, when Sir Gladwyn Jebb was executive secretary of the Preparatory Commission, at Church House, behind Westminster Abbey. When the U.N. moved to the United States with its files, in March, 1946, I was part of the files. I had seen a good deal of the war by then. I really had. I had got out of Westminster School and gone to Christ Church, Oxford, when the war broke out. I was twenty. Incidentally, that soft and lovely oil just above Ralph's picture is a painting my father, Murray Urquhart, did when I was performing theatrics at Westminster School. He died not long ago, and I have come to appreciate his work. Those are lovely shades of green, and yellow, and pink, and the tiny chap at the extreme right in a toga, that's me. Either in Plautus or Terence, but, in any case, by God, in Latin! I rather think this one is something by Terence. But we did do 'Rudens,' by Plautus, and I was a shipwrecked slave. In Latin. My father painted this from the balcony, and I look pretty small. My mother is still alive, and is living in Bristol. She's a remarkable eighty-eight. This painting is a long time ago, before the war. After that, there was the war, and all those hours of thinking. Believe me, I thought a good deal about helping to make certain that that wouldn't happen again. I had a few experiences. One day, in maneuvers over England, my parachute refused to open. Wouldn't open. Stayed closed. I landed in a plowed field and broke everything. Absolutely everything. The doctors said, 'He's cooked, he's through, he'll never walk again,' but I was in hospital six months and then went back. I served in North Africa, France, Belgium, and Holland, and ended up in Denmark. When that was ended, I was really tired."

Mr. Urquhart sighed an ancient sigh. "Arnold Toynbee suggested me to Jebb, and I began this association. In point of fact, I am the ranking member of the Secretariat in point of service. And what has it taught me? I find it the most fascinating job in the world. Every tiny step taken is important. Every movement, however small, is a step in the right direction. It is long and it is slow. We are trying to evolve a more viable system of world order. We're still in the embryonic stage. Think how long it took the nations of the world to settle their internal, warlord differences before becoming nations. Centuries were spent trying to find a central order, and nations of the world still act like old medieval feudal warlords. I have no illusions about the U.N., but if I begin to get blue I ask myself what would happen if we didn't keep on trying. Twenty-seven years, and it's still an adventure! Look, the international civil service, of which the Secretariat is a part, is also still in an extremely embryonic stage. Every nation here came out of anarchy. And we can never forget that we are dealing with independent sovereign states, many of which are still in an acutely nationalistic phase. When we started, we had fifty-one nations. Now we have a hundred and thirty-two. Not only new but vibrant. The international civil servant in the Secretariat must be an honest broker where national interests clash. He must find an *agreed way*. That's our goal. And the whole notion of an impartial international civil service is a new concept, a difficult concept, and not universally accepted. Back in the old days of the League of Nations, some people felt it would be possible to slip straight from patriotism to a militant internationalism. Hasn't worked out that way.

"But we're here. We're talking. I work in great harmony in this office with Roberto Guyer, an Argentine,


FASTER.!
SOONER.!
NOW!
TODAY
TOO LATE
STEINBERG

who is Undersecretary for Special Political Affairs. Our problems are passed on down to us from the Secretary-General. We deal with a peacekeeping force of three thousand in Cyprus, military observers in the Middle East, observer groups in Kashmir, and so on. I'm about to head off on a two-week journey with the Secretary-General to Cyprus, Turkey, and Greece. The point is, we are here. Way down inside, I think, countries find it valuable to have an objective observer. I feel that they are glad of it. We build up exchanges. We *exist.* People here talk on an equal footing. Loss of face therefore does not come into it. To work here, one needs discipline and, above all, discretion. We must be very careful. I think we gain time here. People say the U.N. is a 'talking shop.' You're damn right it's a talking shop! There isn't any substitute for talking when time is running out. My whole fibre says there are no blueprints, no utopias. The trick is to get something done. Another thing I don't understand: Why should people think it's going to be easy? If everybody in the world believed in world government, there wouldn't be any need for a U.N. My faith is pretty solid. It won't go away. Even after I was kidnapped in Katanga in 1961—it was my second visit, and I was heading up the U.N. operation there—by Katangese soldiers. They shoved me in the back of a truck and started off with me. They proceeded to crack my skull and flatten my nose. No more oboe playing for me, I thought. It was no time for delicate conversation, if any. They were intent on killing me. I was not prepared to go. I fell into talk with a young Katangese corporal. We jabbered in French, me talking faster than usual. Turned out he had one ambition—to visit the ballet in Paris. 'You're going about it the wrong way, *mon vieux*,' I said. 'This is no way to get to Paris. You kill me and you won't get anywhere. There's no ballet down that road.' I talked and talked, and I became rhapsodic about the ballet. I talked with some difficulty, because my head was practically split open, and at last I was mercifully rescued by Mr. Tshombe, of Katanga."

Mr. Urquhart glanced out the windows at the shining, intact towers of mid-Manhattan. "What we have here at the U.N. is an instrument that the nations can use or not," he said. "It is important that we here don't think in terms of credit. We're a realistic organization. People are always saying, 'But the U.N. doesn't take credit for this or that.' If the U.N. does its job, history will take care of the rest. I still have my basic beliefs, and I don't deviate from them. I feel that human problems are soluble with effort and common sense. I also feel there is a common interest in solving them. I believe in service. And I fervently believe that every single person in this world should have a chance to let the good and the decent in him rise to the surface. Policemen, artists, international bureaucrats—I'm one, all right—are all working in their own way and in their own time to bring out some good, to produce good." He gave a quick glance across the room at the benedictory face of Ralph Bunche. "I have never understood why people think it's impractical to be idealistic," he said. "Idealism is the best form of realism. It's the lifeblood. I simply cannot live without it."

IN THE DOUGH

Virginia Hardy's Story Writing Contest!

Virginia Hardy's Oven invites all patrons and friends to enter our Short Story Contest. At least one and as many as three stories will be selected each month for inclusion on Virginia Hardy's Oven pie boxes. (We print and distribute over a million boxes per year!) The author of each story selected will receive a prize of fifty free pies at any Virginia Hardy's Oven. Stories should be between 750 and 1250 words long, and, of course, suitable for general audiences. Please include a brief description of yourself suitable for our "About the author" section . . .—*Notice on a pie box.*

Mrs. Ishbel Carrington Shute
Fiction Editor
Mother Melmoth Pastry Pantries, Inc.

DEAR MRS. SHUTE:

AM enclosing proofs of "Queen of Hearts" in haste to catch deadline. Please restore and stet the lines inexplicably deleted by you on galley 2, from "Now, in delicious disarray . . ." through ". . . a glimpse of regal bosom, charmingly dusted with an inadvertent dab of flour, that rose and fell, here within the sweet warmth of the summer kitchen, in quickened tempo. Knavish Jack, suddenly apant, stepped forward from the shadows," etc., etc. These sentences, rough and hand-hewn though they may appear, are essential to the ensuing chase scene, and also serve to render the Queen less distant and, yes, more earthily female, thus preparing your readers for the sensual reconciliation after the recapture of the purloined tarts. Please, dear Madam, stay your avid blue pencil here, recalling that an artist has pondered, sampled, and weighed each staple noun, each zesty adjective, each pinch of comma in his desire to create beauty at once nutritious and lighter than air. Exactly, in brief, like one of your master bakers.

Speaking of which, your payment for "Cherry, the Cobbler's Daughter" arrived today. Thanks for home delivery. And for the Lemon Meringues—they are *scrumptious!* We still have twenty-one Squash pies and eleven Boston Cream left over, thanks to your other recent acceptances, so the children welcomed this change of menu.

A new effort goes off to you tomorrow. I am dipping toe, tremblingly, into the icy seas of biography—the pie as history, so to speak.

Yours ever,
DUANE MCCONAKREE

Mr. Duane McConakree
Iowa City, Iowa

MY DEAR DUANE (if I may):

TREMBLE no more. You have triumphed afresh, huzza! Not since the initial felicities of "Horner!" (now in its *sixth* edition—Rhubarb), or perhaps since I first cast a furtive tear over the joys of your "Shoo-Fly: A Rustic Romance," have I been so caught up, so held as I was by "Karl Robert Nesselrode, Lad of Old Russia." You have done us honor once again, and payment of fifty pies (Chocolate Nesselrode, natch) goes to you out of tonight's baking, plus a deserved bonus of thirty Old-Fashioned Southern Pecan. Don't thank us, please. The privilege of presenting your seemingly inexhaustible *œuvre* upon our humble cardboard palimpsests is reward aplenty. I await your next

Hungrily,
ISH

DEAR ISH:

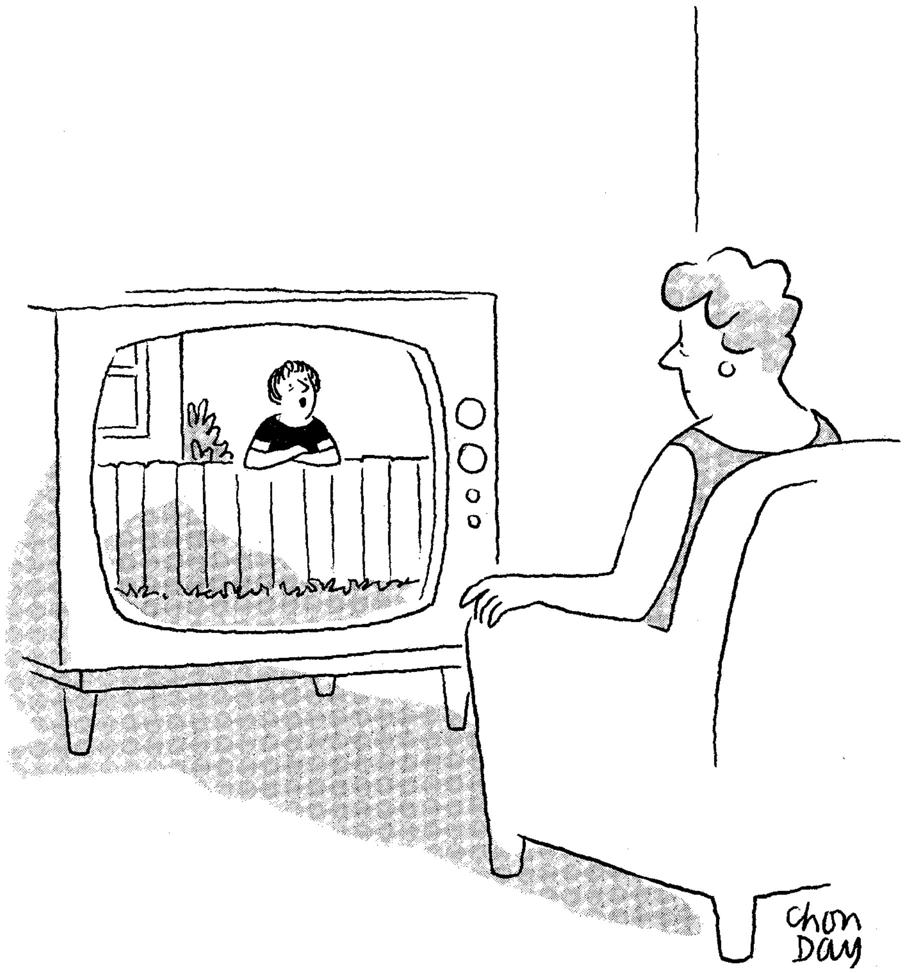
ENCLOSED find "Priscilla's Punkins"—in time, I trust, for a quick closing on an appropriate mid-November pub. date. It seems a graceful effort, but I find it more and more difficult to judge. To tell the truth, I am bored to near dementia by this facility of mine, this Niagara of pastry puffs, but my weird old muse stands over me, rolling pin in hand, and I can but obey.

Assuming acceptance again, may I request payment this time in a separate flavor? LaVerne and little Zachary hate pumpkin. Anent which, and at the risk of jarring our perfect author-editor symbiosis, I wish to suggest a modest but commonsensical alteration in this matter of payment. This morning, during a thorough inspection of the dangerously overloaded shelves in our kitchen and laundry room, plus the teetering contents of three second-hand cupboards now doing makeshift service on the sun porch, I counted thirty-eight remaining Nesselrode pies, twenty-two Pecan, one Squash, four Lemon Meringue, forty-nine and a half Rhubarb (not, in truth, a terribly popular item here), eleven kuchen, one and one-quarter Coconut Cream, fourteen Butterscotch Chiffon, and sixteen assorted stale, crumbled, or unidentifiable, which I confiscated. This accounting does not include the nine dozen-odd pies that LaVerne has unloaded, for the merest fraction of their value, on our Eagle Discount manager and other surly local merchants, in lieu of the more common form of specie. We are, in short, amassing a corner in pies, and the essential flavor I now crave is Old Legal Tender.

These are sere times for writers of short fiction, God wot, but A. Daptable is my middle name. This hack, for one, is almost ecstatically grateful for the evidences of high literary seriousness to be found in (or on) your unusual publication. I write only in order to eat and to fill the four gaping maws within my nest, and all I ask, Ish, is a little less damned efficiency in this process.

Wm Hamilton

"Are we ethnic?"



"*And that's the top of the news as it looks from here.*"

• •

The mantle of George Horace Lorimer has fallen on the shoulders of your chef, yet this seems an insufficient excuse for the conversion of my home into a museum of *pâtisserie.* I am attempting to phrase this proposal in businesslike terms, eschewing mention of the increasingly doughy complexion of my loved ones, the Zeppelin-like recent configuration of my once lissome LaVerne, and the piteous cries that arise from the family dining table when yet another meal commences, continues, and concludes with implacably wedge-shaped helpings.

Send cabbage, Mother Melmoth!

DUANE

CHER MAÎTRE:

ACCEPT the greeting, for you are not, as you have lately claimed, the Irving Wallace of Pie Writers but rather the Maupassant—nay, the Balzac. Truly, I had not guessed that our square, even boxy, little journal was ready for a tale of miscegenation and the ironies of a postbellum plantation romance, but today's submission, "Brown Betty," has quite taught me otherwise. In short, a triumph! There is even more good news, for Howard Johnson's has just chosen our Tarte aux Fraises (with your classic "Simple Simone" as text) as its Pie of the Month for August, which assures rich returns for all. By the way, our people in Accounting tell me that cash payments are a no-no, but they have promised to include three dozen Beef-and-Kidney in your next royalty, thus alleviating the little dietary problems you mentioned. Glad to be of help!

Luv,

ISH

ISH:

I GIVE up. Can your treasurer be wholly unaware that it has been some little time since Western man inched out of the long darkness of the barter system and into the sunshine of freely redemptive currencies? Has he not had the news that U.S. Steel no longer pays its dividends in ingots? Has he ever tried settling his telephone bill with a half-dozen Banana Cream Tortes? Has he attempted to write lean, rivet-hard prose after a breakfast of Apricot Pan Dowdy (cold) and *réchauffée* Mince à la mode? I warn you, a man can be whipped just so far.

LaVerne, displaying a mobility quite uncharacteristic of most siege howitzers, has transformed our driveway and garage into a used-pie lot ("Drive In 'n' Nibble!"). Commercial response seems initially discouraging, but I am not absolutely sure about this, because the lady has not spoken to me these past three weeks.

I enclose, God forgive me, three new efforts—my last to you for some little time to come. I am determined to widen my market or quit this mad métier utterly.

DUANE

DUANE DEAR:

YOUR threats do not convince me, for genius is simply not free to opt out. Conrad and Dostoevski also railed against the lonely dark, and yet did their duty in the end. I can hardly choose among the three new *contes* (a baker's dozen dozen's-worth of fresh pies for thee!), but "A Tragedy in Custard" was certainly the most surprising. Who but you could wring pathos from the plight of a Keystone pie-thrower with bone chips in his elbow?

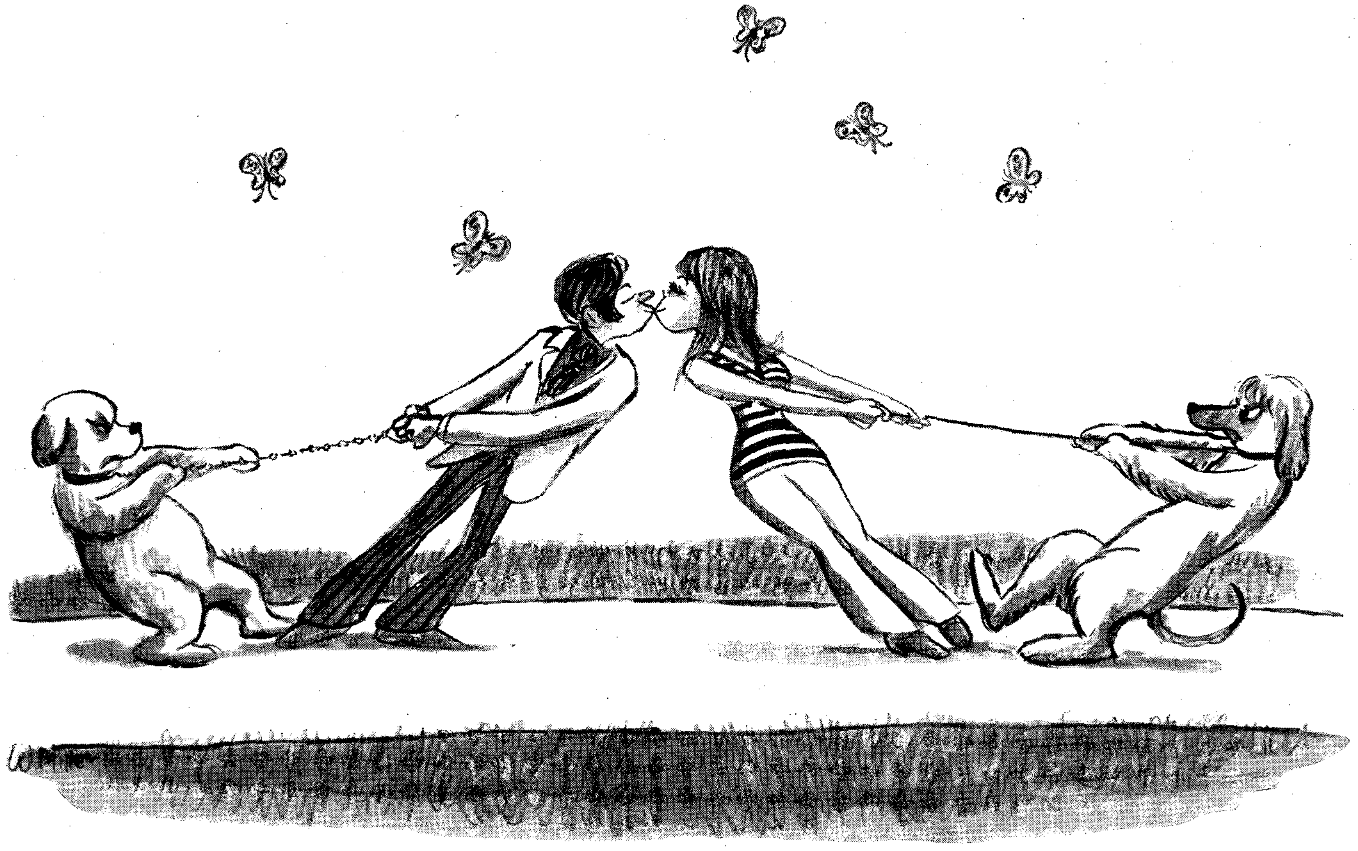
Onward!

ISH

KABIBBLE:

BACK again, as you foresaw. My attempts to escape the thrall of piedom have come to nothing. I have the rejection slips before me—from the Hasta Luego Chili Corp., Hedda Gobbler Frozen Turkey Parts, Old Shiloh Bourbon, Tweetie-Cat Pet Dinners, etc. A clean sweep, even including my delicate Petrarchan sonnet, "Con Formaggio," which came back on an instant ricochet from the Molto Buona Pizza people. Call me mad, for I am henceforth forever pied.

I am at least alone. Last Thursday, at five in the morning, our garage departed the premises in an eruption of noise and flame strongly reminiscent of a Cape Kennedy liftoff. Talk about pie in the sky . . . Dawn disclosed the neighbors' topmost tree branches and most distant shrubbery prettily festooned with parts of variously flavored tarts, cobblers, meringues, and down-home deep-dishes, the whole resembling a direct hit on a Sicilian antipasto-works. Not a bad metaphor, in truth: I take this as a veiled warning from some local pastry-shop owner possibly miffed at our new venture in cut-rate pie-peddling. Later in the morning, while attempting to nail some pie plates over a gaping hole in our roof, I witnessed the final and not unexpected decampment of Herself and the bairns



• •

in the family auto—off, I don't doubt, in simultaneous search of a better-balanced diet and father. From my vantage point, the tableau resembled a Green Bay Packer making off with a shipment of medicine balls.

Alone now. My brain is but mincemeat, my soul chiffon, yet still shall I fight my way free . . .

D.

Dear Duane:

DO I detect a new, darker side to your prose? Why, I wonder. "Ludwig's Journey," for instance, has me a mite puzzled. It is, of course, a stunning theme: Ludwig, an ancient immigrant to our shores, forms an irresistible longing for one last slice of Bavarian Cream pie homemade in his own native Bavarian hamlet. Exchanging his life savings for a steerage ticket, he reaches Europe and then falls victim to a gang of ruffians in Le Havre, who rob him of his all. Nothing daunted, he presses on by foot, hobbling half the breadth of the Continent in hopes of that last one memorable mouthful. Winter falls, and our aged hero becomes lost in the Black Forest. He struggles on, the vision of Bavarian Cream before him. At last, he climbs the final mountain escarpment between himself and his goal, and is swept up in an avalanche that deposits him, more dead than alive, at the very door of his village piemaker.

All well up to here, Duane. A crackerjack pie tale, in fact. But now you begin to lose me. With gnarled and frozen knuckle, Ludwig taps on the baker's door. It opens. Prone, the battered old gentleman whispers his dear request. But what is this? "*Nein*," says your baker bluntly. "Ve are all out off der Bavarian Cream." Ludwig shrugs his shoulders and replies, "O.K. How about a slice of Pineapple-Cheese?" Finis. I mean, ? ? ?

Well, Duane, we have had a knockdown, top-level edit hassle here, but thanks to your Ish, I must admit, "Ludwig's Journey" will run as is. I persuaded the other minds here that the story represented a passing, Beckett-like strain in your otherwise unambiguous work, and that we owed you at least one such fugue. One, I might add, and no more. Obscurantism pushes no pies.

Ish

Dear Ish:

SORRY about that. I trust this will make amends—a simple retelling of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus."

Duane

Dear Duane:

WELCOME back, kind sir! Not one of us here had ever read or seen "Titus Andronicus," and so hadn't an inkling that it concludes, so surprisingly and pleasingly, in a pie-eating scene. I *love* old-fashioned blood-and-thunder mellerdrama. We are running it on our big Washington's Birthday Cherry Special—a rush job in time for the holiday. Thanks and congrats!

Ish

P.S. It's of no matter, but what is the flavor of that pie that the disguised Andronicus serves to Tamora in the final scene?

Mrs. Shute:

I HAVE before me a box of your Washington's Birthday Cherry Special, with my little tale from the Bard well featured on the obverse. I feel again the deep satisfaction that sometimes overtakes even the most experienced author when he reads his own work and in all honesty must whisper to himself, "Oh, well done!"

You ask—ha-ha!—for the recipe of Titus's homemade, extremely deep-dish pie. I note—hoo, haw! *gnick-gnick!*—that you do not also inquire about the whereabouts of Tamora's children, the rascally Chiron and Demetrius, who are so oddly and inexplicably absent from the dessert course. Think, Madam. *Hmm.* What *is* this new, tangy flavor? Can phylophagia push pies? How do you like them apples, Mother Melmoth?

I have written my last! Today I begin my new permanent employment, as an artist with the graphic-arts division of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget.

Ish, fare thee well.

Duane

—Roger Angell

FOUR POEMS

EXILES

It goes on being Alexandria still. Just walk a bit
along its straight road ending at the Hippodrome
and you'll see palaces and monuments that will amaze you.
Whatever war damage it's suffered,
however smaller it's grown,
it's still a wonderful city.
And then, what with excursions and books
and various kinds of study, time does go by.
In the evenings we meet on the sea front,
the five of us (all, naturally, under fictitious names)
and some of the few other Greeks
still left in the city.
Sometimes we discuss church affairs
(the people here seem to lean toward Rome)
and sometimes literature.
The other day we read some lines by Nonnos—
what imagery, what rhythm, what diction and harmony!
In our enthusiasm, how we admired the Panopolitan!
So the days go by, and our stay here
isn't unpleasant because, naturally,
it's not going to last forever.
We've had good news—whether
something is happening now in Smyrna, or whether
in April our friends decide to move from Epiros,
our plans are definitely working out, and we'll easily
overthrow Basil.
And when we do, at last our turn will come.

FROM THE SCHOOL OF THE RENOWNED PHILOSOPHER

For two years he studied with Ammonios Sakkas,
but he was bored by both philosophy and Sakkas.

Then he went into politics.
But he gave that up. The prefect was a fool,
and those around him solemn, officious nitwits—
their Greek, the idiots, was hopeless.

After that he became
vaguely curious about the Church—to be baptized
and pass as a Christian. But he soon
let that one drop; it would certainly have caused a row
with his parents, showy pagans,
and right away they would have stopped—a terrible thing—
their extremely generous allowance.

But he had to do something. He began to haunt
the corrupt houses of Alexandria,
every secret den of debauchery.

Here he was lucky;
he'd been given an extremely handsome figure.
And he enjoyed the divine gift.

His looks would last
at least another ten years. And after that?
Maybe he'll go back to Sakkas.
Or, if the old man has died meanwhile,
he'll find another philosopher or sophist—
there's always someone suitable around.

Or in the end he might possibly return
even to politics—commendably remembering
the traditions of his family,
duty toward the country, and all that cant.

HALF AN HOUR

I never had you nor, I suppose,
will I ever have you. A few words, an approach,
as in the bar yesterday—nothing more.
It's sad, I admit. But we who serve Art
sometimes with the mind's intensity
can create pleasure that's almost physical—
but of course only for a short time.
That's how in the bar yesterday—
mercifully helped by alcohol—
I had half an hour that was totally erotic.
And I think you understood this
and stayed slightly longer on purpose.
It was very necessary, that. Because
with all the imagination, all the magic alcohol,
I needed to see your lips as well,
I needed your body near me.

TO HAVE TAKEN THE TROUBLE

I'm just about broke and out in the street.
This fatal city, Antioch,
has swallowed all my money,
this fatal city with its extravagant life.

But I'm young and extremely healthy.
Prodigious master of Greek,
I know Aristotle and Plato through and through
as well as the poets and orators or anyone else you could
mention.
I have a fair idea about military matters
and friends among the senior mercenaries.
I also have a foot in the administrative world;
I spent six months in Alexandria last year;
I know (and this is useful) something about what goes on
there—
the corrupt scheming, the dirty deals, and the rest of it.

So I believe I'm completely qualified
to serve this country,
my beloved fatherland, Syria.

Whatever the job they give me,
I'll try to be useful to the country. That's what I want.
But if they frustrate me with their maneuvers—
we know them, those smart operators, no need to mention
them here—
if they frustrate me, it's not my fault.

I'll approach Zabinas first,
and if that idiot doesn't appreciate me,
I'll go to his rival, Grypos.
And if that imbecile doesn't appoint me,
I'll immediately go to Hyrkanos.

One of the three will want me anyway.

And my conscience is quiet
about my not caring which one I choose—
the three of them are equally bad for Syria.

But, a ruined man, it's not my fault.
I'm only trying, poor devil, to make ends meet.
The almighty gods ought to have taken the trouble
to create a fourth, an honest man.
I would have gladly gone along with him.

—C. P. Cavafy

(*Translated, from the Greek, by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard.*)

PUTU

Putu is here standing in the shadow of the tree.

“Writing,” she said. “Always writing.” They were the same color—Putu, the earth, the tree. “Hard for you?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Somebody read it?”

Hi!-Tchick Hi!-Tchick! Tchick! mocked the tjitjak lizard on the roof.

She did not know that any creature—animal, bird, child, man, me—would want to throw himself between her branchlike arms and finish there. She did not know.

The language: indefinite plurality, repetition. *Ber-dujun ber-dujun*—to go together; *ber-senang ber-sanang*—to enjoy oneself; *pe-layan pe-layan*—slow, more slow; and *makin-lama makin-lambat* mean the same. Or do they? One cannot be sure. There is no word for love. *Kayan*? *Nyak*?—Do you want? Now?

Putu had not moved. She said, “Dark soon. Dance soon. Come.”

The first night, I left my door ajar for the sea air, the Indian Ocean air, to enter. The candlelit room was full of creatures—a blue-faced one sat back of my pillow, there were others with wings, many companions. In the morning I would look, but now I would sleep, surrounded. No dreams, but in the night a strangled scream—a throat being cut? some big bird imprisoned? At dawn I heard it again. When I told Putu, she said, “Before you came, a man with upside-down white eyes slept in that house. That demon, that *leyak*, is waiting for him.”

I see.

But they changed my house—there were many hidden houses.

Putu belonged to the highest caste—the Brahman. But, having married beneath her, she had been disowned by her parents, and she would have to wait until they were dead to come back to the compound.

“They have money?” I asked. “Much money?”

“Excuse me, what you mean ‘money’?”

“Rupiah. Much rupiah?”

“Yes, much rupiah.”

“Putu, what does your name mean?” I asked her.

“Firstborn.”

“Children? How many?”

“Five.” She held her hand low, raising it inch by inch.

“And their names?”

“Putu.”

“And then?”

“Madè, two; Nyoman, three; Ktut, four.”

“And the fifth?”

“Putu.”

“But you said that Putu meant firstborn?”

“Yes, but after four we begin again.”

I see.

“When one is born, comes another, his brother. We wrap it inside a coconut shell and give a present—something precious, like a pin or a pencil, then bury it near the door.”

I said, “Is it true about the soul of a girlchild sometimes changing into a boy at birth?” She did not know.

Her teeth were small and even, and when I asked if they had been filed she wrinkled her nose and said of course, before marriage, and yes it had hurt, and now it always hurt.

“With cold?”

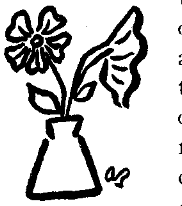
“Yes.”

“And with hot?”

“Yes.”

I urged her to spare her children the pain. She said nothing, but I saw the look of destiny on her face.

Although I could not slide my eyes like fish swimming or mercury, there was no need to focus them. They were at ease. Under each bush or tree of that domain there was a creature, a monster, a friend. I took them to be household gods. With their thin arms and wide, aching eyes, they believed, they were made of belief, they were made of sandstone, in the rainy season they would wash away, someone would remake them, anyone could do it. These are the children of the place. Six of them sat cross-legged on my steps contemplating. I could find my house because of them. As demons get lost in curves, *bengkang-bengkok*, the paths are curved.



“Who are these small gods, Putu?”

“Are not gods. My god you cannot see.” And she looked disdainful and proud.

Her god was Siva, but at that time I did not know the names of the gods. It was their affair, their intimate family affair, and what if they had told me their names? That one does not already know such important names is embarrassing. Accept. Accept two, three, one hundred answers. Vishnu, the male resplendent divinity, can change into the woman Mohini, bewilderer of the senses. Krishna? Buddha? The goddess—the wife of Shiva? Siwa? Çiva? whose sperm sliding down the stem of a flower gave birth to a Giant? Who, then, is the image sitting cross-legged within his/her shrine, the crowned and four-armed beauty? With two arms he prays, while a third holds a mirror to glorify her lord’s member, and with the fourth a brush to brush away the flies. And how consider the monkeys? He of the green face, the sacred Hanuman, the beloved monkey who saved the Hero’s wife. . . . All right, it is true, we can see it is true, in the eager faces of the circle waiting as he comes upon the stage. But in the second act, in the next dance, there are many monkeys and they are not friendly, but green. I ask who are these? the enemies? . . . Do I ask? No, I surely have been told.

And these ferocious demons standing on either side of the sea gate, their bellies draped in black-and-white dishcloths, who are they?

“Guardians against the sea witch. Black and white, sacred colors,” Misoori said, and, with a smile confiding that he and I both knew that white is all or no color, informed me that our bodies must contain the five sacred colors—white, black, yellow, red, and blue/green. I never knew if blue and green were synonymous with them. Perhaps. When I went past the guardians, through the great gate to the beach, a hollowed-out trunk of a tree lay there, a boat. “Sari” was written on the prow, and Jati’s brother, the gentle one, took a flower in his hand. They were all watching—quiet, quiet, Putu, and Maraini, and Munru, and Jati—while he delicately opened the leaves of the corolla, showing me the pistil and the stamens. “Here,” he said, “essence, life, spirit: *sari* means all these.”

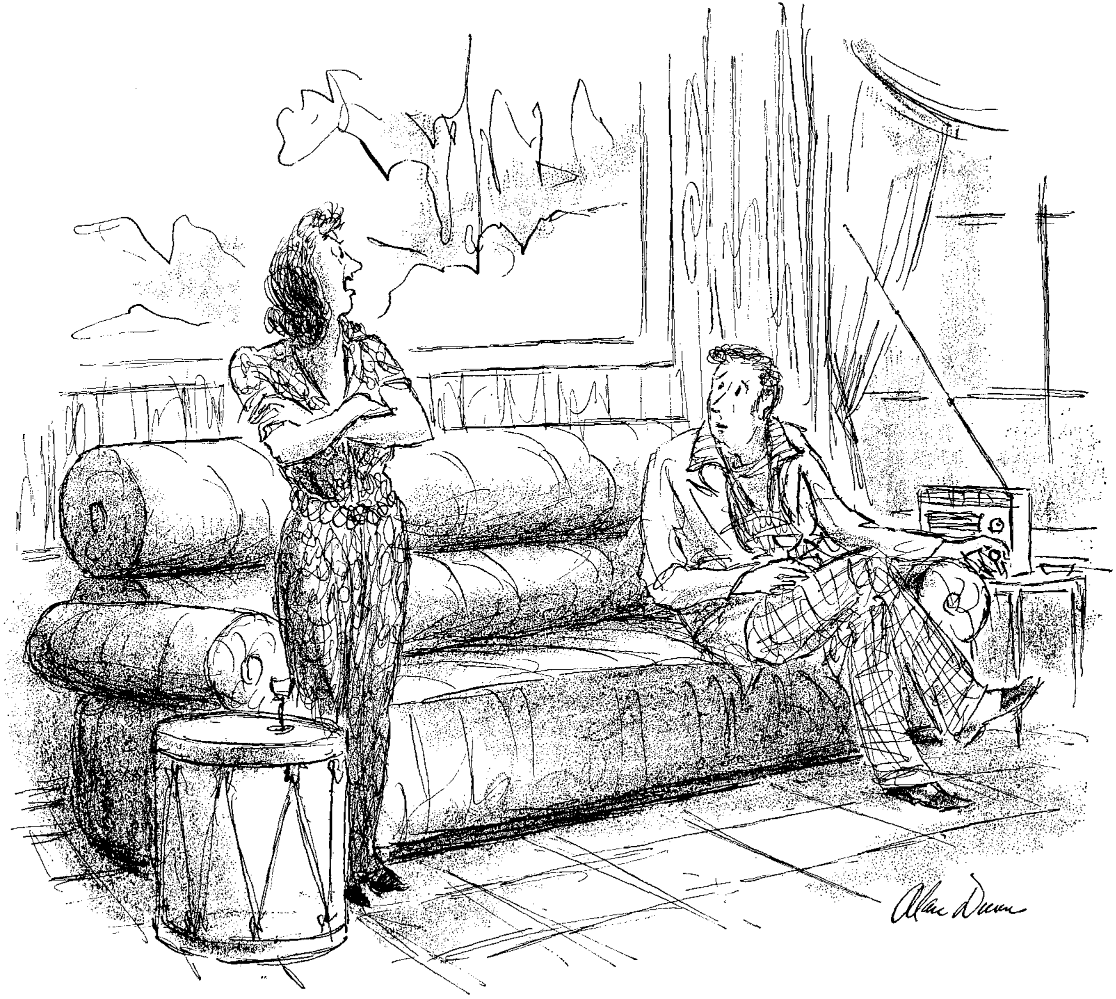
I never saw anyone in the sea. Sometimes a boat, never a swimmer. “The sea is not for you,” Putu said. “From the south comes the sea witch in her straw ship, bringing maladies. Turn away from her, look to the Great Mountain, see the Elephant cloud over her. No wet gods.” So I did not go into the sea.

It was at that time that I wanted a house of my own. But could I, a foreigner, have a house? Would they permit it? Putu, please come and tell me may I have a house here?

Did I want it forever? *Sa-lama-lama-nya.*

What is forever? Forever in my mind. “But after, it would be your house,” I said, “the house of Putu and her family.”

“But we have a house,” the husband, who had come with some of the cousins or brothers, doubtless said. We



"*Make up your mind. Are you going to listen to a woman's intuition or to Clifton Daniel's 'Insight'?*"

• •

were all sitting on the veranda. It was evening. They were talking among themselves, and smoking. It was very quiet. I did not try to understand what they were saying.

"My house would be near, if you will have it so," I said.

"But it must be below the temple."

This matter of the house took calm consideration. It would be made according to their traditions. They must ask the priest. They must consider the calendar. I suggested that it must not be a fine house with an impressive gate. I would like one big room and a courtyard.

"A wall?" they asked.

"Yes, yes, a wall." (François had always wanted a wall.)

Then we went down to the beach, and Putu's elder brother drew the plan of the house on the sand. First he drew the points of the compass. He drew the wall around the house—"Here is the gate, the sex of the house. Then in the northeast corner, the important position, is the shrine, the head. Because a house is like the human body." Then he drew a smaller square: "The sleeping place—the head must lie east of the feet. After that, the navel, the center, where visitors and friends will meet, and naturally the anus is in the south, where we throw away and burn."

I see.

After the plan was approved, they asked leave to depart and went away to inquire of the village priest.

The next day I heard nothing, nor the day after.

"*Tulat*," Putu said, meaning in three days' time.

And so it was. The auspices were good, the priest had consulted the calendar, and the day had come. We went together into the forest to choose the trees—Putu, her two brothers, her silent husband, other friends. Not everyone is permitted to cut down a tree. Trees must grow straight, and the height of the trunk should measure twenty-three times the index finger. When the tree had been chosen, they stood in a circle around it and, bowing to it, said, "Pardon me, god-tree, for doing you this harm, but you understand that it is necessary so that our friend have a house." After it had been cut down, they laid a new green branch over the stump.

The house would have six trees, and the thatch would be from the mountains, to last twenty or fifty years. I wanted one large room, with a lattice of palmetto leaves, so that the wind from the Indian Ocean could come through. "Windows?" they asked. I said no setting sun—cruel light. No rising sun—eager light. Perhaps the light could come infiltering from the roof? They politely suggested that I go away while the house was being built. "And when you come back, we will welcome you and rejoice."

So Putu, a boy cousin of Putu's, came one morning.

"But I thought Putu was a girl's name?"

"Yes," he said.

He would show me many things on the island while the house was being built.

It would be built soon?

"Yes, very soon; it is the time."

On the way down to the Sacred Elephant's cave, in the rock at the foot of the slippery path—"Be careful, be careful!" A naked, turbaned man sat cross-legged in the entrance of the cave. He got up bowing, and with a torch lit our way. At one dark end sat Ganeça, the elephant god, the Disturber of Disturbances, in his mud niche, and at the other end three lingams enshrined: Brachma, Shiwa, and Wisnu. Each of these names can be differently pronounced, differently spelled.

Siva, the most important, was in the center.

"Lingams," the old man said.

"Yes."

And Putu: "Be careful, slow, do not hurry. Would you like to see a cremation?"

"A cremation? Yes," I said.

"Not often. Only great persons or priests."

"For princes?" I asked. He shook his head.

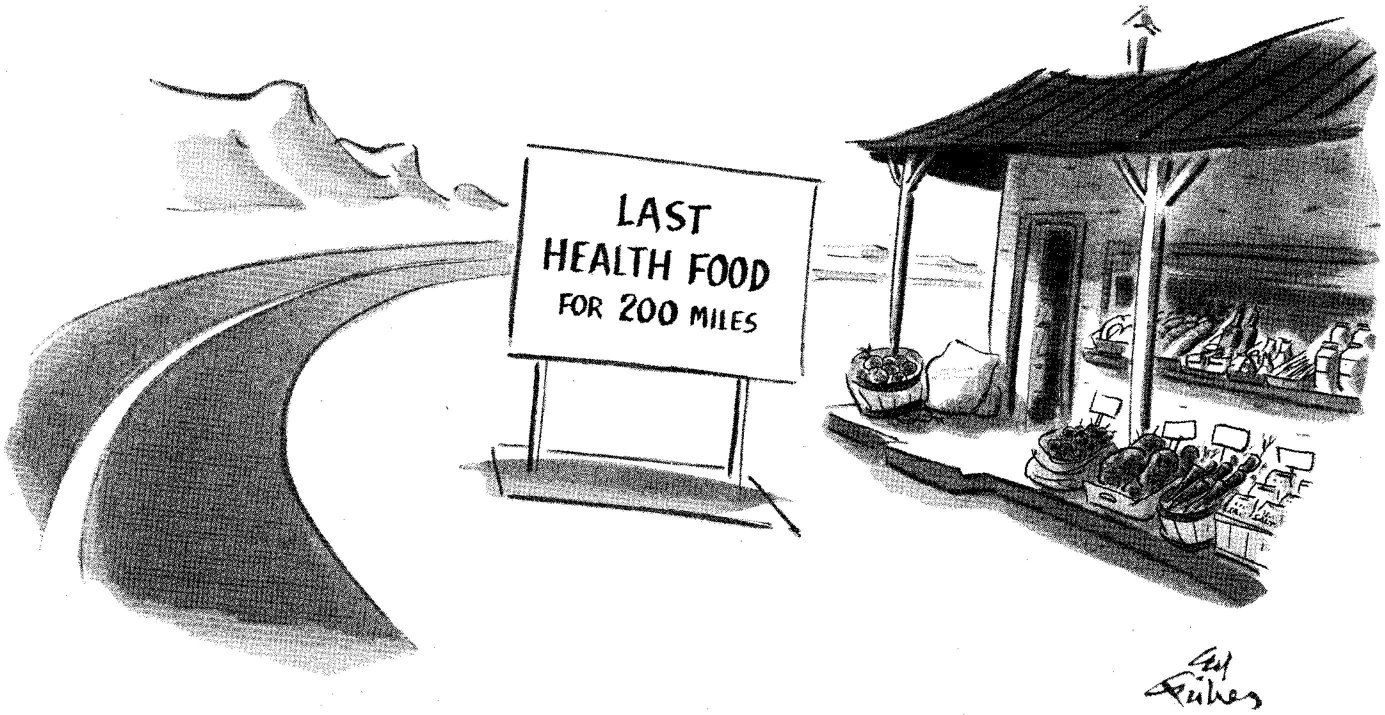
"No, not princes; they are not rich anymore. Costs forty or perhaps fifty thousand dollars."

"Dollars?"

"Yes, dollars."

"For the tower?"

"Yes, for the tower and the cow. A



white cow for a priest, black for other people."

"How does a priest have so much money?"

"The people from the villages—many many people—they bring everything: the towers, the musicians, many offerings, food and wine for seven, nine days. You should see it. I wish you to see it." That he could not, by wishing, cause it to happen troubled him. "This festival is the finest. Everybody has a good time. Many many people, much laughing, much fighting, sometimes six, seven cows, sometimes six, seven towers, a tree high. They lose their way, perhaps drink too much, fall down in the mud. Many drums, much incense."

"And the families of the corpses?" I asked.

"Oh, they are very happy. They wait perhaps ten years, perhaps more. And they are sad if their dead aren't cremated. Sometimes they lose their crops, sometimes their lands, to pay for the festival." (Later from a professor at the inn I learned that they mummify the corpses and keep them in their compounds or temporarily bury them. And when somebody in the clan is able to afford a cremation the bodies of the others are brought out, and dug up. What happens to the corpses of the very poor I never learned.) "Now they know everything O.K.," Putu said. Then he added thoughtfully, "If no big cremation happen, perhaps you would like trance dance? Just for you alone. You could order it for ten dollars."

• •

I agreed, yes, a trance dance, for me alone, for ten dollars.

We were passing at that moment a great gate, one with the Flying Tigers, the masks, all the Confusers of Confusings. "My family house," Putu said. "My father very good carver." And then with modesty and hesitation he asked if I would accept to come in.

We passed through the many gates, the courtyards, the temple for the sacred cockfights, and then the important temple. Putu stopped in front of the giant witch's mask—certainly of his father's making. Her horrid white mane, her ping-pong-ball eyes. Her jaws moved, gleaming, made of putrescent wood. We stood in silent contemplation. Then Putu informed me, as though he knew her intimately as a friend, "She has her menstruations every month and, as humans do, goes into retirement for three days; then, as Shiva's wife, she ascends to Heaven." Past the monstrous pigs, the chickens, the children, we came to the pavilion where the family kitchen was. Over a stove burning coconut shells stood an ancient woman, tiny like a monkey, with naked breasts and staring ribs, stirring what looked like a goatskin lying in blood. Did I hear him say, "We drink the blood"?

"My mother," Putu said.

She looked up at me, or rather her eyes entered mine. Her turban came to my shoulder, and, holding one of my hands between hers, we entered a maze of women, their heads high with the offerings—five-foot pyramids, mosaics of fruits, of fish and painted rice gilded and festooned with the lace of pigs' stomachs. In this confusion we lost each other, but Putu, always smiling and proud, conducted me to the sleeping place, where, over the door, hung a handsome photograph of his father. From a shelf he took down a basket filled with rags, and taking out a small bottle he handed it to me. "My father's umbilical cord," he said. It looked like a gray worm. "When there is sickness or bad luck, we take out this cord and boil it in water. Then we drink the water and the sickness goes away."

"Bad luck, too?"

"Yes, bad luck, too."

He went back and covered up the witch's mask; then informed me that it would be formally uncovered on the day of the Ancestors' Return, the two hundred and tenth day, and that is why he wished me to come now, so that I would not feel a stranger at the feast. "They come five days before, and greet the newly born, receive the offerings, and we must amuse and entertain them, otherwise they will not bless the rice fields and protect us. So there is much music and dancing, and girls wear their finest clothes. There will be cockfighting, and so the ancestors will not be bored."

"Then they go away again?"

"Yes, on the tenth day we ask them kindly to go away."

"And where do they go?"

"To their Flaming Heaven."

"And what is it like, their Flaming Heaven?"

"Like here, only no sickness, no bad luck."

A BOY came by on a bicycle. He brought an invitation from the Prince.

We sat on the Prince's veranda. He was humpbacked and pockmarked, and his eyes were bloodshot. His shoulders and arms were bare; the rest of his body was swathed in gold brocade. A ruby-studded sword stuck up over his left shoulder, a pointed turban adorned his head, and over one ear hung a large purple flower. Forgive me, Prince, but you are a monster.

He told me of his many and illustrious visitors, enumerating them with great speed and only interrupting himself for my confirmation. "The wife of the Swedish Ambassador, a pretty woman, but I cannot remember her name? What is it?" He was not pleased that I did not remember it, either. "Yes, yes, Lily Marlene, that is it; and there was Eleanor Roosevelt, doubtless a good woman, but so ugly!" Whereupon the lizard laughed *Hi!-Tchick! Hi!-Tchick! Tchick!* "Always laugh, that lizard, when I say something clever. Mrs. Roosevelt sit there in that corner and all day long *takaty-takaty-tak*. Typewriter."

He gave me a small glass of rice wine with three gnats in it, and from time to time scratched his armpits. After many hours Putu, the boy, came for me, and we went on our way.

We went to the Monkey Forest, where the monkeys came down the green moss paths and, furious and ill at ease, accompanied us to their hidden temple, green, silent, and abandoned. This is the way the island would be if left to itself. Moss-covered, and the trees and vines enveloping. The monkeys, like birds, sat on the gods' heads and brooded at our departure.

We went to the oldest temples, high up on the Great Mountain, the Cosmic Mountain, the Linga, the Sun, the Center. "Under these towers are buried shrimps and crabs and chickens of gold, lotus flowers all of gold," Putu informed me. We descended past the terraced rice fields spiked with birdhouses—"To keep away the birds?" I asked. "No, to appease the evil spirits." We passed the pools, vast places like Egyptian courtyards walled with carved snakes, nagas, from whose many mouths water gushed. People were bathing discreetly and with joy. In the evenings there were always plays and festivals.

Late, it was late that last evening as we drove toward home under the forest trees, always aware of the gamelan far off, or near—the night is not for sleeping.

"We are coming to your trance dance now," Putu said. "Here, take my arm."

There is always a flare, some sign, and we crossed to where the gate was and through it, the enclosed space of earth encircled by squatting brown men, a fire of coconut husks in the center.

My place was indicated by the priest in a white robe. Incense was burning, and I was both alert and drowsy.

We waited. They had doubtless been waiting for a long time. When the waiting was enough, a drum was struck, once.

And then came the Hero into the circle. The Hero was a horse. A horse with a fountainlike tail of straw, a mane of straw sweeping the ground. He entered, paused, questioned. His horse's mask trembled, his straw body quivered (*gĕntar-gĕmĕntar*). He was waiting for instructions.

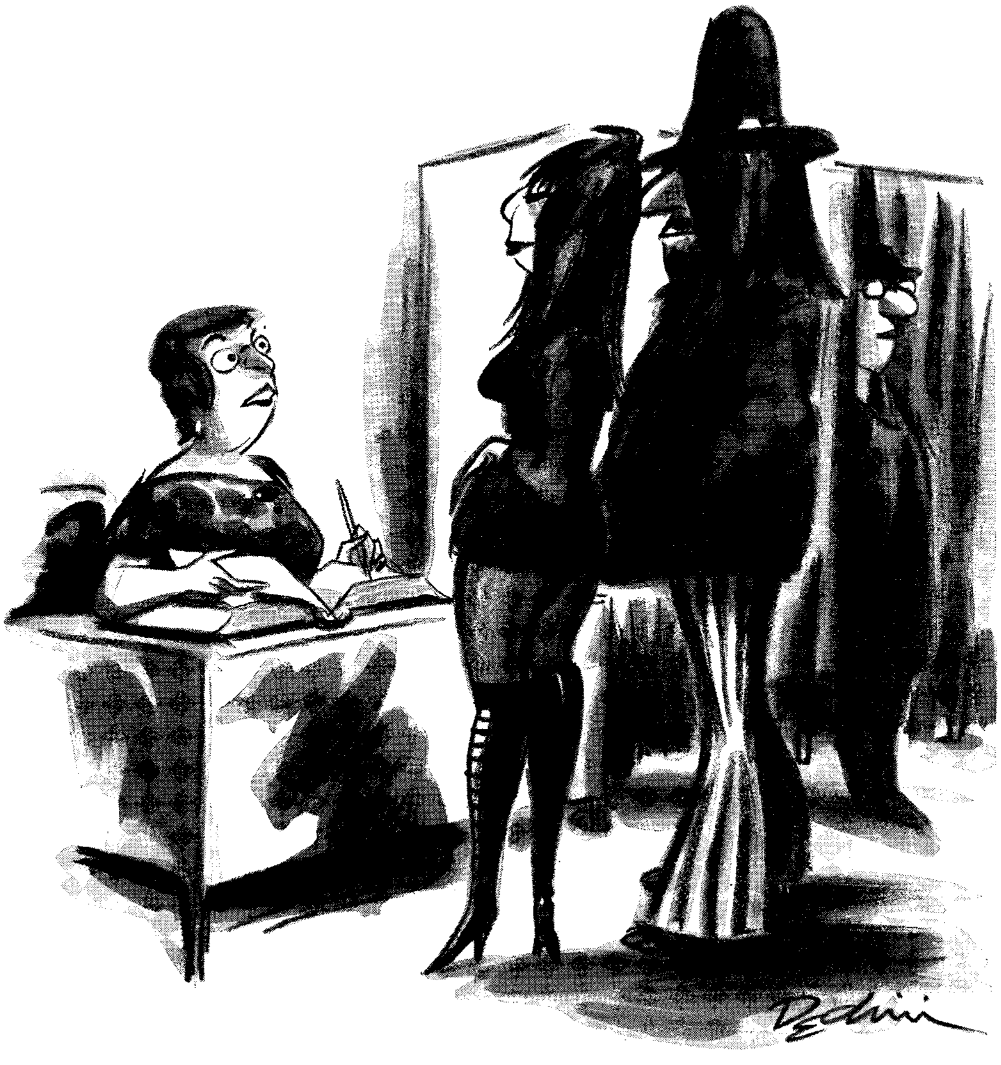
Suddenly, striking the silence, from the "monkey" chorus came a staccato barking, and now he knew. He circled the fire, his straw skirts tempting it, sweeping it. Hypnotized, he circled, again and again. Exhaustion, hesitation. Again came the fierce commands, the incitement. His naked feet charged toward them through the flames—his human feet. But now from across the fire contrary commands, exhortations, all of which he would continue to obey until the fire died.

The last embers shot across the circle and the straw horse fell, the body under the dead straw contorted in convulsions.

The priest came with incense and sacred water. The body of the entranced man-horse was carried out.

Without a sound the crowd disappeared, dissolved, into the night.

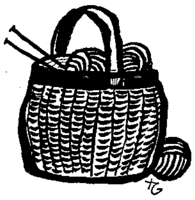
MIDNIGHT, and the lamps were lit. There was a wall around my house, and we went in through the narrow door and found them—Putu, Maraini, Munru, Jati, and a few children—sitting on the steps of my terrace and welcoming me: *sĕlamat dutang*. Very soon they faded away into the night with the fireflies (*kĕlip-*



"Republican?"

kĕlip). Only Putu, my friend, stayed, saying that the first night under a new roof one must not sleep alone lest the *leyak* linger. So she would protect me. And before the light came she had gone. I walked around my house and marvelled. In the courtyard were three flowering trees.

SINCE each day has ten names, I never knew which day it was. The weeks, too, are strange. It may be a week like ours of seven days, but there are others of one day, or two, or three—any number up to ten. And the hours? When the sun rose, they called it one o'clock; when it set they called it eight. And then the gamelan music began, always the same and always different. The wind from the ocean blew but not with cold. The season never changed. It would never change. I worked on the books of the languages, and I began to know what the words meant. They came, Putu and her friends, with presents, quiet, quiet, slim as water branches. Did they speak? Did they displace the air?



TO judge a beautiful face they compare it with their own.

"If there is no affection when you marry," Putu told me, "it always comes afterward."

To ensnare a girl one must steal her thoughts through concentrated mental effort.

It was the children who taught me. Every day they came, bringing me what pleased them—roasted dragonflies strung on reeds, and bee's larvae, and the big fruit bat. Putu's small brother gave me a bracelet of dragon's hair, coarse and like burnt coffee, to keep away evil dreams. And Klepon brought me five onions—"toes for you." The children made me a great golden spider from the palmetto fibre (*laba-laba*). My room became a museum, and a museum of words ("for words must be captured, then repeated"). One day Tuti brought me a kite with the head of a fox and plumaged wings (*layang-layang*) and the next day there was a letter (*layang-layang*) and then a bird he had ensnared for me (*layang-layang*). Was I *suka-chita* (happy), or *duka-chita* (sad)? Putu looked at me and said, "You are not *bimbang*?" No, I was not *bimbang* (worried). And when I was told that the word for "heart" and "liver" and "to realize" is the same—*hati*—it was clear to me that here nothing is separate. As in love one is in trance, intranced, in the act of transference, so here all the five, six senses are engaged in becoming infinite or one.

They did not know about the imminent destruction of the world. They did not know about the world. They did not know that today, or yesterday, footprints were being made on the moon, and a teaspoonful of moon dust would be treasured. Doubtless there are many moons. Did they know that we, the whites, were burning their brothers, in a place more north than their god-mountain?

Doubtless they knew, but they thought it would not be polite to speak of it. Nor did they mention the epic story of the mass suicide of their Rajas. The suicide march toward the Dutch cannon, a question of honor, had happened here in this place, in 1908. At 9 A.M., the fantastic procession left the palace with the Raja at its head, carried on the shoulders of one of his men, protected by his gold umbrella of state, staring intently at the road in front of him and holding in his right hand his kris of gold and diamonds. He was followed by his people—his family, his retainers—exalted as though for a festival. When he was shot, his wives—jewelled and garlanded with flowers, their hair streaming—lay over their *lord's body, stabbing themselves and* their children with their krises as they fell. Those who were still alive threw golden coins to the soldiers, paying them to kill them quickly, and thanking them for the privilege of accompanying their lord's soul to Heaven. Of this extraordinary event I was told nothing.

"MY research," a sad doctor had confided to me before I came to this island, "is the investigation of the antagonism between cells. . . . No, *not* antibodies; similar cells. And this antagonism"—he was a gerontologist—"is one of the causes of the morphological changes of the body. This has never been proven scientifically. If it interests you, it would give me great pleasure that you assist at my next experiment. . . ."

Not so on this island. No jealous cells from within demanding supremacy. All disease comes from without. The victim has been bewitched at some crossroad, by the sea or near the cemetery, the evil spirit is waiting to possess him, to give him the unmentionable malady, or drive him mad. In some way he has offended her, forgotten to leave cash, food, or betel. He will go to the village priest, who knows the traditional rites and incantations, and he will take out his father's umbilical cord.

We of the Western world have also our witch doctors. They ask us this, they ask us that, we examine our pasts, we sweat, we suffer—are we exorcised? We call these demons by our own names, we listen to their interminable questions, their wearisome chatter, we accept them in the hotel of our brain. But here—the brain, what is it? Some place back of the eyes and between the ears, or part of the continual theatre of the day and the night. Part of the entertainment, like a flute, a drum, a dancer having a part, belonging, possessed by the part, enchanted, in trance, a part of the perpetual trance. On the stage are the demons, masked and alarming. *There* are our agonies; *there* are our nightmares. . . . But here comes the good cavorting animal, the benevolent one. If he and his helpers fight for the soul, you, I, need not fight alone; he is bound to win, the play says that he is destined to win.

Are you afraid? Yes, yes; we, they, are all afraid. And sometimes sleep comes at once.

"ARE you more happy today?" Jati asked.

"No," I answered her. I had not *known I was not happy.*

"I am not happy, either. I have no boyfriend. I am old, twenty-five, and no breasts. I want a magic doctor to make me breasts. What shall I do?"

Yes, what shall she do?

FROM the first moment of my arrival on that island I had not felt the presence of the ancient ghosts. But now each night they visited me in my dreams—those whom I had left behind, grouped together, as Manhattan's towers are, transparent, waving me adieu. *Your holiday*, they said. *Be at peace*. It is true that I had gone from them to this last line of volcanoes, the end or the beginning of the world. Farther east, they say, is nothing but dust. Here on this island are the last child-dancers, the last bright birds, the last gods. There is no farther place to go.

"Soon," Putu-the-boy had said, "will be the day of the Ancestors' Return." The island was preparing a thousand rituals of identification—they did not know the meaning of the word, they *were* the word. And the desire came over me—could I also invite my people?

The priest had consented to the

building of my house, but it was not complete—my courtyard empty without the shrines. But would he allow this further privilege? *Putu, my friend, come quickly, help me!* And I felt the ticking of my life slowing down, hesitating before continuing, the gamelan music always playing, and thinking of those I had left behind. Would they concede to my desire and visit me? I thought of them all, but first of him, François. I will go to the grey cemetery of Montmartre where his body lies and unearth his bones and bring them here or take them with me. Forever.

Beloved creatures, I beg you, come to this festival. Meet each other here. There will be offerings and dances, wine, and beautiful women, music. . . . Oh come, please come, lest all my life be for nothing, thinning out, unbearable. . . . I am pleading with them, but what if my invitation prove worthless? I would leave my house, because without them I can no longer stay.

Putu, my friend, come quickly! And I struck the *kulkul* drum.

When she came, I saw that her brown silky face was pale, and when I asked if she was not well she said, "Only lazy," and that she had danced until very late the night before.

"Tell me," she said, and I told her. She listened, sitting on my steps, her head leaning on her hand. Yes, she would speak to the men of her family and—"They will ask the priest. The day comes soon, and the shrines should be built."

"Yes," I said.

"And your ancestors?" she asked. "What signs, what tokens have you of them?"

I took my ring from my finger and cut a piece of my hair, tying them together, and gave them to her. "This is from François. He will come." He had always wanted to come here. And his mother, Jeanne, who in her dark rooms, Boulevard du Montparnasse, was translating from the Sanskrit when she died. A miniature crystal bottle was my second offering. "She will surely come. . . . The pirate who sailed from France in 1630, and stole a princess from Ceylon, carrying her to the island of La Réunion, he will come." And I thought of the joyous meeting of François with the pirate.

"Have you his golden tooth?" Putu asked.

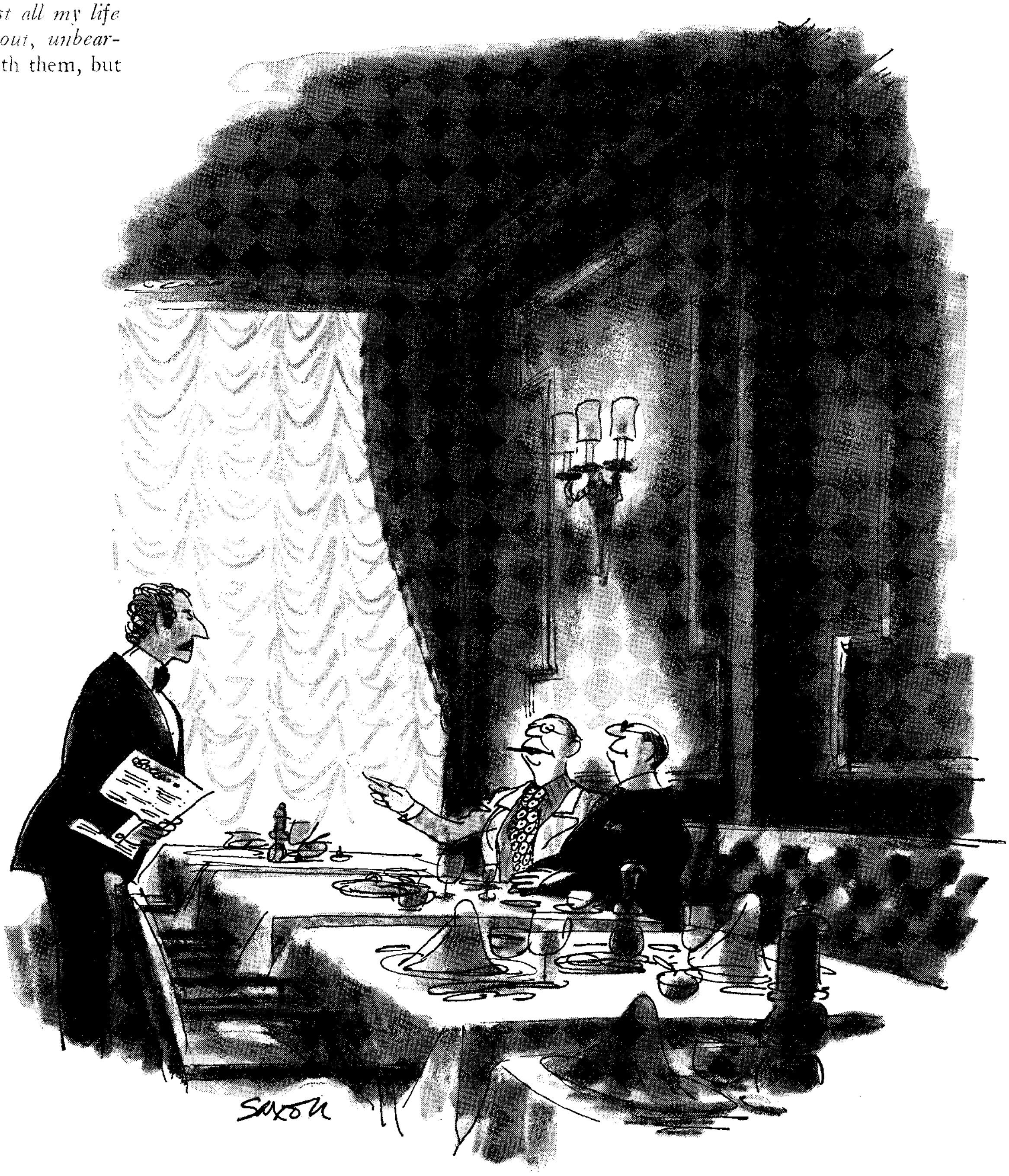
"No." I was abashed but I had no golden tooth from the pirate.

And my father's grandmother, Luisa, she who danced with the King when Florence was the capital of Italy, yes, yes, she would come. And my innocent mother—*are these tears of joy?* She will come, she will be gay as a child believing . . . I handed Putu a gold thimble. She held it in wonder. She had never seen a thimble.

And Tobias? He who has such a magnificent monument of granite in Washington, D.C., and who braved his life out under the orders of Mr. Washington and Mr. Jefferson, and who knew certain ordeals in Haiti and Algiers. Will he come? I do not know. He is a man of much pride.

"But you must not offend him," Putu said. So I found a dollar bill with George Washington's portrait and gave it to her. She nodded. "His god?" she asked.

Putu took the ring, the perfume bottle, the dollar bill, and the thimble, and after wrapping them carefully in banana leaves went away. For the pirate, Siang made a Chinese junk from the bones of small birds and



"Louis, I want you to know Mr. Pickett, one of my oldest and dearest friends."

decorated with skulls carved from nuts, and for my grandmother who had been a musician—and when I explained what a musician was—he made a miniature gamelan. The time was near. I sat stringing necklaces of colored seeds; my grandmother had always worn many bright necklaces of seeds. . . . I was wondering if the priest would go into trance and if I could speak to them. François had come so often of late that I was sure he was already here waiting. He came at night and he was always young—as he had been when he gave such fine parties. All the beautiful young women in Paris, they had always come in their most lovely clothes.

It was the pirate who convinced the priest, since Ceylon and the island of La Réunion belonged in the island's history.

And now I could not move from my house until I had the answer. I sat on the floor looking at the room, empty except for the children's presents, and I saw the chosen place in the courtyard where the shrines would be.

Putu said *sebentar lagi*, which means soon.

Sebentar lagi.

They were planting the curving bamboo poles along the roads. The girls were busy all day, molding cold rice into cakes and dyeing them fuchsia pink, gilding their flower crowns, making new sarongs, and yes, Putu said, the priest will come, and now the shrines must be built so that he could bless them.

"The image-tokens of those ancestors you gave me we will bury where they belong; do not be troubled about the others; if you have no tokens it is the same. They may be evoked in incense or in sand or in your mind."

TO make a shrine is nothing. What is it? A birdhouse perched on a pole. Putu's people came by, bringing the poles and the thatch. They were made in an afternoon—two for the gods of the mountains and one for my ancestors. And curving bamboos were planted at each side of my gate. Putu's people showed me where, every evening, I should make the offering—a bit of cash, some betel leaves, a few grains of rice.

Yes, yes.

"Will they come, Putu?"

"Yes," she said. "They will come, *tulat*, in three days."

The three days (*tulat*) I do not remember. The friends—Munru, and Maraini, and Jati, and the others—were less present; or, rather, fainter. They were like birds whose colors and voices were displaced, on some farther-off tree. I knew they were preparing for their gods. I wondered what presents I could give my friends, what would be acceptable to magic children who live in dream. Putu had not come today or yesterday.

They brought me the curried rice and the *jinju* and the papaya, as always. Munru swept my path and the courtyard, and made the *banderillas* of the *tjempaka* petals. I studied the language books. My house was in order, the shrines were expectant. In the evening I made the offerings. And still Putu had not come.

On the morning of the third day, a strange wind rattling the palmetto leaves woke me, and I wanted instantly to know where Putu was, so I struck the *kulkul* drum. The sun was over the breadfruit tree when I saw her on the curving path, a tray balanced on her head, one arm raised. She was now visible, now invisible, the diagonal bands of her orchid-and-yellow sarong diagonally wound; she climbed the steps to my house.

It was not Putu.

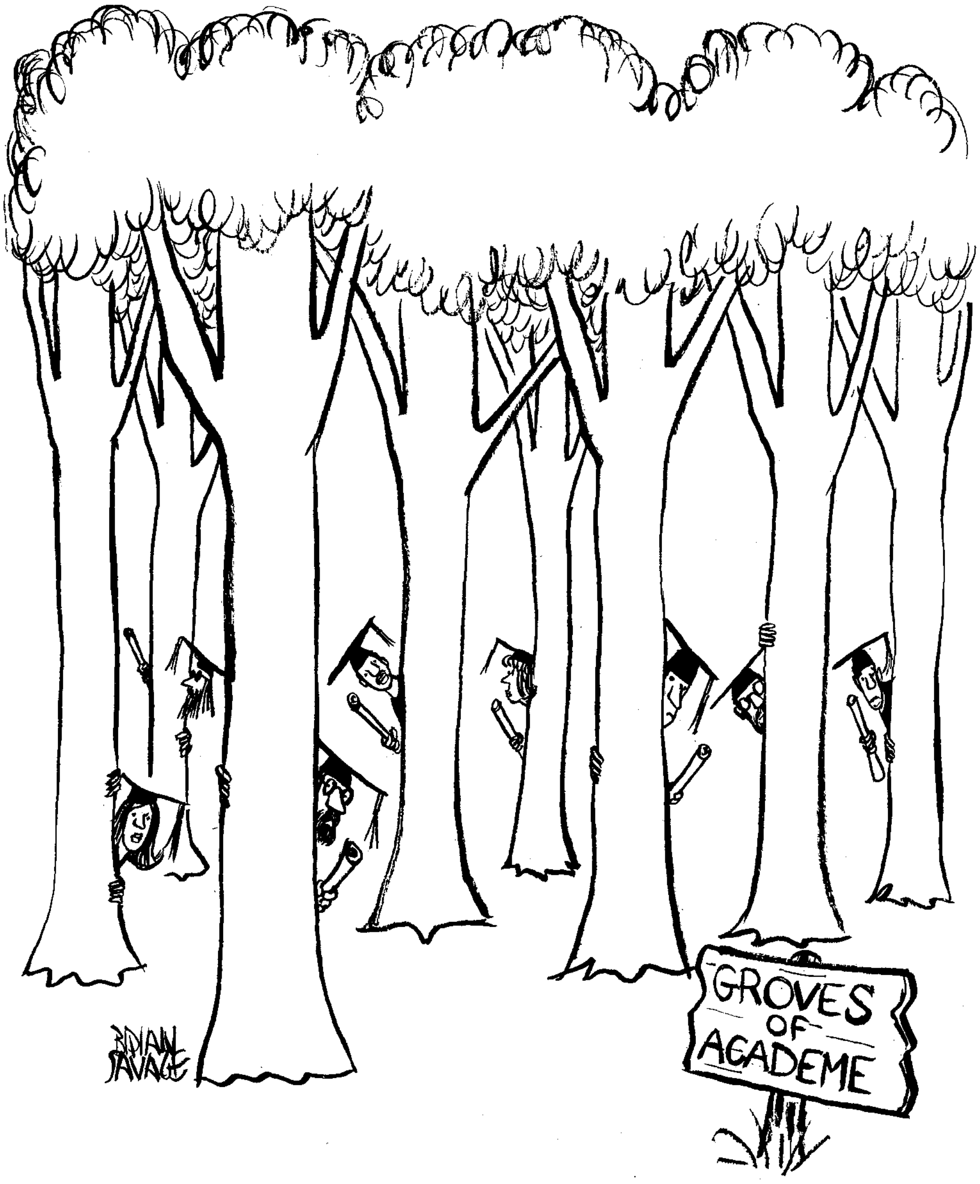
Confusion—*wyamoya*, it is called. Yet certainly the diagonal-striped sarong was the same.

She put the tray down on the table and stood there, silent, unmoving. This was the two hundred and tenth day, the day we had been waiting for.

"Tell me," I said at last, "tell me, where is Putu?"

"*Batara Durga*," she said. "Putu gone. Putu dead. I am Putu."

—EYRE DE LANUX



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The Miami Town Council, meeting in regular session Monday night, examined the quarterly financial report as prepared by the town clerk, J. B. Guiterrez.

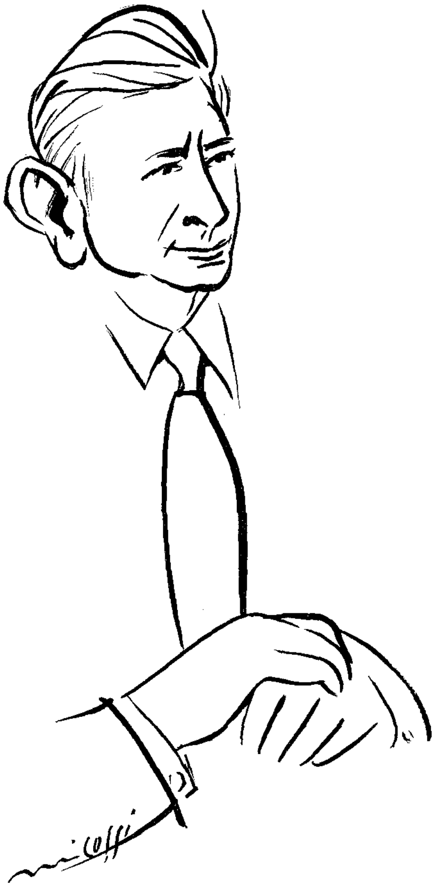
All departments were operating within the budget except the police department. In an effort to discover the problem in this department and to solve it, the police committee will hold a luncheon meeting Friday with the police chief.—*Tucson (Ariz.) Daily Star.*

Ripe olives, hearts of celery, boiled live lobster with tiny peas, and a dry white wine from sunny France.

PROFILES

QUIET MAN

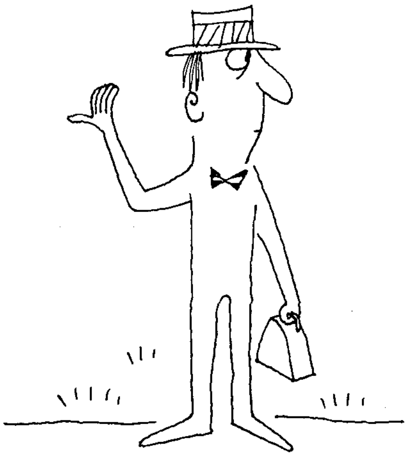
THE noise of New York City, like its dirt, has always been a particular cause for complaint among visitors from out of town, but, by a trick of the brain called adaptation, most New Yorkers, most of the time, are unaware of the city's incessant rumble. The noise is louder in some sections of the five boroughs than in others, louder during the day than at night, louder from Monday to Friday than on Saturday and Sunday, but it is continuous. However, most people grow accustomed to what acoustical engineers call the ambient noise level. The brain stops treating noise as a warning signal—something the body should be alert to—and the roar of the city then passes for quiet. A sound-level meter, being nonadaptive, is under no such illusion. It perceives, for instance, that even when nothing particularly noisy is happening the sound of the traffic on Eighth Avenue is as loud as an alarm clock ringing three feet away. To a surprising extent, many people with normal hearing can also get used to automobile horns, construction equipment, low-flying airplanes, police-car sirens, garbage trucks, elevated trains within a few feet of their windows, and the like. A good deal depends upon the individual's sensitivity to noise, and on whether the specific noise, in addition to being intrinsically unpleasant, carries some unpleasant association with it. Someone who is afraid to fly, or who fears that an airplane passing overhead may crash on top of him, is most annoyed by airplane noise and is likely to feel annoyance whenever a plane flies over. Generally, though, familiarity with a noise through repetition reduces its annoying effect. People who are not bothered by a particular noise, and perhaps hardly notice it at all, are naturally surprised by the complaints of those who are upset by it. If, say, your neighbor claims to be driven almost out of his mind by passing fire engines and you are hardly conscious of the fact that fire engines go by frequently, you may think he is exaggerating or being silly, if not neurotic. There is another individualizing factor. Most noise does not travel very far before it is dispersed in or absorbed by air, and so complaints tend to be parochial. There is little hope of persuading someone who lives close to LaGuardia or Kennedy International Airports that any other noise menace ranks with the jet-engine noise menace, and people who have been living on or near Sixth Avenue between Forty-second Street and Central Park in recent years are likely to be so preoccupied with demolition and construction noises as to be unaware that, for instance, the roar of big trucks up a long hill, like the one on Amsterdam Avenue from 125th Street to 116th Street, can be dreadful. All these subjective reactions make things difficult for those who are, in one way or another, engaged in the effort to reduce noise pollution in New York. Since hardly any two New Yorkers hear the problem in exactly the same way, and some hardly hear it at all, there are inevitable disagreements not only about which noises are the most annoying but about what degree of quiet, considering the number of people and machines concentrated in the area, is technically and economically practicable, and about how to achieve such an optimum level, assuming that it can be determined.

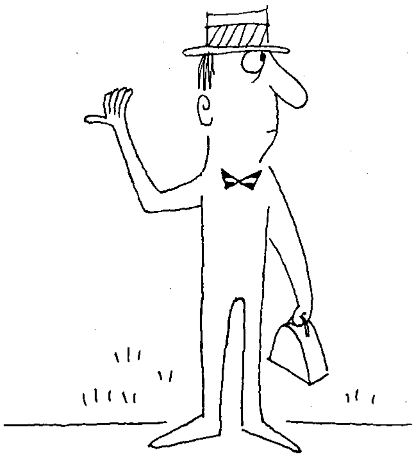


Cyril Manton Harris

Professor Cyril Manton Harris, of Columbia University, who teaches acoustics in both the Department of Electrical Engineering and Computer Sciences and the School of Architecture, and, with Professor Albert J. Rosenthal, of the Law School, gives a course attended by both engineering and law students on the legal and technical aspects of noise control, has been listening very carefully to New York City's noises for twenty years. Although his reactions to them are as idiosyncratic as any other New Yorker's, it is doubtful whether anyone hears them more accurately. For one thing, Harris's hearing is exceptionally good. He was born on June 20, 1917, and, unlike most men in their mid-fifties, who normally show some "presbycusis," or hearing loss through aging, particularly for high-frequency tones (2,000 hertz, or cycles per second, and above), he hears as well as a twenty-year-old; his students tested him the year before last during a laboratory session in one of his courses, "Experimental Acoustics." He hears and is alert to noises that another man might disregard entirely—an advantage in his profession—but his hearing acuity has a drawback. He is a very light sleeper. His physical constitution—he is thin, wiry, high-strung, and possessed of extraordinary nervous energy—is such that he might sleep poorly even if he heard less well. But, as it is, Harris takes it for granted that he would never get to sleep, or would never stay asleep very long, without wearing earplugs. He has worn them every night for thirty years.

Besides listening to the evidence of his own ears, Harris has spent considerable time measuring New York City noises with acoustical engineer's equipment—sound-level meters, spectrum analyzers, oscillographs, and recorders of various types. It is a principal activity in another of Harris's courses, "Noise Pollution: Measurement and Control," a laboratory course that uses the city as its laboratory. Harris picks out a noise of interest to the community—last year it was fire-engine sirens—and then leads his students all over the city to learn how to measure and analyze the sound and then determine what can be done to make it less objectionable. Harris edited "The Handbook of Noise Control," published in 1957, and was co-editor, with the late Charles E. Crede, of the California Institute of Technology, of the three-volume "Shock and Vibration Handbook," published in 1961. He is a co-author of "Acoustical Designing in Architecture" (1950), and has compiled a "Dictionary of Architecture





and Construction," which is scheduled for publication in 1973. He has published nearly fifty technical papers, some of them in collaboration with other acousticians, in periodicals like the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* and the *Journal of the Audio Engineering Society* on a wide range of subjects, from the component sounds of human speech to an analysis of the tones of the Highland bagpipe.

Harris has been active for years as an acoustical consultant. There was a time, early in his career—before he got a doctorate in physics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he specialized in acoustics—when his advice could be had, for a fee, on almost any kind of acoustical problem: how to silence a steam pipe that had taken to whistling like a steamboat; how to make a quiet converter of salt water into fresh water, for use on submarines; how to keep the vibration of an air-conditioning system from shaking a whole building and making a terrible racket; and the like. In recent years, however, he has stopped working on specific noise-control problems for private organizations. He has worked either for government agencies and professional societies, for no fee at all, or for architects—among them Edward Durell Stone, Wallace K. Harrison, Max Abramovitz, and Edward Larrabee Barnes—for very good fees. Without having consciously planned to do so, Harris has become a consultant specialist on auditoriums, having designed a hundred halls, mostly of the concert or musical-theatre variety, including the Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center; the auditoriums in the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C.; the auditorium of the National Academy of Sciences building, also in Washington; the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts, at the University of Illinois; the Spingold Theatre, at Brandeis University; and Powell Symphony Hall, in St. Louis (not a new building but a radical redesigning of an old movie palace). A well-designed auditorium should, of course, be completely free of outside noises, and nothing about the Kennedy Center pleases Harris more than the fact that jets directly overhead, preparing to land at the National Airport, are entirely inaudible.

NOT long ago, I called on Professor Harris, whom I have known slightly for about ten years, to ask him some questions about noise pollution, particularly about how it affects New York City and how much it can be reduced here. I went to his office, in Columbia's School of Engineering building, Seeley W. Mudd hall—a modern, fifteen-story tower at the northeast corner of the main campus, where 120th Street and Amsterdam Avenue intersect. (He has a research laboratory and a teaching laboratory in the same building.) Harris manages to keep the various parts of his career in motion by using every second of time; he has the ability to turn from one activity to another instantly, like a polo pony wheeling to set off in another direction. Aside from taking an occasional short afternoon nap when he knows that he is going to have to stay up late, he keeps going all day long on a schedule that leaves no gaps at all. When, by accident, a minute or two open up—if, for instance, someone is late for an appointment, as Harris himself almost never is—he seizes the time to do some work on one project or another. He works best in the morning, and he is usually awake at five-thirty or six. By seven, he has finished breakfast, the *Times*, and several cups of coffee. He gets to Columbia from his apartment, on the upper East Side, by eight. Harris's weekly teaching load is substantial: usually six hours of lecturing, plus two hours in the teaching laboratory or on field trips. And, of course, he also has to mark papers, talk with students, and find time for a double regimen of faculty and administrative meetings, because he teaches at both the engineering and architectural schools. Harris tries to minimize the time he spends each day moving physically from one job to another. Some of his lectures are given in a classroom that directly adjoins his office. He can be working at his desk until 4:09 P.M. and talking in the classroom at 4:10. He moves around the building at a fast clip, only a fraction slower than a jog. The bank of automatic elevators irritates him, because the cars are invariably heading the wrong way or taking too long to arrive, so for short distances—a floor or two or three—he runs up or down the stairs. More often than not, he lunches on a sandwich from a coin-operated canteen on the fourth floor of Mudd, and eats it standing up or at one of his several desks. He allows himself a single indulgence, if it can be called that, in his frenetic schedule. Since 1969, he has been taking Russian five days a week from 1 to 2 P.M. during the academic year. He began with a crash course in conversational Russian after our Academy of Arts and Sciences had nominated him to go to the Soviet Union for a three-month visit, on an exchange arrangement. Harris hopes that will work out—meanwhile, he has attended an acoustics conference in Leningrad—and, in any case, he has found that he likes Russian, and especially Russian literature, so much that he may go on studying it indefinitely.

I was right on time for my appointment with Harris, and, suppressing qualms about breaking into his beautifully organized schedule, I knocked on his office door, which had a cardboard sign reading "QUIET" Scotch-taped to a frosted-glass panel. He welcomed me into a small room, crowded with two desks, two worktables, and a wall of filing cabinets. He looked fine—trim and eager—and, it seemed to me, even younger than when I had last seen him, perhaps a year earlier. He is of medium height and weighs about what he did when he was twenty. He was wearing a tan jacket, a pale-yellow shirt, a tan tie, and lightweight gray slacks—the sort of outfit that might once have been taken for the clothes of an elegant undergraduate. (The real undergraduates, male and female, with whom I had just ridden up in the elevator looked like old-time Rocky Mountain prospectors.) Harris is clean-

shaven, with short sideburns, and his hair, which is dark, is closely trimmed and neatly combed back. His eyes are brown and they sparkle with alertness, and even when he is sitting perfectly still, composed and at your disposal, you are aware that he is ready to seize the conversation instantly and make off with it.

Harris sat me down in his desk chair, while he took a posture chair from a secretarial desk a few feet away and spun it around so that we sat facing each other. On the wall above the secretarial desk, there was a large green classroom-style blackboard covered with white chalk notations. I noticed a geometrical diagram, a couple of formulas, and some arithmetic, but I didn't realize until later what the marks on the left-hand third of the board were: names, appointment times, and telephone numbers. Harris uses the board as a desk calendar.

I started out by remarking that the country's, and New York City's, concern about the environment and about pollution of all kinds had increased greatly since we had last had a chance to talk at any length, and I asked whether he wasn't pleased by all the attention that his lifelong specialty—or at least the noise-reduction part of it—had been getting.

"I suppose I am," Harris said, in a way that suggested there were limits to his pleasure. Harris's voice is soft and medium-pitched. He speaks slowly and deliberately, looking for the economical way to say what he wants to say, and the effect resembles shyness—although on the subject of acoustics he is about as shy as a tiger. "More people are concerned about noise now than ever before—or more than I can remember—which is all to the good. We are not likely to get more noise control than the public insists on. Besides all the publicity, there has been tangible progress of some kinds. For instance, we now have city, state, and federal agencies that are charged with doing something about noise pollution. And, although I have doubts about quite a few of its provisions, the Bureau of Noise Abatement, which is part of the Environmental Protection Administration, has drawn up a comprehensive noise-control code, which Mayor Lindsay submitted to the City Council in July, 1971. It needs considerable revision, but it is being worked on, and the City Council hopes to pass it before very long.

"We've cut down on the noise of garbage collection by using bags instead of garbage cans, and some of the ambulances—the city-hospital ambulances—are not using their screaming sirens. The people in the Chelsea neighborhood rebelled against a proposed STOL-port—airstrip for short-takeoff-and-landing planes—that the city was thinking of building at Thirtieth Street and the Hudson River, and stopped the project, at least temporarily. But I see hints in the newspapers that it might not be as dead as Chelsea thought.

"Still, for all the attention that has been paid to noise pollution and all the speeches that have been made, New York City is just about as noisy, to the best of my knowledge, as it was before environmental quality got to be everybody's favorite crusade. That distresses me. Quite a few things that have not been done could have been done long before this, and could be done today, if the city was really serious about noise abatement. For example, when it comes to unnecessary horn-blowing, bus drivers are among the worst offenders. The Mayor could simply ask the Metropolitan Transportation Authority to tell the bus drivers to stop blowing their horns, and do it right away. It bothers me—and, I must say, it also makes me suspicious of the city officials' intentions—that, as the months go by and time and money in considerable amounts are spent on getting ready to begin to accomplish something, no one seems particularly enthusiastic about getting right down to practical details.

"Also, there is more nonsense being written and spoken about noise and noise control than ever before, as one would expect when a technical subject suddenly gets very popular. I know I overreact to that. I realize that unprovable statements, the more sensational the better, are often good copy, but even so I do not like them. A colleague and friend of mine is responsible for the statement 'Our cities are getting noisier at the rate of one decibel per year.' I've seen that picked up over and over again. Of course, it is a terrifying idea. At that rate, we'll soon all be deaf. But the one-decibel-per-year part is pure imagination. The chances are that our cities *have* been getting noisier, but since no one has measured the noisiness of *any* city as a whole—not even once, much less several times over a given period—there are no data to use to calculate a rate. It would cost a fortune to find out, in any scientifically respectable way, how noisy a big city is, and so far no one has a reason to spend a fortune on it."

I said I had read a newspaper feature story claiming that New York is the noisiest city in the world.

"That's nonsense, for the same reason," said Harris. "Maybe it is, but Tokyo, for instance, is very noisy, too. No one knows what city is the noisiest—New York and Tokyo may not even be contenders—because there is nothing to go on except travellers' impressions, and they depend greatly on which hotels the travellers have stayed at. I regard exaggerations, or unsupportable statements made for publicity's sake, as mistakes. Some people, including quite a few who want New York City to be a quieter place, seem determined to overstate the adverse effects of noise on human beings. They are ready to blame all our ills, physical and mental, on noise. They really want to say, 'Noise can kill you!'—the theory being that the most effective public-relations campaign for noise abatement is to scare the wits out of everybody. I don't agree with that approach at all. It seems to me the fact that noise can cause permanent deafness is scary enough. But occasionally I hear myself arguing for concrete, specific solutions to the noise problem and against unprovable assertions and I am aware that I may sound unenthusiastic or uncoöperative, or even as if I liked noise. I try not to worry about how I sound. Acoustics is a science. Applied acoustics is both science and art—the application of experience to the science—and there is little I can do, when I'm consulted, except tell what I know about it."

Harris admitted that there was, of course, a positive side to the new interest in and concern for our environment. "It has finally become possible to talk about noise reduction as a part of the whole effort to improve the quality of life in New York City, and I count that a big gain," he said. "Not very long ago, to have any hope of getting anywhere you had to argue, essentially, that noise was a menace to public health. That was something you could do easily enough when you were talking about very loud noises—deafeningly loud. The stronger case, as I see it, is that people are annoyed and distracted and kept awake at night by noise, and New York City would be a pleasanter place to live and work in if it were considerably less noisy. That's the big point. And you can say that now without sounding too idealistic. Lots of people used to think that a city had to be noisy, because that was what cities were like. Cities do not have to be as noisy as they are. I should point out, by the way, that noise control does not always involve noise *reduction*. If you design a school and put the classrooms at the back, away from the traffic noise, and put the gymnasium, where noise does not matter so much, at the front, that is noise control. And, for another example, earplugs are a noise-control device. They reduce the effect of noise, but not the noise itself."

We got onto the question of where noise ranks in relation to other major pollutants. Harris said, "If you mention noise pollution in the same breath as air pollution and water pollution, I think, noise pollution wouldn't seem quite as serious to most people as the other two. Many would ask, 'Is it really an urgent problem?' My answer is that for a very large part of the population—depending heavily on where people live—noise is the *most* serious of the pollutants. It has the most immediate impact on their lives. I think, for just one example, of people who live in such noisy parts of the city that they cannot get a good night's sleep, night after night. That's of greater immediate concern to them, as I see it, than the polluted air they are breathing, or the contamination of the Hudson River, or the chance that they may die, years from now, from having eaten too much mercury in fish. It may not do immediate damage to their health. But being unable to get to sleep or being awakened by some senseless noise is a miserable experience. And your sleep pattern can be disturbed by noises that are not loud enough to wake you up. You sleep poorly, and wake up in the morning without any recollection that you have been disturbed. You may be irritable and cranky at work the next day without knowing what has happened. If people have really lost a great deal of sleep, they may act somewhat irrationally. But my guess is that on any given day hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers are suffering to some degree just because noise has interfered with their sleep. That is very serious."

Acoustical engineers, Harris explained, define noise as "unwanted sound"—that and nothing more. Noise is not wanted, in general, because it is unpleasant or bothersome, or because it keeps people from hearing sounds that they do want to hear, or because it is doing them physiological damage, or because it is responsible for a combination of these effects. One man's opinion is enough to change a sound into a noise; if you do not like what your neighbor in the next apartment calls music, you are technically accurate in calling it noise. Consequently, each New Yorker is his own final authority on whether any given sound is or is not noise. But, Harris said, there are certain sounds that are unwanted by just about everybody, and

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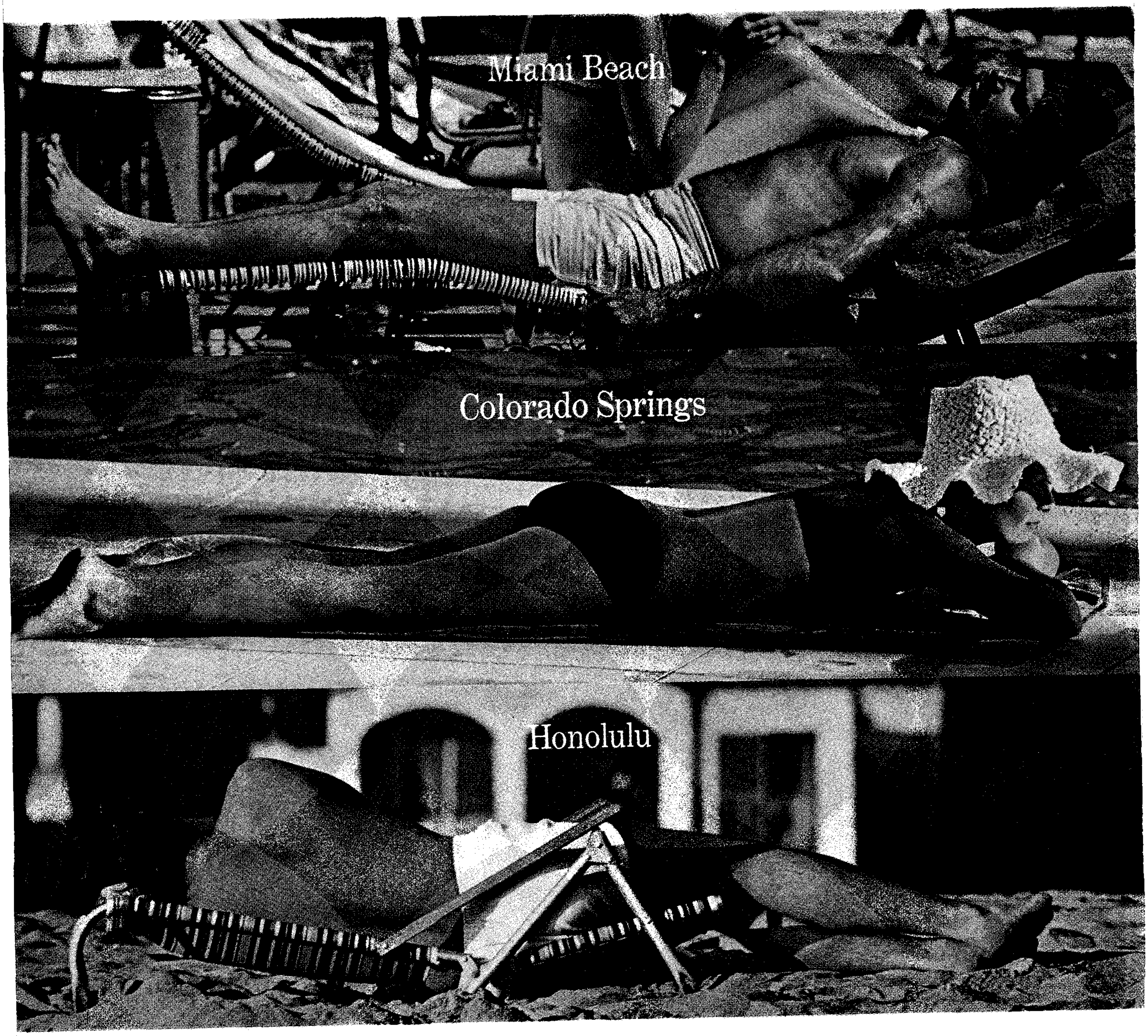

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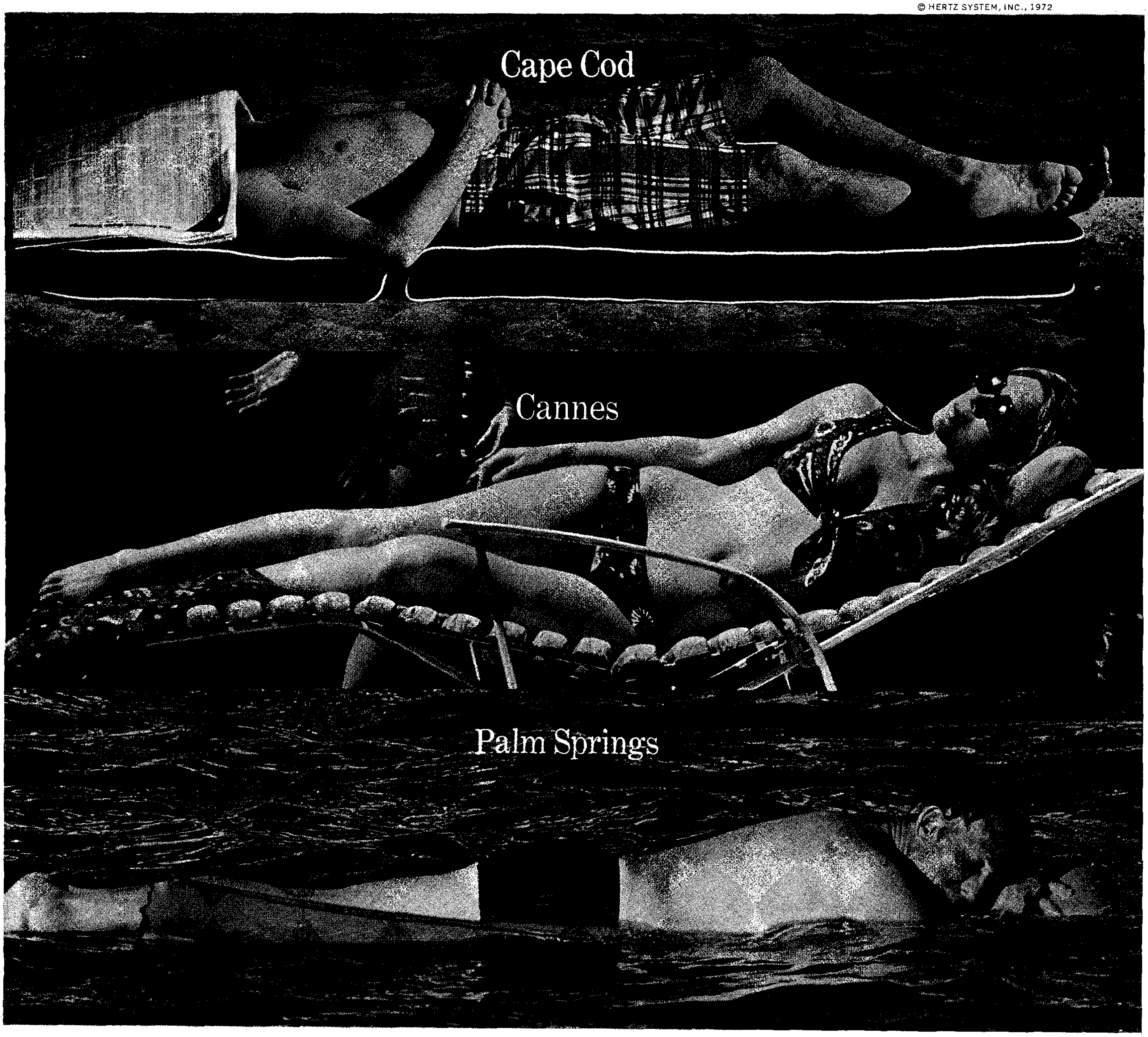

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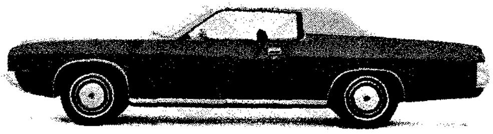

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he went on, "I think, offhand, of pavement-breakers, although I suppose that their racket may be music to the ears of the contractor who is getting paid for the job. By and large, just as you would expect, the louder a sound is, the more likely it is to provoke objections. Then, there is the matter of frequency. Very low-frequency noises—foghorns, for example—annoy people, but through most of the frequency range, from fifteen hundred cycles per second up, annoyance increases as the pitch increases. Pulsating noises are worse than steady ones; unexpected, intermittent ones are even more annoying; and there's nothing worse than being unable to tell what direction a noise is coming from. However, not only is an individual's reaction to noise highly personal at any time but he may react quite differently on different occasions. So, not surprisingly, the reactions of a neighborhood, and of a collection of neighborhoods—a city—are more complex. The prevailing background-noise level in the neighborhood is perhaps the most important single factor; a noise that might cause only minor annoyance in Times Square might seem intolerable in Riverdale. How often does the noise occur? Does it occur in the daytime or at night? Has the neighborhood become accustomed to the noise, or is it a new sound? Those are other important factors. Is it necessary? A loose manhole cover can cause annoyance far out of proportion to the amount of noise it makes. And the other way around. In wartime, for example, people who live right next to a fighter-plane airstrip can be exposed to tremendous noise and not be annoyed by it; in fact, they may welcome the noise. And public fountains, for instance, can make very loud sounds, but, instead of complaining, people go and sit beside them to listen to the sounds. As far as they are concerned, the fountain is not noisy. So noise is quite different from other pollutants—less tangible, perhaps, is the point. Noise is transient; it does not build up like the pollutants in a lake but is immediately converted into heat. We have excellent noise-measurement techniques, but the thing measured cannot be counted, like particles of ash in the air or bacteria in the water, and the psychology of annoyance is full of surprises. The goal of noise control is an 'acceptable' noise environment at a cost you can afford, but it is easier to say 'acceptable' than to get agreement on what 'acceptable' is, and it is very hard to decide how much money a city can spend on fighting noise pollution. When you are drafting laws against noise for New York City, the differences become extremely important, because, to be enforceable, laws must deal with realities. A well-intended but vague ordinance against noise is a complete waste of time. The noisemakers' lawyers will simply tear the case to shreds when they get to court. But you can write laws setting noise standards for various classes of noise source, item by item—construction machinery, let's say—and set forth a practical, reliable noise-measurement technique to test their performance. You must be able to get repeatable answers at different times, under different conditions, and in various places. That can be done. It is not simple, but we know enough about measurement techniques to take into account the many factors that may influence measurement—the reflection of sound from nearby buildings, to name just one. That's what I mean by approaching the particulars of the noise problem. My guess is that New Yorkers—all of us who live in cities, for that matter—want quiet much more passionately than the occasional letters to the editor of the *Times* would seem to show. One crude proof is the astonishingly rapid growth of the acoustical-materials industry in the past two decades. Some of the increase in its total sales is due to inflation, of course. But people do prefer to eat in quiet restaurants, shop in quiet stores, and work in quiet offices and factories. Businessmen have recognized that people don't like noise and are willing to pay for quiet."

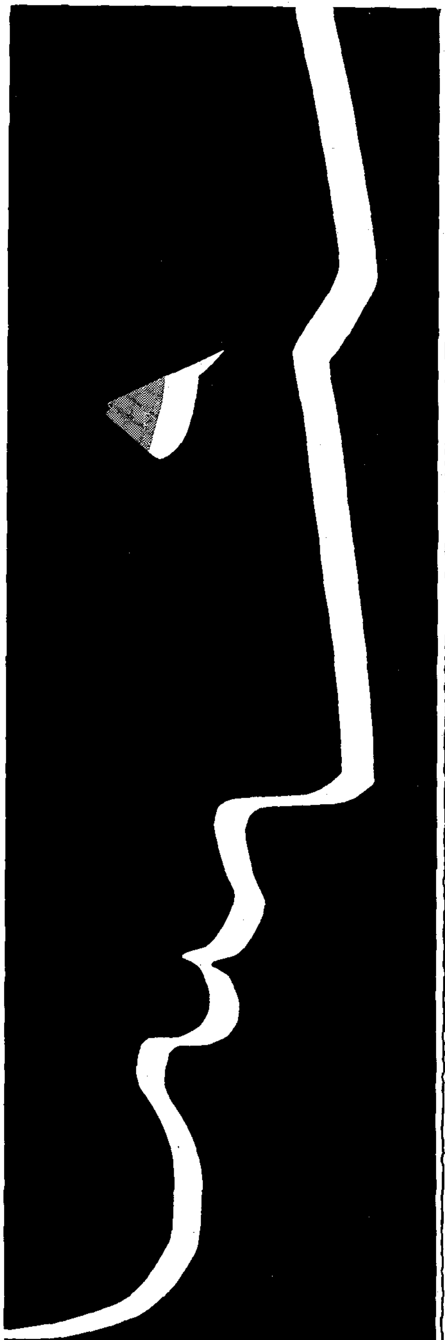
Harris reached into a drawer and said, "Let me show you a very simple sound-level meter." He handed me a black metal object, not much bigger than a kitchen-match box. "It is the basic instrument in acoustics," he went on, "and when you understand what it does you're quite a long way into the subject." The meter was heavy for its size, like a good camera. On its top were a dial with a white face and a pair of selector switches labelled "Function" and "Decibel Level." The "Function" control, now at "Off," could be set at positions designated "A," "B," and "C."

"That's one of our classroom models," Harris said. "It is about as simple as they come, and a good little instrument, containing batteries, a microphone, an amplifier, and a meter. It is easy to operate and not very expensive—in the two-hundred-and-fifty- to five-hundred-dollar class." Harris took the meter out of my hands and turned the left-hand switch from "Off" to "A," and the needle on the dial, which had been at rest, came to life. One end of the box, covered by wire mesh, held the microphone, and Harris pointed this toward the window and adjusted the right-hand decibel-level switch, which was numbered from forty to ninety, until the needle stopped, wavering only slightly, at the middle of the dial, marked "0," between the extremes of "—5" at the left and "+10" at the right. "There," he said. "I make it just about forty decibels on the A scale at, I'd say, a distance of six feet. You read the level by combining the number on the switch with the number on the dial, adding or subtracting, as the needle indicates." (Instead of swallowing the last syllable of the word "decibel," Harris accented it, which surprised me; I had been accenting the word as in "edible," not "Tinker Bell." The explanation, I learned later, is that the bel, of which the decibel is one-tenth, was named in honor of Alexander Graham Bell.) Hesitantly, I said that I could not hear any appreciable noise.

Harris explained, "It's the central air-conditioning. The noise the air is making as it comes out of a grille under my window."

I then heard it perfectly—and felt a little silly.

"You've accidentally illustrated what I was saying about annoyance," Harris said. "Forty decibels is a modest sound. And in this circumstance it isn't particularly intrusive—it has not been interfering with our conversation, for instance—so you were not aware of any noise. Well, with the sound-level meter we are measuring something that correlates pretty well with the psychological judgment of noisiness. It is not loudness, actually. Loudness is a subjective judgment, but a judgment related primarily to the intensity and frequency of the sound waves. The A scale of this meter,



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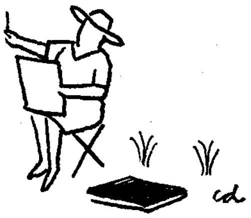
which we are using now, does a good job of that. I'll explain the B and C scales in a while.”

He proceeded to explain the A scale. “As it happens, human beings have a remarkable ability to judge that one sound is twice as loud as another. If you take a large group into an acoustics laboratory in London, produce a tone, and then ask each person to adjust a second tone until it is twice as loud as the first, you get a certain average answer; if you take a large group of people in New York and go through the same procedure, you will get almost the same answer. This astonished me when I started to study acoustics, and it still does, because no one has been taught that one sound is twice as loud as another, in the way that everybody has been taught, for instance, that two pounds are twice as heavy as one pound. In any case, it was possible to build up a loudness scale by the jury system: one thing is twice as loud as another, and something else is twice as loud again, and so on, from the faintest audible sound to the loudest the ear can bear. And then the A scale was arrived at, back in the nineteen-thirties. It takes into account the fact that the ear is not equally sensitive to sounds at all frequencies. It is less sensitive to very low frequencies, and still less sensitive to very high frequencies, and most sensitive to the frequencies between a thousand and four thousand cycles per second—approximately the top two octaves on a piano. Most noises are combinations of sounds of various frequencies. When the meter is on the A scale, it responds much as the ear does: where the ear is less sensitive, the meter is less sensitive. The meter has a kind of automatic tone-control arrangement—‘weighting’ is the technical term—built into the circuit. It does not do exactly what the ear does, because as noises get louder the frequency-sensitivity patterns of the ear change. If someone stands near the jet end of an airplane, where the noise level is tremendous, his ear is so fully excited by the sound that it is almost equally sensitive to all frequencies. Also, the sound-level meter doesn't imitate the ear well on transient noises—backfires, manhole covers rattling, subway wheels squealing. They are gone before you can get a reading on them. You really need to make a tape recording of transient noises and go back to the laboratory and analyze the tape. Nevertheless, the A scale has proved to be extraordinarily successful at rating noise sources. So the A scale gives us a simple, quite reliable way of saying, ‘Your truck or your motorcycle, or whatever, is too loud. You'll have to get it off the road.’ A policeman or a noise-law-enforcement agent can learn to use the A scale on the sound-level meter in next to no time.



“There are dozens of other scales on which the units are expressed in decibels, so when you're using the A scale you always have to remember to specify ‘decibels on the A scale.’ A number of decibels by itself is meaningless. The B scale is more sensitive to low-frequency sounds than the A scale. It is hardly used at all anymore. There was a time when you switched from the A to the B scale for noises above fifty-five decibels, but that turned out to be unnecessary. And the C scale is hardly weighted at all, so it responds almost uniformly to sound pressures at all frequencies. It is sometimes called the ‘flat scale.’ Most of the other noise-rating scales are used for particular noises, on the theory that they will rank-order them more accurately than the A scale—come closer, that is, to what a jury of people would say. There is a Perceived Noise Level scale in decibels—abbreviated ‘PNdB’—for aircraft noises. When a plane flies over your house, not all the various frequencies reach their peak loudness at the same time. The Perceived Noise Level scale was invented to take account of that. It did not rank-order airplane noises quite as well as was hoped, so it was improved to Effective Perceived Noise Level, but calculations for this level are so intricate that they require a computer. Or you might rate decibels on the Noise Criterion Level scale, which is used a good deal inside buildings, especially to rate noises from ventilation systems. Or on the Speech Interference Level scale, which rates noises as they interfere with a person's ability to understand what is being said to him. Anyhow, it is pointless to refer to a number of decibels without saying which scale you are using—and I sometimes think the newspapers will never come to realize it. Furthermore, it is usually meaningless to report a sound-level reading in decibels without saying how far, in feet, the meter was from the source of the noise. The exceptions occur when the noise fills a whole room—let's say it comes from a great many sources, as at a cocktail party—or when you are measuring ambient noise, which is to say the background of continuous noise, again from many sources, as in a place like Times Square.

"When you are measuring the noise level of a single source out-of-doors, like the exhaust of a truck, the effect of distance on the noise is tremendous. The sound-pressure level drops about six decibels for every doubling of the distance, and there is a drop of twenty decibels each time the distance is increased tenfold. A twenty-decibel drop is a most dramatic reduction—a reduction to about twenty-five per cent of its original loudness. That involves the last of the common confusions about the decibel scale. It is not arithmetical, as nearly everyone supposes, but logarithmic. The zero on the scale was selected arbitrarily, and it corresponds roughly to the sound-pressure level of the least powerful sound wave a very sensitive ear can hear, which is two ten-thousandths of a microbar. That is a tiny pressure. One microbar is only a millionth of the typical pressure of the atmosphere. But the range of hearing is enormous. The ear can comfortably hear sounds with pressures a million times as great as that zero. It would be awkward to have a scale of a million steps or more, but by using logarithmic expressions of the ratio between a sound and the reference pressure, zero, we get, instead, a hundred and twenty numbers—decibels—corresponding to a million sound-pressure steps from two ten-thousandths of a microbar to two hundred microbars. Every time you go up twenty on the decibel scale, the increase corresponds to a tenfold increase in sound pressure: twenty decibels corresponds to two one-thousandths of a microbar, forty decibels to two one-hundredths of a microbar, sixty decibels to two-tenths of a microbar, and eighty decibels to two microbars, and so on. The decibel scale does not have a clear-cut top, but when we get to tremendously loud noises, like the sonic boom, that are as great in sound pressure as the atmospheric pressure—a million microbars, which figures out to about a hundred and ninety-four decibels—we use pounds per square inch. Aural discomfort—a pricking or tickling feeling in the middle ear—begins at a sound-pressure level of about a hundred and twenty decibels on the A scale, and the threshold of pain is a hundred and forty decibels; that's about as loud as a jet engine at full power seventy-five feet away.

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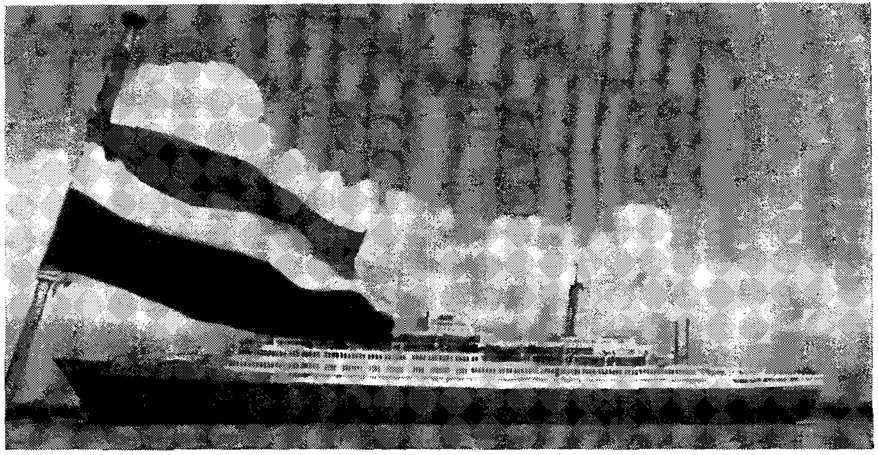

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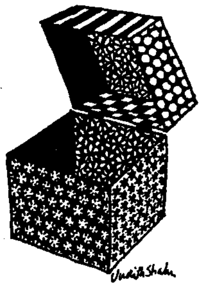
a Saturn rocket blasting off, but, like other tremendous explosive noises—cannon firing, volcanoes erupting, atomic bombs exploding—it is beyond hearing in the normal sense, and is likely to cause ear damage even if a man's ears are protected. The important point, getting back to ordinary noises, is that just a ten-decibel increase in sound-pressure level means, approximately, that a noise has doubled in loudness—a sixty-decibel noise on the A scale sounds twice as loud as a fifty-decibel noise."

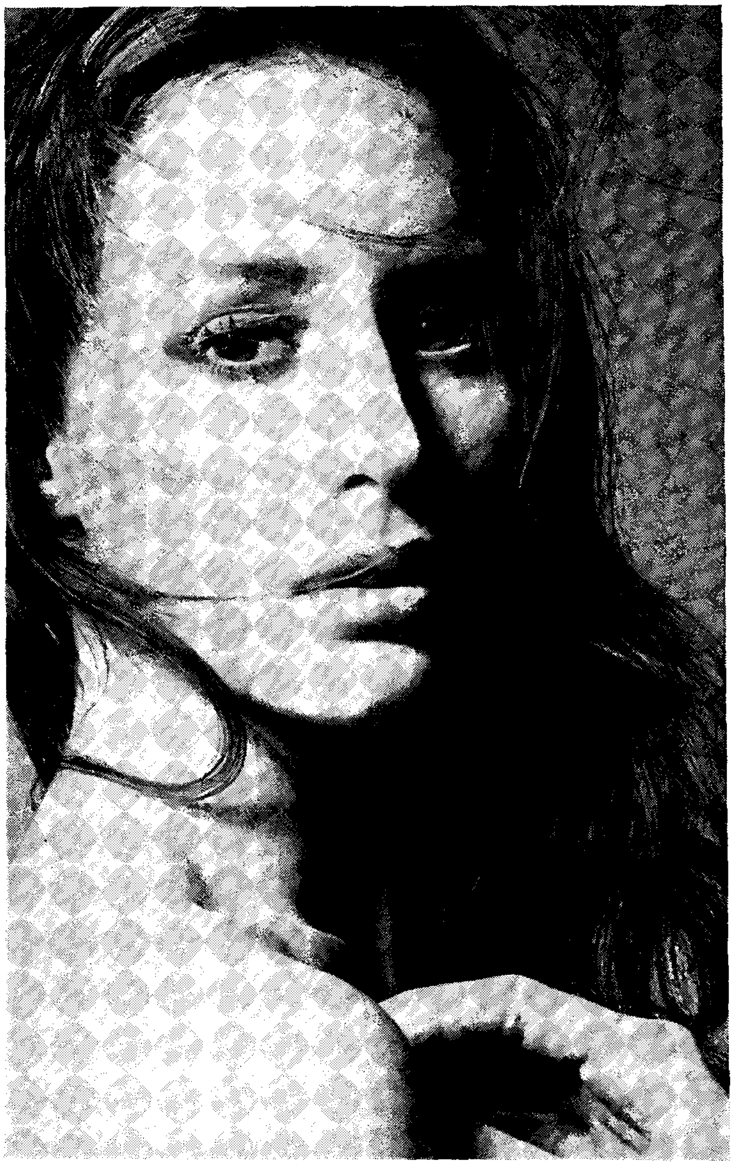
ALTHOUGH Harris was born in Detroit and has lived in New York City for the past twenty years, he considers himself a Californian. His father, Dr. Bernard O. Harris, who was a successful general practitioner in Detroit, died in the 1918 influenza epidemic, and three years later his widow, who had been a schoolteacher in Detroit, decided to take Cyril, her only child, to the West Coast. In Hollywood, where they settled, Mrs. Harris obtained an insurance broker's license, and she has been in the insurance business there ever since. (Now in her middle seventies, she claims that she retired in 1970, but she still goes to her office and looks after the insurance needs of a few old clients.) Harris remembers Hollywood in the twenties with great fondness. His mother enrolled him in a nursery school called the Wee Tots Villa, and, like countless other American mothers at the time, made him wear his hair in the Dutch-boy style popularized by Jackie Coogan in Charlie Chaplin's film "The Kid." Although Cyril Harris, who had a thin face and high cheekbones, did not look at all like Jackie Coogan, his first paying job, at the age of five and a half, was as a movie actor in a Hal Roach "Our Gang" comedy. To his regret, Harris has never seen the film, and all he can remember is that a lot of custard pies were thrown. Neither he nor his mother was interested in his becoming a child film star, but Harris, as he grew up, became increasingly attracted to the studios because of the many fascinating gadgets they contained. The junior high school he attended was across the street from the Warner Brothers studio, which was pioneering in the new sound-reproduction techniques for talking films, and at that time Harris was becoming fascinated by electronics and was building radios, amplifiers, and radio transmitters. He also worked at odd jobs after school, and whenever he got onto the Warner Brothers lot as a delivery boy or messenger he spent as much time inspecting the electronic equipment as he dared. Harris discovered that, rather than risk spoiling a sound track on account of weak batteries in the sound equipment, the Warner technicians used new storage batteries even when there was still quite a lot of life in the old ones. He was able to buy the used batteries, which might have cost ten or fifteen dollars new, for ten or fifteen cents, and he used them to power an amateur broadcasting station of his own, W6IJE, which he built while he was attending Hollywood High School.



Harris sometimes thought about making movie sound-reproduction work his career, but when he entered the University of California at Los Angeles, in 1934, he decided to follow his father into the medical profession. In the premedical course, he discovered, to his dismay, that he despised chemistry. Realizing that he did not care much about becoming a doctor after all, he had himself tested by a Los Angeles aptitude-testing firm, which informed him that business administration was his natural forte. That sounded almost as bad as chemistry, so Harris decided to switch to mathematics and bone up on the study of statistics, which might be useful in business, in case the aptitude-testing people turned out to be right. As a mathematics major, Harris was required to minor in physics, and in his senior year he came upon acoustics, the science dealing with the ways sound is produced and transmitted and what its effects are. He had always been a good student, but now he exploded with academic excitement, and raced through almost all the acoustics literature available in the Greater Los Angeles area. He discovered that a large part of the theoretical work in the field had been done quite recently, which pleased him, because it suggested there might be a lot left to do. He was thrilled by the multitude of interrelated acoustical problems; like many people, he once had assumed that an acoustical engineer dealt largely with concert-hall acoustics. (Harris had nothing against concert halls; in fact, he was fond of going to concerts, and of music altogether. He had taken lessons in piano and classical guitar, and was teaching himself to play the saxophone.) Abandoning all thoughts of a career in business administration, Harris went on to U.C.L.A.'s graduate school to work for a Ph.D. in physics, but even before he had earned his M.A. he knew he wanted to transfer to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and study with Professor Philip McCord Morse, whose technical papers and books Harris greatly admired.

M.I.T. gave Harris a research fellowship and then a teaching fellowship to help pay for his studies. He arrived in Cambridge in 1940, and, with the onset of the Second World War, the government became interested in acoustical research, so from the end of his first semester at M.I.T. until he received his doctorate Harris was also employed in research on devices such as bombs and mines with acoustical triggers. Although by 1945 he was an expert in that field, his doctoral thesis was not on the subject of weapons. With Professor Morse as his intellectual guide, and with room acoustics and acoustical materials as his particular interest, Harris did his thesis on "Application of the Wave Theory of Room Acoustics to the Measurement of Acoustic Impedence."

AT the time Harris received his doctorate, Dr. Harvey Fletcher, one of the great figures in acoustics history, was the director of physical research at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in Murray Hill, New Jersey, which was at that time the leading acoustical-research center in the country. Fletcher offered him a job. The war had not yet ended, and Bell was deeply involved in military research, so Harris started out working on a torpedo that would home in on the noise made by an enemy ship. After the war, he turned to more peaceful matters: a point-source loudspeaker to be used with a point microphone for high-quality sound reproduction, porous screens and how they absorb sound, and speech synthesis. The last project involved developing a way of assembling the component sounds of human speech on one magnetic tape, printing them in various sequences on another tape, and coming up with a voice talking, if in slightly inhuman tones. Harris became the co-inventor of a talking typewriter (Bell Laboratories owns the patent), which could prove useful if anyone wanted his computer to talk instructions instead of printing them out. Bell Laboratories was as great, scientifically, as Harris had anticipated, and he stayed there for six years. Yet as time went on he felt slightly constrained, because, as an employee of a profit-making firm, he was



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supposed to stick to business, and although Harris was intensely interested in the research he did, he sometimes wished he were free to wander off in whatever direction he chose. He also discovered that, after his M.I.T. experience, he missed teaching.

In November, 1948, at a party in New York City, Harris met Ann Schakne, a Hunter College graduate who had gone on to Radcliffe for an M.A. in English and had just become a junior editor at a publishing house. Miss Schakne was dark-haired, very pretty, and lively, and she and Harris quickly discovered a common bond: she, too, had gone to college planning to be a physician and chemistry had changed her mind. She was another man's date at the party, but Harris called her up the following day, and less than a year later, on July 12, 1949, they were married.

A year and a half after that, Harris quit his job at Bell Laboratories and Mrs. Harris quit hers, and they sailed for England, third class on the Île-de-France, without any plan except to stay abroad as long as their money lasted. Over the next seventeen months, Harris held two jobs: a consulting assignment from the London branch of the United States Office of Naval Research to travel throughout Europe for six months inspecting acoustics laboratories, followed immediately by a job teaching acoustics, on a Fulbright Exchange Program lectureship, at the Technical University of Delft, Holland. What brought the Harrises back to the United States, in mid-1952, was the birth of a son, Nicholas (now a geology major at Amherst, with a passion for rock climbing). They also have a daughter, Katherine (known as Katie), three years younger, who is finishing high school. When the family returned to America, Harris fancied the idea of going back to California, but his wife could not imagine that anyone would think seriously of living anywhere except in New York City. Ann Harris won the point, because Columbia made her husband an offer more attractive than anything he received from California. Harris soon took up his duties as an associate professor of electrical engineering there, and before long his wife went to work as an editor at Harper, where she still is.

When Harris arrived on the campus, Columbia had no acoustics-research laboratory worthy of the name, and no money to build one. Harris built his own. With what is now called a little "seed money"—in this case a research contract on stereophonic sound from the late Major Edwin H. Armstrong, the inventor of FM radio—Harris set up a small lab in the basement of the philosophy building. From that starting point, by hustling for other research contracts, and by spending as much money as he could justify on equipment, Harris acquired a good laboratory on the university's behalf. He ran out of space in the basement, and moved to the old Sheffield Farms building, owned by Columbia, on 125th Street, not far from the Hudson. By the late fifties, he had promoted so many contracts that he had assembled a research group of eight engineers and four technicians. (One member of that staff was Robert S. Bennin, now the director of the city's Bureau of Noise Abatement.) After the Seeley W. Mudd building was finished, in 1961, Harris moved all the laboratory equipment from the former milk-bottling plant to the main campus.

The research Harris has done, sometimes with the help of graduate students, covers a multitude of subjects. Following up the work he started at Bell Laboratories, he has worked on speech analysis, speech synthesis, the effects of noise on hearing, and speaker identification. Harris called my attention to the acoustical accuracy of the explanation in Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel "The First Circle" of the limitations on identification by voice. Voices are not like fingertips, in spite of exaggerated publicity to the contrary about voiceprints. It is possible to identify a speaker with a high degree of probability, Harris says, but someone else may have a voice so similar that even the most detailed analysis, processed by a computer, cannot distinguish between them. Among musical instruments of which Harris has done acoustical studies, in addition to the bagpipe, are the French horn and the classical guitar; he has investigated the acoustical properties of carpets; and for one summer during the Korean war he worked at the University of Michigan on acoustical means of gathering battlefield intelligence. His most extensive research, financed primarily by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Office of Naval Research, has been a series of studies on sound absorption in air at differing temperatures and humidities, and on the effect of humidity on the speed with which sound travels in air—

studies that he began in the early nineteen-sixties and pursued until 1971. It took two years just to construct the main piece of equipment—a spherical metal reverberation chamber about five feet in diameter in which the temperature and humidity could be perfectly controlled. Its reverberation time—the number of seconds it takes for a sound to decrease by sixty decibels on the flat scale—is the longest of any enclosure in the world. Harris's data are more accurate than any previously obtained. A lot of sound is absorbed in air, and knowing exactly how much is absorbed is essential in measuring aircraft noise, for instance, or in designing the acoustics for a big concert hall. Although the effect of humidity on the speed of sound in air is exceedingly small, the change in velocity can change the direction of sound waves in the atmosphere. No one had ever measured it before in a laboratory. That, says Harris, was the fascinating challenge.

Harris does his work as an architectural-acoustics consultant all alone, and that is unusual, for most consultants employ at least half a dozen people, and one has several hundred on his staff. But the crucial part of architectural-acoustics consulting, Harris says, calls for only one man. First, he works with the architect on a preliminary design, establishing a shape for the hall that will do justice to its primary function—drama, opera, symphonic music, or whatever. He makes notes all over the blueprints with colored pencils, recommending changes in materials and construction details. Experience enables Harris to criticize and emend the architect's plans quickly and without guesswork. Every conceivable kind of building material has been tested for its acoustical properties, and room acoustics as a science is so far advanced that Harris can estimate mathematically what will happen to the sounds in a building and how well it will be protected from sounds from the outside. Twenty years ago, he designed the acoustics for a theatre in Havana without ever leaving Morningside Heights. According to his informants, it worked out extremely well, but working by remote control was an exception to his usual procedure. Harris, wearing a hard hat, clambers all over the unfinished structure, because builders cannot always be trusted to follow plans with perfect fidelity. Mistakes or accidents (a chunk of plaster that has fallen into what is supposed to be an air space, a ventilation duct that is slightly bent, a sound-isolation joint

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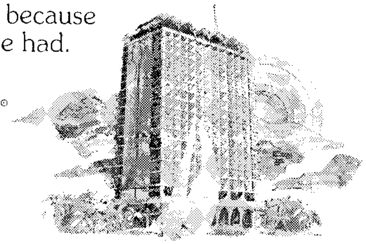

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that has been plastered over) may be built into the auditorium and ruin the acoustics.

Harris likes to work on big auditoriums, even though the acoustical problems increase with size. A very big house presents a dilemma. To make listeners happy, the reverberation time must not be too long or too short, but unless one does something about it the reverberation time in a very large area will be too long, because reverberation time increases as the volume of air in a room increases. (In a large concert hall, with the audience present, two or two and a half seconds for the middle frequencies would usually be about right. It would be shorter for an opera house, and shorter still for a drama theatre.) Since reverberation time decreases directly with an increase in absorption, the logical answer would seem to be to install lots of absorptive materials in a very large hall—acoustical materials on the walls, plush upholstery on the seats, and thick carpets. There is only one thing wrong with this solution: you get a "dead" house. If the auditorium is too big, the dilemma cannot be resolved, and you must install a sound-amplification system. But in moderately large auditoriums, such as the 2,739-seat Concert Hall and the 2,302-seat Opera House at the Kennedy Center, Harris has tried for a kind of optimum balance not only of reverberation time versus absorption but of all the other factors that affect the way music sounds. These, too, are interdependent: how much you need of one depends on how much you are getting of another. The sound should die away steadily during the time it lasts, and good diffusion, or bouncing of the sound off the walls and ceiling, assists such desirable, even "sound decay." That explains why the sound in some of the old European halls is excellent: there are coffered ceilings, wall niches, statues, and cherubs—lots of cherubs, little cherubs as well as big cherubs—to bounce the high tones as well as the low ones. Musical forms, such as opera, that emerged in the Baroque era were well housed acoustically because Baroque architects delighted in ornamentation; sometimes Baroque musicians—Bach among them—composed with the reverberation times of particular halls or churches in mind. Modern architects, by rejecting cherubs, and also Muses, Graces, masks of Tragedy and Comedy, and other such ornamentation, have made acousticians' lives difficult. The listener's reaction depends partly on how much direct, as compared to reverberant, sound he hears, and on the very early reflections he receives from the side walls and the ceiling. People, of course, are also acoustically absorptive, but there is no way of knowing how many people will attend a given performance, so the acoustician's rule of thumb is to calculate the reverberation time on the basis of an eighty-five-per-cent-full house.

Since there is no recipe for an ideal mixture of acoustical factors, and no absolute standard, comparable to the famous platinum-iridium metre bar at the National Bureau of Standards, in Maryland, the word "perfect" cannot be applied literally to auditorium acoustics. There are lots of excellent halls, but no two are alike. The connoisseurs—critics, musicians, conductors—praise the acoustics of a few concert halls, including Symphony Hall in Boston, Carnegie Hall in New York, the Grosser Musikvereinsaal in Vienna, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, and the Conservatory Hall in Moscow. Harris may never admit that at the Kennedy Center he has done his best to beat them all, but he has undoubtedly attempted exactly that, and the reviews have been marvellous. Paul Hume, in the Washington *Post*, writing about the Concert Hall, remarked on "the magnificent quality of classical symphonic sound that Cyril Harris' flawless acoustics provide" and declared it "a concert hall of genuine acoustical greatness." Harold C. Schonberg, of the New York *Times*, whose opinion on acoustics Harris greatly values, also likes the Concert Hall ("excellent"), and considers the Opera House "equal to any in the world as regards pure sound." Harris is delighted by the response, and goes so far as to add what, for him, is a superlative: "Each hall has highly desirable acoustical properties."

EARLY in 1967, Mayor Lindsay appointed a Task Force on Noise Control, with Neil H. Anderson, of the New York Board of Trade, as its chairman. Harris was one of the members of the group, which worked without pay, and which delivered its report, a lively fifty-five-page illustrated pamphlet titled "Toward a Quieter City," in January, 1970. The City Council established a Bureau of Noise Abatement, which is part of the city's Department of Air Resources, which, together with the Department of Water Resources and the Department of

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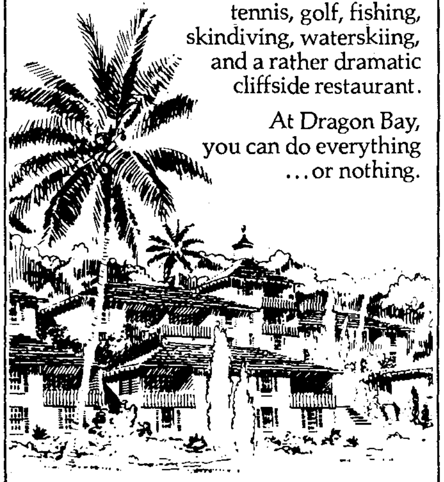

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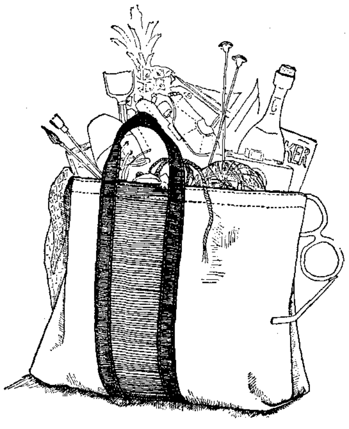

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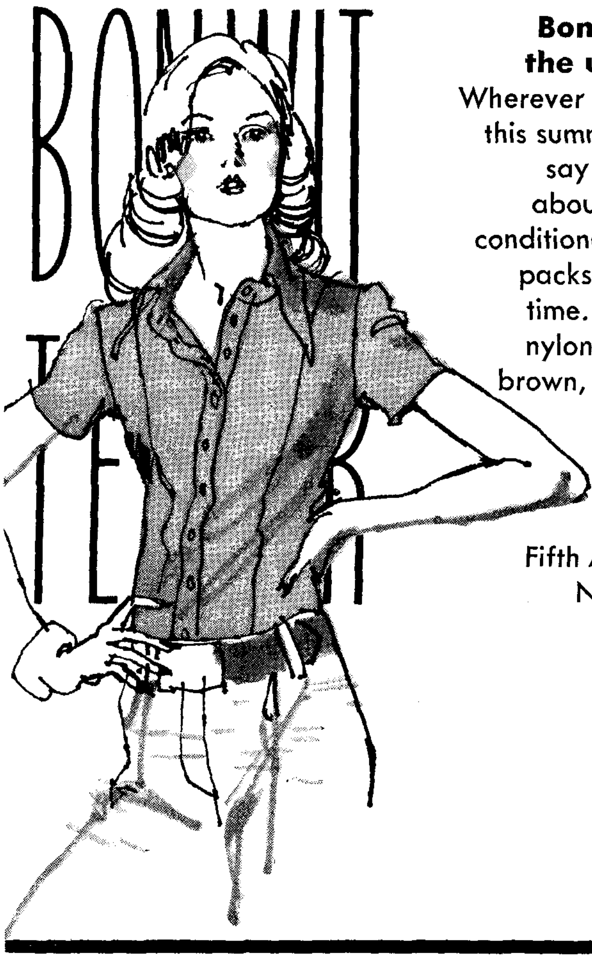
Sanitation, is part of the new super-agency called the Environmental Protection Administration.

"There's no doubt that a city—any city—has to take the initiative about its own noise problems," Harris told me. "If you have a Bureau of Noise Abatement, you obviously mean to accomplish something. But there are political circumstances that stand in New York's way. The city has no authority over planes in the air, for example—they are regulated by the Federal Aviation Administration. Airport operators can prescribe certain rules for planes while they are on the ground, but the city doesn't operate our airports—the Port Authority does. Of course, the city can do its best to influence the F.A.A., and it can tell the Port Authority what it thinks, but it does not have the power to take action. It *may* be able to do something about helicopters, however. At least, the city ought to try, by including helicopter noise in the new code. Preëmption by the federal government of the right to regulate has been upheld only in the case of fixed-wing aircraft. Then, there is an argument about the city's power to set noise-level standards for trucks—probably the worst single source of our noise pollution. New York State claims that New York City cannot require more than the state requires, but its standards are for the open highway. At thirty-five miles an hour or less, a truck may not make more noise than eighty-eight decibels on the A scale, measured at fifty feet. Here in town, on a narrow street, where pedestrians are much closer to trucks than fifty feet and noise is reflected from buildings, that's absurd. In a city government as big as ours, it is hard to get action on the simplest practical suggestion. I remember, for example, that while the Noise Control Task Force was still working some of the members went to Detroit and asked General Motors to help make a quieter garbage truck. General Motors did research on this at its own expense. The city buys a lot of garbage trucks, and at that time it was starting to replace its old fleet of fifteen hundred at the rate of several hundred a year. General Motors developed a much quieter chassis and did research on how to make a quieter body. Yet when the bids were issued by the city, there were no definitive acoustical specifications. The order for bodies went to another firm. The city ended up with the quieter chassis but not a quieter body."

Harris shook his head, and went on, "Then, there's another kind of frus-



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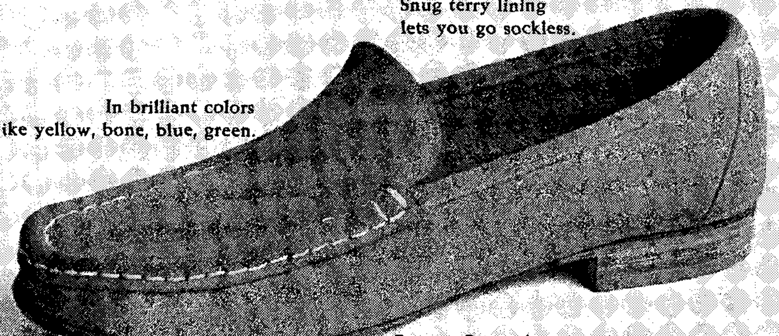
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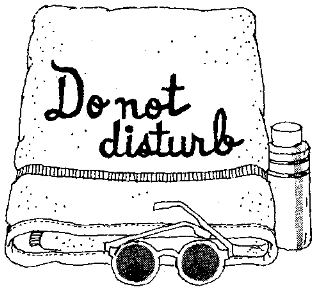

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tration—a reality that has to be understood. The particular noise that is driving you crazy may not be part of the community noise problem at all. That is, it may be one of the noises your neighbors and their children and pets make, which simply have to be solved by private negotiation. The Bureau of Noise Abatement is never going to be able to help with that one. I have gained the impression, through the years, that every single New Yorker has at least one noise problem of that kind, and I know that some people are annoyed to the point of hardly being able to think of anything else. But the distinction between the city's role and private arrangements must be made, and if the lease doesn't require the lady upstairs who favors spike heels to carpet her floor, you just have to persuade her that she should. Several years ago, a man I know bought an expensive coöperative apartment, moved in, and discovered the very first night that the incinerator chute for his whole bank of apartments was in his living-room wall. Whenever anyone dropped a bottle, he heard it rattling and banging all the way down to the basement. He says his reaction got worse with every bottle. He had no legal remedy. I do not think there was a Building Code violation in the chute construction. If there had been, that would have been something the city should have caught—a public concern, not just a sad personal story. The present Building Code's noise standards are not bad at all, and there have been some recent improvements that include specifications about noise insulation in chutes. But the chute was in a foolish place, or, if it had to be there, the builder, considering the quality of the house, could have insulated the chute beyond the minimum standard—and cheaply, too—while the building was still going up. None of the other tenants seemed to mind that noise as much as my friend did. He finally got so miserable that he sold the apartment. Perhaps he should have been more suspicious when he inspected the place, but when you are buying or renting it is impossible to tell what the noise problems will be unless you are somehow able to camp out in the apartment before you move in."

I asked what the chances were of solving noise problems discovered after one had moved in, and Harris said, "People who are troubled by noise dream that they can turn their apartments into noise-free sanctuaries, thinking of Marcel Proust and his famous cork-lined room. That's an idea that

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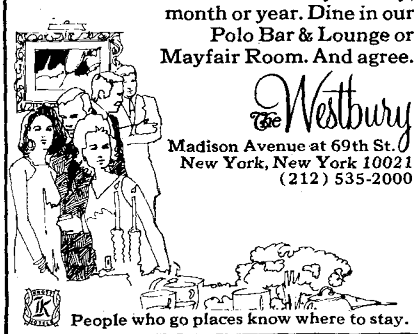

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has to be abandoned. It is technically possible to achieve any degree of noise reduction, down to almost complete quiet, if you can pay for it. The thing is done all the time, by means of familiar noise-control techniques, in new concert halls. But the cost of remodelling an existing apartment building, or a single apartment, to achieve concert-hall quiet would be prohibitive. It would require insulation against both airborne noise and solid-borne noise—noise transmitted by way of the building's structure—and sound insulation is not at all like sound absorption. Cork is a pretty good sound absorber, but it is not a good sound barrier—much of the sound travels directly through cork tiles. Proust may have had a quiet room, but the cork did hardly anything except absorb the sounds he himself made. To insulate against airborne sounds from the outside, you need something solid and heavy—say, a concrete wall one foot thick. Airborne sound is transmitted by setting a wall in motion. The sound waves strike the wall, and the wall vibrates back and forth—even a heavy concrete wall. The vibration is minute, but it is sufficient to produce sound waves on the opposite side. So mass, or let's say weight per square foot, is what counts. The greater the mass, the greater the inertia, and the less the vibration. Acoustical materials and cork don't have much mass, and they are porous. But suppose you were trying to protect your apartment from your neighbors' loud voices, and, at considerable expense, lined all the walls and ceilings with acoustical tile. You might succeed in cutting the noise of their voices by half. But that would hardly end the annoyance, especially considering how much it would cost. And there would still be the solid-borne noise problem—perhaps the piano of the people upstairs. The piano itself vibrates, and that vibration is carried through the whole structure of your building—into your ceiling and probably into your walls, too. In order to insulate perfectly against that, as they do in piano studios, you would have to provide a floating floor for the apartment above you—a floor on a cushion of special fibre glass, unconnected with the structure itself. The floor moves up and down, but the energy of the vibration is dissipated into the fibre glass as heat. There are resiliently hung walls and resiliently hung ceilings, too. But now we are talking about preposterous sums of money. If we leave aside visions of perfection, there are a few things an apartment dweller might consider worth doing;

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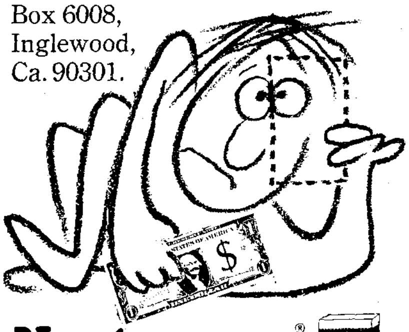

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everything depends on how much money he has, and, of course, most New Yorkers have to take their apartments as they come. As far as outside, airborne noise is concerned, double windows can help. It seems to me that new luxury apartments, if they mean to boast about their luxury, ought to have them. Glass itself is a moderately good sound barrier. A double window has to be properly designed if the two panes are to be more effective than a single thick pane. The air space between them has to be at least three inches, and the panes need to be set in a resilient material, like rubber. You need carefully sealed frames for the new windows, and everything has to be carefully sealed all around. A lot of the noise that comes through ordinary double-hung windows, by the way, comes through the cracks between the top and bottom halves, and around the edges. You can keep out some noise fairly cheaply by sealing them carefully. Then, of course, double windows must be kept closed, or they're no protection at all. That's likely to raise a cleaning problem, and, naturally, you have to have some other way of ventilating the room. But if you can solve those problems, and are willing to spend perhaps between a hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars per window, double windows should reduce the noise considerably. You could also use very heavy curtains as a sound barrier, but the catch is that they have to be sealed around the edges. There is a clothlike material consisting of a sort of plastic impregnated with lead that is heavy enough, provided the edges are tightly sealed. Curtains made of this keep a good deal of noise from coming through—but they're opaque, so they keep all the light out, too. Another caution about rushing out to buy acoustical tiles for your ceiling or acoustical materials for your walls is that these are absorptive materials, and your apartment may already contain just about as many absorptive materials as can be useful. All porous materials—upholstery, curtains, rugs—are absorptive to some extent, and you might be disappointed to find how little noise reduction an acoustical ceiling would achieve. If you begin with bare floors, hardly any upholstery, and no curtains, you can accomplish a good deal of noise reduction. A thick carpet makes a big difference, although, as you might imagine, the qualities that make for sound absorption also raise the price: the thicker the carpet and the closer the weave, the better it absorbs sound and the more it costs. But you can get almost the same sound reduction by using a moderately thick carpet and an extraordinarily thick pad. That's about the only acoustics bargain I know of.”

We agreed that even the most affluent apartment dweller has to leave his apartment from time to time and take his chances amid the city's noise, and I asked Harris what he thought of the proposed city noise-control code. He sighed a deep sigh. “I *hope* it's going to be fine,” he said, “because we need a new code badly. The present code—the portion of the Administrative Code that deals with noise—was passed back in the late forties, and while it was considered a model at the time, you might say it was *too* good. It prohibited the creation of any ‘unreasonably loud, disturbing, and unnecessary noise,’ which pretty well covered everything. And though it went on to enumerate some of the noises it had in mind—automobile horns, radios, phonographs, pets, automobiles and motorcycles out of repair, loudspeakers, construction noises before seven in the morning or after six in the evening—it did not set any noise-level limits. Enforcement was a police matter, as is the case with other ordinances in the Administrative Code. But since the law was so broad and at the same time so vague about the meaning of ‘unreasonable,’ ‘disturbing,’ and ‘unnecessary,’ policemen were seldom sure when they were supposed to write out a summons. Except for a short time, during Mayor Wagner's administration, the old code hasn't had much enforcement. There have been few summonses and few convictions. First offenders get a maximum ten-dollar fine, or imprisonment for one day, anyhow, so a violation is on the parking-ticket level. If the new code is adopted, the Environmental Protection Administration and its Environmental Control Board will take over the enforcement responsibility, and we will surely have to have a lot of people working for the Bureau of Noise Abatement as noise inspectors. The idea is to test whatever device is suspected of violating the code and either certify it as all right or serve notice on the owner that within a certain time he must make it quieter. And fines are stiff. A company that failed to obey the E.P.A. and lost its case in court could get a fine of up to two thousand dollars, and an individual

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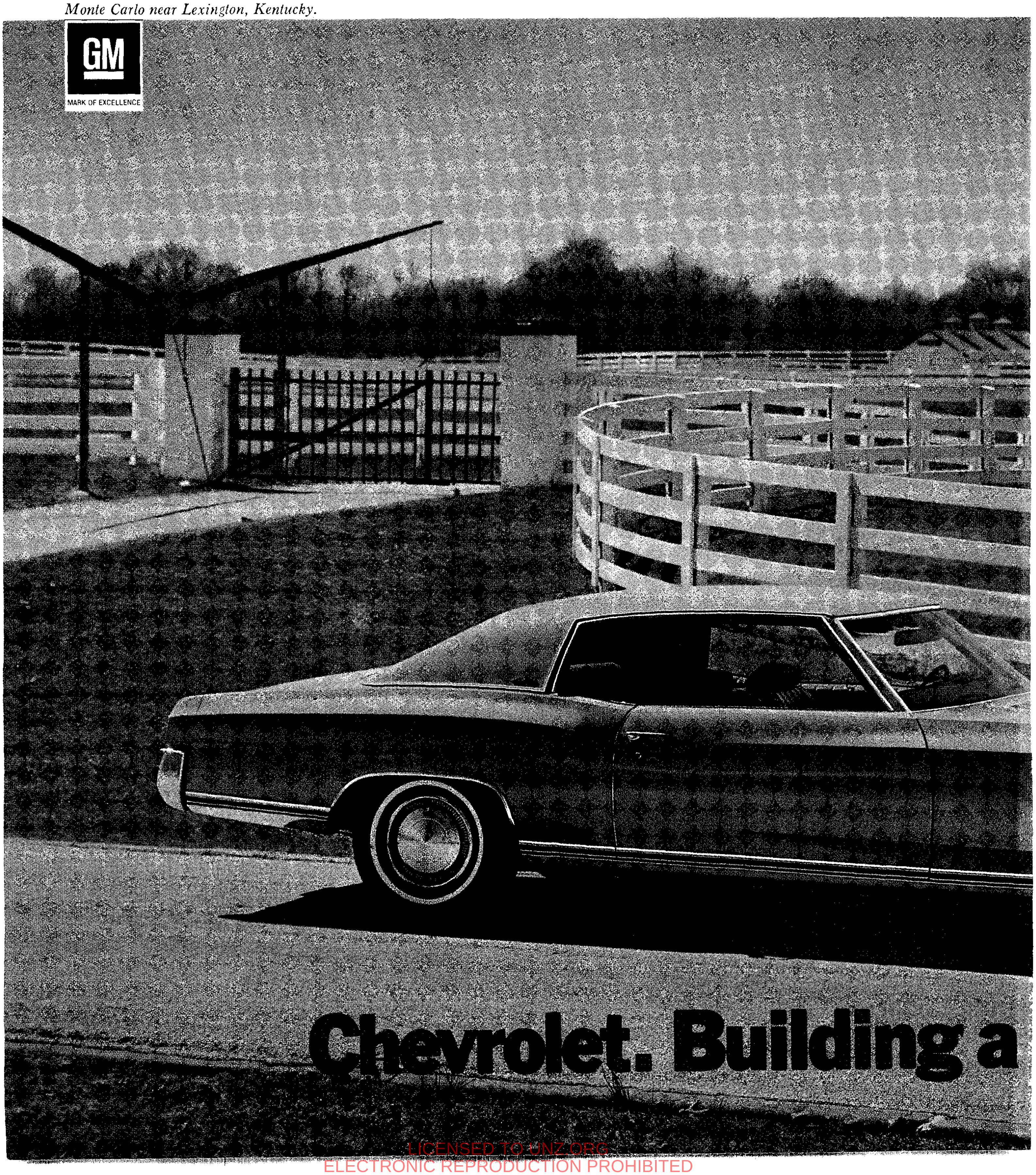

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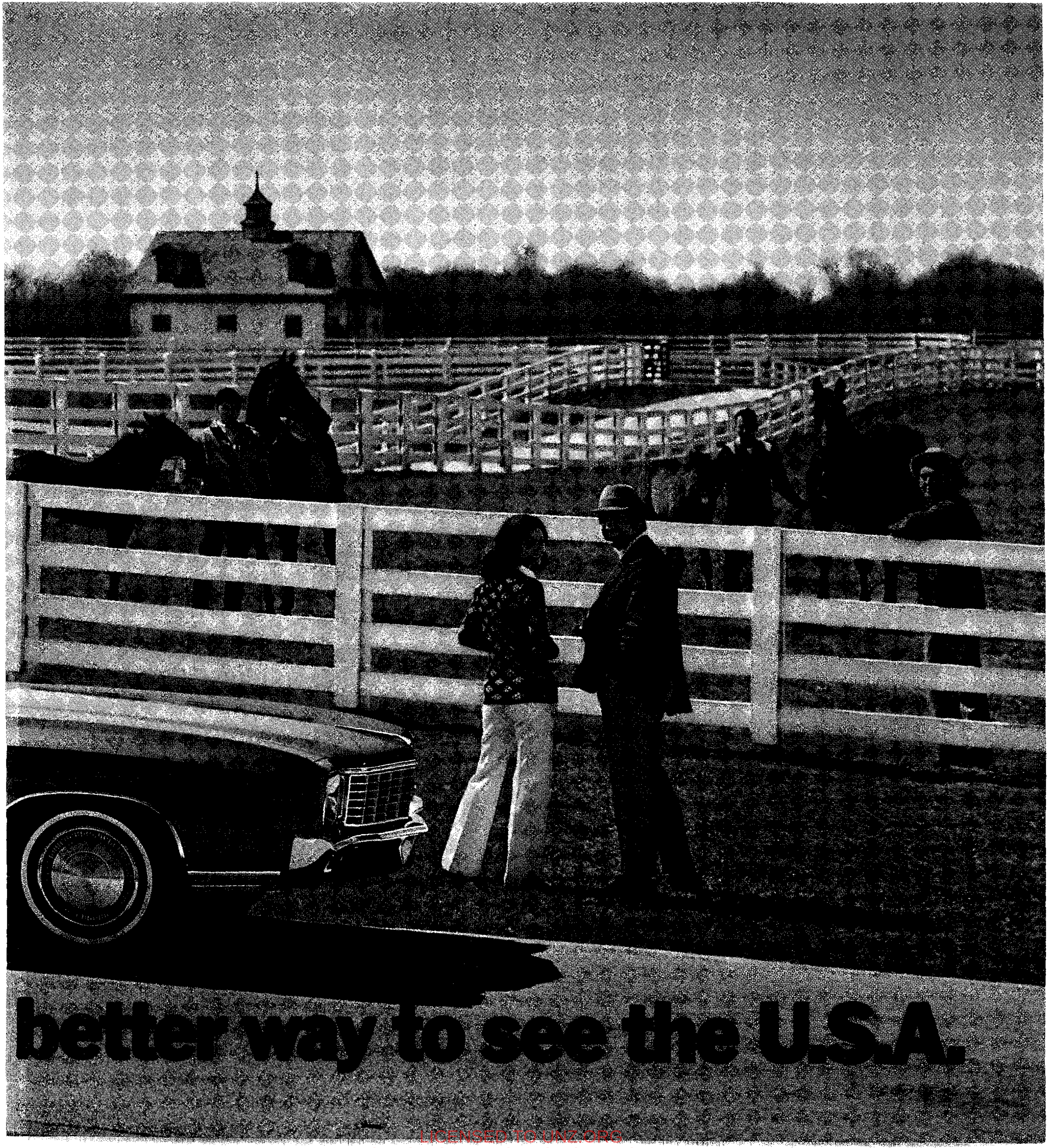
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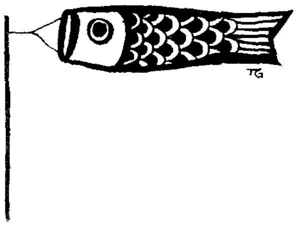
could get forty-five days in prison for a third violation. That would put noise pollution on a level appropriate to its seriousness, all right, but, as my colleague Professor Rosenthal explains—he's very good on environmental law of every kind—the question is delicate. If penalties are unreasonably harsh, judges or juries will refuse to convict, no matter what the facts are."

The central factor in the public noise problem, Harris said, is transportation—buses, motorcycles, cars, trucks, subways, trains, helicopters, airplanes. And, of course, besides car horns there are police, fire, and ambulance sirens. According to one estimate, he said, two million cars and a hundred thousand trucks are operating in the city on an average business day. "If you just stand still and listen almost anywhere, you realize that the city's roar is mostly transportation noise, and that the big trucks are the worst offenders in most areas," he went on. "At city speeds, most of the noise that the trucks make comes from their exhausts. Many of them are inadequately muffled or improperly muffled. A lot of mufflers have been deliberately gutted, or proper mufflers have been replaced by poor ones, because truckers believe that that way they can get more power or longer engine life or better mileage. On some trucks, they may be profiting a little from the added noise, but by and large they are fooling themselves. If they knew how little they were gaining, they probably wouldn't go to the trouble. Whether the city can improve on the state's noise-level standards or not, it *can* insist that trucks in the city—and all other vehicles, too, including motorcycles—have adequate mufflers. That is in the old code. I'd be happy to hear the Mayor say, 'Starting immediately, everybody—including the operators of the city buses—is to obey the muffler ordinance.' Why wait? To avoid making a noise in the first place is even better than to reduce noise. I'm afraid that the Transportation Authority is pinning all its hopes for quieting the old subway lines on new, air-conditioned cars, which will help the passengers by sealing out a lot of noise but will do nothing for people on station platforms or who live next to the elevated tracks. An express running through a local station may register as high as a hundred and five decibels on the A scale, measured across the local track. Almost any kind of tile other than what we have in our stations would reflect less sound, but I've noticed that in many stations we are replacing old tile with new tile of the very same type. The subways are older than modern acoustics, but the new subway—the Second Avenue line—should clearly take advantage of everything that has been learned. Dr. Ronan [Dr. William Ronan, head of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority] testified at a hearing recently that it is going to be an acoustical marvel, but the wheels are a major subway noise factor, and the cars are not going to have rubber-tired wheels. I asked a city official why not. 'There has been a study,' he said. 'It proves that rubber tires are too costly, and aren't suitable for our train speeds. Also, our Second Avenue trains have to be compatible with all the tracks in the system.' Well, I have searched for that study, but no one seems to have a copy. No one has seen it with his own eyes. I do not know that the Second Avenue trains should have rubber wheels; it's a complicated decision. Paris has rubber wheels; Montreal and Mexico City have rubber wheels. But that does not prove that we should. San Francisco—the BART system—compared rubber with steel and learned that for its particular trains, with a lot of absorption within the cars, steel was quieter than rubber. But San Francisco may be doing a lot in car design that New York has not specified. And old steel wheels wear flat, when the brakes are jammed on, and become much noisier. I don't know the answer, but I think someone in the M.T.A. should be able to say personally, '*I* have studied it, and weighed all the factors, and this is my best judgment.' And then sign his name. That's what I have not been able to pry out of anybody. I have my doubts about the compatibility point, too. The new trains will probably last for twenty-five years, like those on the old systems. Do we really have to be stuck forever with the original wheel design?



"I'm sure the City Council is in a hurry to pass the new code—I agree with them—but I hope they will take enough time to get the text in decent shape. Rosenthal and I sent a letter to everybody a couple of months ago pointing out some of its major flaws, and after that we talked to Bennin and the E.P.A.'s general counsel, Alfred Webre. Our students in the joint course—the law and engineering students—worked for several weeks analyzing the proposal, section by section. The conclusions in our letter were

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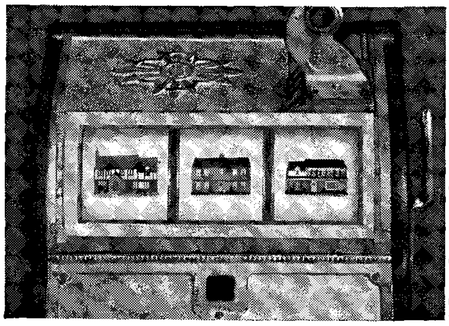

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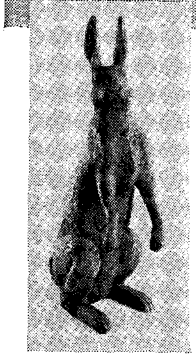

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our own, but much of what we said was based on our students' observations. I hope the Mayor, and the E.P.A., and Councilman Weiss—Theodore Weiss, the chairman of the Council's Environmental Protection Committee—are taking our suggestions seriously. The draft of the bill was almost unbelievably sloppy—for example, the definition of 'noise' and the definition of 'decibel,' among others, were wrong. Then, there's one concept—the idea that the E.P.A. is to establish 'ambient-noise-quality zones'—that should come out completely. It could cost the city millions of dollars, and, as a concept, it is too complex to be enforceable. That's the heart of the matter—if a noise-control code is poorly conceived, or sloppily written, it will not accomplish its purpose. Meanwhile," Harris continued, "I see no good reason to postpone action on illegal horn-blowing. I mentioned the horns on the city buses, but I mean all the other horns, too. Practically every horn you hear blown is illegal. As the law now stands, the driver of a moving vehicle can blow his horn only as a danger signal while he is applying his brakes and trying to slow down. If his car is standing still, he can blow his horn only as a danger signal to an approaching vehicle that is apparently out of control. You are not entitled to use your horn to tell the driver in front of you that the light has changed. Or to tell pedestrians, 'Look out, I'm coming through at top speed.' Or to complain about the traffic jam you are in. You can't double-park and blow your horn to tell your mother-in-law that you've arrived to pick her up. It's been so long since any strenuous effort was made to enforce that ordinance that I doubt whether many drivers even realize that they are breaking the law. A few well-publicized tickets for illegal horn-blowing might make quite a difference. It is hard to know. I think the new code proposes to raise that fine to a hundred dollars, and perhaps, at that price, drivers might be scared into obedience. It depends on how New Yorkers feel about horn-blowing. I'm afraid that if drivers think it really isn't wrong, enforcement will be very hard. The Paris horns used to be terrible. Then the city passed an anti-horn ordinance, and Parisians decided they had heard enough horns. Now, at night, when Paris drivers come to an intersection, instead of blowing their horns they flash their headlights as a signal. A remarkable difference. Memphis, Tennessee, is another example. There are very few horns blown unnecessarily in Mem-

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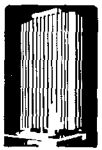

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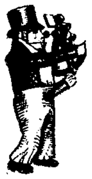

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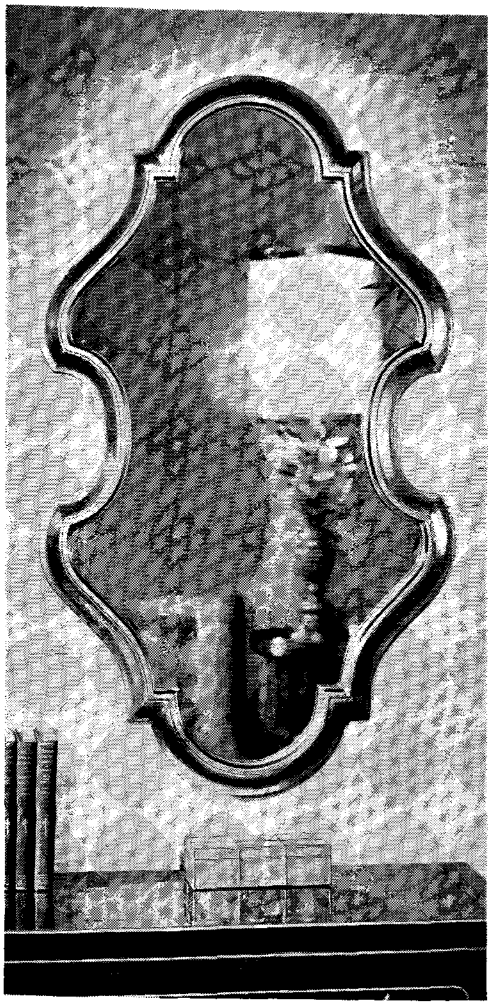
phis, because for thirty years Memphis has been proud of its reputation as the quietest city in the country. Enforcement is strict, and successful, because the whole city is backing the effort. Sometimes there is just no good reason for a noise, and nobody, when he comes to think of it, particularly wants to make it. The city hospitals are not allowed to use their ambulance sirens anymore. After studying the matter, they concluded that the advantages of the siren were outweighed by the disadvantages: some patients could get to the hospital a minute or two faster, but other patients were badly frightened. And some accidents were caused by the ambulance drivers' assumption that just because of the siren people were getting out of their way. The private hospitals' ambulances are still using their sirens as if the study had not been made. Why, I cannot understand. And then some of the Police Department cars used to use that most annoying of all sirens, the pulsating, 'whomp-whomp,' banshee model. But when the Mayor's Task Force asked the Police Department, 'Do you really need to make that horrible noise?' the Police Department replied, 'No, I guess we don't, really.' And they stopped using it, at least for the time being. I just hope the police are not slipping back into old habits. The students in my laboratory class have been doing a lot of work on sirens these past three years, because unless somebody thinks of something better than sirens the sirens are here to stay. When the police and the firemen are running intersections against the lights or trying to force their way through a traffic jam, they have to make a lot of noise to call attention to themselves. But all the siren noise that goes up above street level is a waste. So a directional siren—one that would keep its sound down close to the ground—would be a big improvement. And the class has worked out a good experimental model, a tape-recorded siren sound, playing through a directional loudspeaker, the column type, which could be attached to the front of a fire truck or squad car. It keeps the sound on a low plane. It cuts the noise above the second or third floor in half without cutting it at all at street level."

HARRIS returned to the cost of noise in terms of human ills and suffering. It has been proved, but only recently, he said, that exposure to continuous loud noise five days a week for a period of years can cause permanent deafness. There is a relation-



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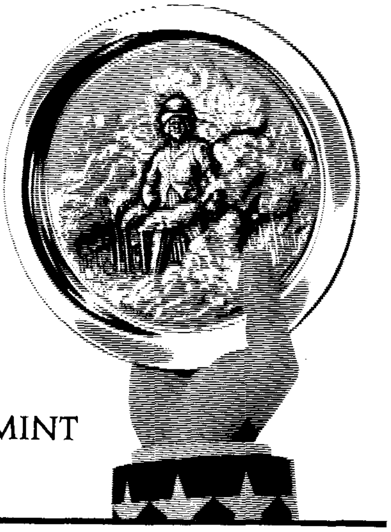

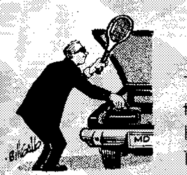

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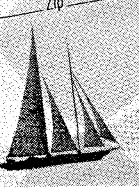

ship between such hearing loss and the character of the noise, its loudness, and the exposure time. Lots of people in the city work in such noisy places, mostly factories, that in time the workers will become deaf, and the chances are they do not know it. Since 1969, a federal law—a section of the Walsh-Healey Public Contracts Act—has prohibited some of the worst of this. It says that for an employee working an eight-hour day the level of continuous noise must not exceed ninety decibels on the A scale, and as the noise level goes up the time limit drops sharply. At ninety-two decibels, the limit is six hours; at ninety-five decibels, four hours; and at a hundred decibels, two hours. At a hundred and fifteen decibels, which is as high as is allowed, the time limit is fifteen minutes. Impact noises, lasting a fraction of a second, must not exceed a hundred and forty decibels. If the management of a firm cannot meet these standards, it must reduce the noise level with noise-control techniques or provide its employees with protective equipment—earplugs or earmuffs—that can reduce the noise by as much as twenty-five or thirty decibels.

"Those standards are far from perfect, but that section of the Walsh-Healey Act is a great step forward," Harris said. "There was no federal law on the subject previously. We get into the eternal argument: Is it better to get something started or hold out and wait for perfection? If you had tried to start with one-hundred-per-cent protection—an eight-hour limit of eighty or even seventy-five decibels instead of ninety, to include the employees most vulnerable to hearing damage—I doubt if the law would have been passed. And now, on the contrary, its protections have been extended. The Walsh-Healey Act applies only to companies that do a substantial amount of business with the federal government, but a new act passed late in 1970 covers employees engaged in interstate commerce. And New York State, just this year, has adopted the same rules for a state regulation, which means that almost all employees in New York are included. Needless to say, there are not nearly enough inspectors to check all the companies. I understand the Department of Labor has a total of four hundred. But a great many companies are spending money and effort trying to get down to ninety decibels so they can keep to an eight-hour schedule and not have various departments on different short-time routines. They don't want their companies to be accused of substandard conditions; they want to

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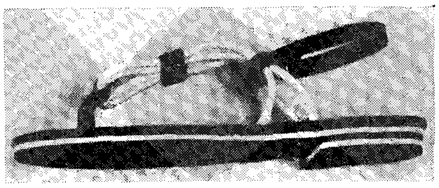

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avoid compensation suits. The definition of standard is precise. And this improvement does not preclude further improvement. In fact, Representative William F. Ryan, of New York's Twentieth Congressional District, has already introduced a bill to make the eight-hour standard eighty decibels.

"In general, noise control does cost money. So does failure to control noise. The last time I saw a figure on hearing-loss claims in the United States, they totalled more than a billion dollars. You can be sure it would have been much higher if permanent hearing loss were not so hard to prove. In New York State, for example, you have to have been off the noisy job for six months, since some hearing loss is only temporary. Lots of employees go on working rather than quit to fight for a compensation claim they may not win. A few well-aimed class-action hearing-damage suits might quickly change a lot of opinions about the prohibitive cost of noise control. What about the jackhammer operators? There is a quiet jackhammer on the market, which does not sell well because it costs considerably more than the familiar noisy models. After a damage suit, it might look like a bargain. And yet the reality is—and one only gets confused by trying to ignore it—that a careful cost analysis of noise control would show that in most businesses it is an unprofitable expenditure. If that were not so, noise pollution would be a minor problem. There does seem to be a host of difficulties on every side. I'm all for looking straight at them. I have a degree of optimism about our ability to improve the environment altogether, although I think that in the time since the first Earth Day we have all had an education in complexity—have learned that real problems take real solutions, and real solutions are not easy to come by. I'm as fond of perfection as the next man, and not conspicuously patient, but there is no alternative to solving noise pollution noise by noise, counting each improvement as a gain. If we manage to keep that in mind, I see no technical limit to how much quieter New York can be."

—BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

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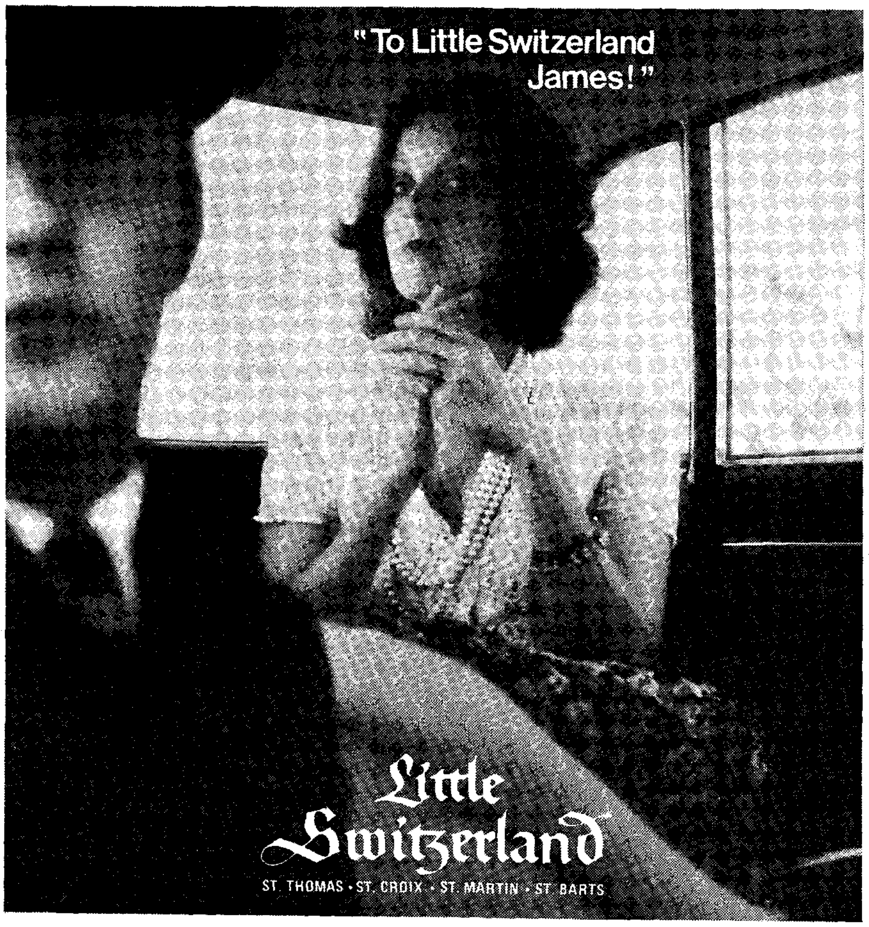
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

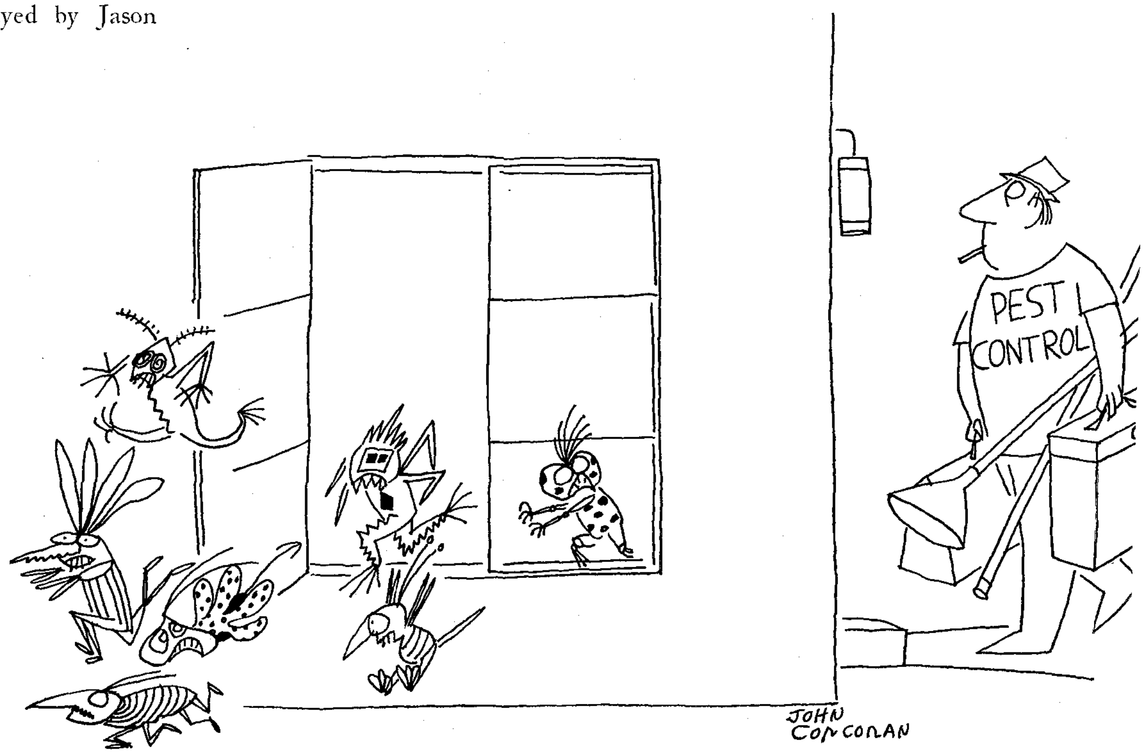
The Case of the Missing Joke

THERE is a new Melville Shavelson comedy called "The War Between Men and Women," which is James Thurber's title. The story is about an artist who draws Thurber's drawings and, like Thurber, goes gradually blind. But the artist is called Peter Wilson. It is as though one were to make a film called "The Missa Solemnis," with a hero who writes Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and goes deaf, and then name the man Derek Popplethwaite. Somebody has got muddled somewhere.

The film stars Jack Lemmon, very flustered as a misogynous cartoonist and writer with his back to the wall. It opens with a dire comic scene in the consulting room of an eye man, played by Severn Darden, who is a funny, grumpy-faced improviser from the days of Barbara Harris and Nichols and May at the Second City in Chicago. He shouldn't be given lines like the ones he has here in a million years. Jack Lemmon stumbles out into the waiting room wearing dark glasses because of his dilated pupils. In one of the standard moments of foreseeable comedy, he then grabs the breast of a girl patient, played by Barbara Harris. This girl is to be the object of his woman-hating. (The title of the picture is misleading. The women are really noncombatants.) Barbara Harris looks terrific, and behaves with a tranquil wit that often helps to soothe the thrashing body of the film. The character has an ex-husband (played by Jason Robards), a daughter with a stammer that is vilely used for funny purposes, a daughter who never listens, and a son who sleeps outside people's doors because he's scared. Scared of what, asks Peter Wilson. Scared of everything, says the boy. He's scared to eat breakfast. He sometimes seems the only authentic Thurber character in the movie.

Thurber's people live in a world of unease, in which only animals are at peace with themselves, but the film leans on a style of shallow frenzy. A scene that has the near-blind Peter Wilson at a cocktail party trying to fish his smashed spectacles out of a jar of Martinis is cheap and typical. So are the perky comedy music, a gag about a dog in labor, and all the banal comic uses of affliction. There is not an ounce of kindness or strangeness in the film, though Thurber's work is full of both. Any alien on the planet was his kin. He cleaved to chaos. There is a purity about the essence of his surreal dissent, as there is about the line of his drawings. He perfected complaint; the film merely grumbles. Mr. Shavelson and his co-writer, Danny Arnold, have enshrined as creative a character without repose who could never have created anything, except perhaps drunken scenes. Peter Wilson's world has very little to do with Thurber's, that land stocked with seals, and dumb athletes, and men with dead thumbs who can't get radios to pick up stations, and maids with the most idiosyncratic and respected vein of malapropism, and people who find the world so concussingly alarming that any ordinary small catastrophe is an occasion of surcease and sanctuary. Peculiar rages blow through the place like a mistral. Thurber's work expresses a tender comic knowledge that the unfounded fear is worse than the founded one. He has a gentle ear for people's rootless beliefs, as for a particular maid's terror of sleeping in hotels, because hotels burn down. (No one has ever been more fascinated than Thurber by the oddity of our species' choices in sweeping statement.) Thurber's is a country full of half-executed obligations, nails half hammered home, objectives in abeyance, matching the incompleteness of his line. The place is peopled with characters briskly intent on unexplained tasks, with agnostic men envying women and cats their atheism, with battle-axes who are as difficult to budge from a point as drunks from restaurants when they imagine themselves to have been insulted, with a wakeful indoor horse that is diagnosed in a letter column as sad and therefore not to be discouraged by any change in the inquirer's meadowy taste in decoration, with dogs that sit in attitudes of scholarship, and with a pony that has a moose's antlers strapped to his head in a way that is obviously giving him a headache. The concerns are intense and private. They are also poetically reckless and funny. Of that the film knows nothing. Its vulgarity of spirit is crushing. It is rescued now and again only by the delicate acting of Barbara Harris, who has had the sense to realize that the film can't conceivably work as a study of the temperament of a humorist, and so sometimes wrests it away into a moving naturalistic love story instead of a reflection of Thurber's clipped surrealism, which is as precise and singular as topiary work on ancient yew trees.

IT baffles Russians that we laugh at Thurber, for they see in his work only despair. In 1972, thirty-two years



after the first appearance of Chaplin's "The Great Dictator"—now being revived—it still baffles a good many of the people who remember the Second World War that Charlie should have tried to bring off a joke about Hitler and anti-Semitism which rests on political naïveté and schoolboy humor, finally mixed with oratorical mawkishness. Göring becomes Herring; Goebbels becomes Garbitsch; Hitler is Hynkel, played by Chaplin, who doubles uncomfortably as a little Jewish barber. Hynkel is the dictator of Tomania, and his brother-dictator Napaloni (Jack Oakie) runs a country called Bacteria.

The scenes that work best now, when we are at a safe distance at least from Hitler, if not from dictators, propaganda, and anti-Semitism, are the scenes of kindergarten fooling, such as the one in which Hynkel puts mustard on his strawberries by mistake, and the one in which Napaloni's official train keeps shunting back and forth to find a red carpet. There is aerial pleasure about the dark sequence of fantasizing megalomania where Hynkel plays raptly with a balloon that is inscribed with a map of the globe, practicing kicking it up with his heels and finally lying on his back to play with it like a trained circus dog. The moment when Garbitsch arranges for the tiny, panicky dictator to be seated always higher than the looming Napaloni in audience in Hynkel's ballroom of an office is one that Brecht might have much liked—Brecht, who wrote that other perilous farce about the same men, the intellectually dazzling "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui." The trouble with "The Great Dictator" is that Chaplin's political sense is minute, which eventually undercuts the wondrous slapstick. The last long uplift speech about the coming brotherhood of man is a mistake. So is the rhetorical closeup of Paulette Goddard symbolizing Jewish womanhood under dictatorship. She is better earlier, in the ghetto scenes, absurdly banging the S.S. over the head with a frying pan. It is the political underpinning of the film that strikes one now as being unequal to the huge comic task that Chaplin took on. All the dreaming vaudeville turns seem true and brave.

"THOUGH I know he's a failure, only Anthony can rescue our matrimony," someone says startlingly in an agreeably dopey thriller called "Weekend Murders" and directed by Michele Lupo. One can't be sure, but the picture *may* have meant "patrimony," for this is a thriller about a con-

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tested will, and the Italian-English production is heavily post-synchronized by voices that sound very flat and very, very loosely tethered to English, suggesting the work of Bulgarians fatigued to the back teeth by total-immersion courses for foreigners at Berlitz.

The action is set in a posh country house in England among the dotty relatives of a recently dead duke who took to astronomy near the end. Everyone lives at daggers drawn with everyone else. A niece, played by Anna Moffo, the Metropolitan Opera singer, inherits the entire loot, because she was nice to the irascible old rooster when he was ill. The other relatives, cut off without a penny, are in states of noble huff. Many murders ensue. The suspects include a beautiful daughter, played by Eveline Stewart, who has blotted her copybook by leaving the old gentleman to marry a weakling, played by Peter Baldwin; her evil skeletal aunt (Marisa Fabbri), who looks the sort of family problem who would topple stiffly out of any cupboard you opened; a prankish cousin, who likes pretending to have cut his wrists by lying in a bath full of cochineal; and another cousin, whose instinct for flight has led him to marry a gorgeous black girl. There is also a most sinister valet, who makes you feel there is a lot to be said for sending the dry cleaning out, and a village policeman who walks as if he had acorns in his shoes (Robert Hundar as the valet, Gastone Moschin as the bobby). The hero is a magnificently dumb man from Scotland Yard who cultivates a look of misleading keenness that has to do mostly with eagerness to keep up with the turtle pace of what the bobby is mumbling. He is played by Lance Percival, a thin, doggy actor with a long nose and a doleful look, who has worked a lot on English television. The easygoing plot, which is as slack as a broken double-bass string, is set on a sunny weekend. The representatives of the law roam the house by night and stick bits of thread across suspects' doors with chewing gum to check who creeps out. The discovery of the culprit, after a crop of murders that cause you no pang at all, strikes you as a piece of great luck in the given circumstances of brain quotient shown as reigning at Scotland Yard.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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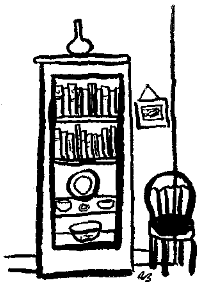
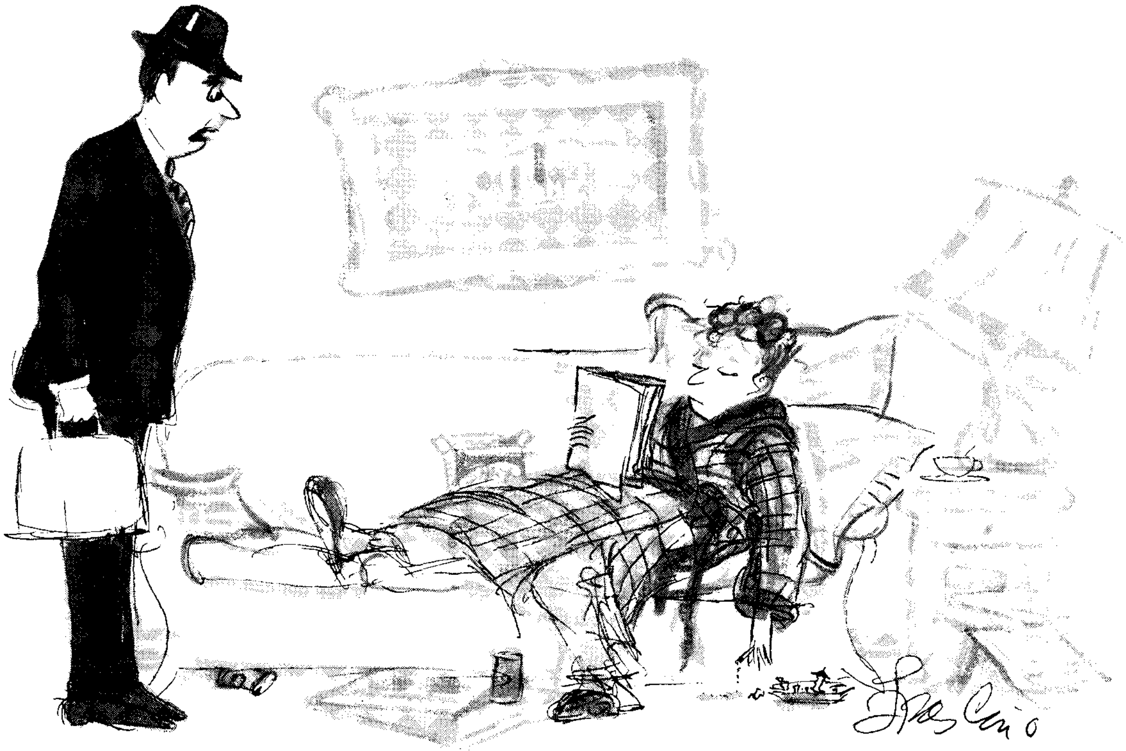
ABOUT THE HOUSE



"AMERICA has the best-dressed poverty the world has ever known," Michael Harrington observes in his book "The Other America," and he goes on to say, "Even people with terribly depressed incomes can look prosperous. . . . There are tens of thousands of Americans in the big cities who are wearing shoes, perhaps even a stylishly cut suit or dress, and yet are hungry. It is not a matter of planning, though it almost seems as if the affluent society had given out costumes to the poor so that they would not offend the rest of society with the sight of rags." In the field of furniture, there is a similarly striking lack of class distinction, but its tendency is in the opposite direction. America probably has the worst-furnished homes the world has ever known, and even people with high incomes can live in surroundings that look positively underprivileged—or, if you prefer, "Mediterranean." It is not necessary to go to the notorious Harlem furniture stores to see awful furniture; there is plenty of it at Macy's, Gimbels, Altman's, and W. & J. Sloane. Ninety per cent of the furniture mass-produced in this country is made in some sort of "traditional" style, but to make true traditional furniture you need traditional materials (cabinet woods, costly fabrics) and traditional craftsmen and, finally, a buyer who is willing to spend as much money on a side chair as on a color TV set. There are a few such conspicuous consumers, and, in addition to sources of authentic antiques, there are firms (such as Lloyds and Kittinger) that make decent reproductions and adaptations of aristocratic old pieces. But in general even people who could afford to are not willing to pay the price of living the way their ancestors' social betters did. Neither, however, are they interested in living the way citizens of a twentieth-century technological democracy might be expected to live. They prefer to live like—Americans. A small, disaffected minority furnishes its houses with modern furniture imported from the Scandinavian countries, Germany, or Italy. Like other minority groups, it feels deprived and put upon, and grumbles about the venality of American furniture manufacturers.

The other day, while I was on one of the tours of local Establishment furniture sources that I periodically make to keep abreast of developments in plastic Renaissance carving and computerized wormhole distribution, I came across some furniture, made by Founders of Thomasville, North Carolina, that made me wonder if I was seeing things. The furniture is of wood, and it is plain, well designed, sturdy, nicely finished, and reasonably priced. It is everything one has wanted and has hitherto had to import. The pieces are called Stowaways, and they may be found in obscure corners of Sloane's, Gimbels, and Altman's. They are made of a naturally finished maple veneer that resembles the pallid birch and ash of Swedish and Finnish imports, and their straight, serene lineaments are similarly reminiscent of Scandinavian furniture. Cabinets, chests of drawers, bookcases, tables, chairs, a coffee table, a serving cart, and a desk are included in the line. A two-door cabinet forty inches long, twenty-six inches high, and fifteen and a half inches deep, whose only decoration is a pair of chrome-plated steel door pulls (squares with holes in the middle), is internally appointed with an adjustable shelf, and is priced at $140. A chest of four drawers of the same dimensions and with the same hardware is the same price. A four-shelf bookcase fifty-two inches high fits handsomely over the chest or the cabinet and costs $165. A one-door cabinet twenty inches long and twenty-six inches high is $100, and a twenty-by-fifty-two-inch bookcase with three shelves is $120. There are eleven of these interrelated pieces, and, according to a brochure about them, "there are over fifty million combinations," but I would be surprised if more than thirty-eight million four hundred and sixty-two of them were aesthetically pleasing. A flip-top dining table—sixty-eight inches long, eighteen inches wide, and twenty-nine inches high when it's closed, and sixty-eight inches long, thirty-six inches wide, and twenty-eight inches high when it's open—is offered for $220. It shrinks in height when it is opened because the hinged leaves are folded on top of, rather than below, the surface of the table. When the table is open, the



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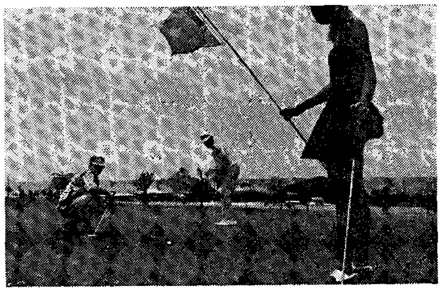

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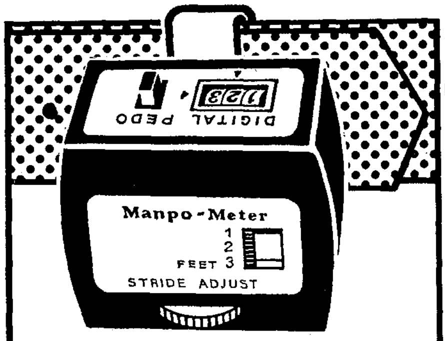

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surface is a not unattractive white plastic laminate; when it's closed, the surface is the maple veneer of the leaves' undersides. The table has a kind of drafting-table bluntness, and an agreeable, orderly appearance. It stands on two plain bench legs, as wide as the table itself, and it seats eight comfortably and ten in a pinch. A side chair with a rush seat costs $65 and has a pleasant, clean rustic quality, an ample seat and a narrow, four-rung ladder back that provides an agreeable contrast. The chair is good and solid, and also comes with low arms for $75. All the wall units come with plinth bases, which can be removed with a screwdriver when one piece is going to sit on another, and all the units are available with painted doors or drawers (orange, yellow, green, or white). The designer of the admirable Stowaways line is a North Carolinian named Steve Leonard, who recently left Founders to start his own design firm.

American manufacturers seem constitutionally incapable of leaving well enough alone. When a manufacturer makes something good, he doesn't sit back and feel pleased with himself. He immediately starts on the production of a Luxury Model, which is often worse than the original model and is always more expensive. The folks at Founders, in keeping with this tradition, have gone and made a "luxury" version of Stowaways, called Founders Keepers Two and designed by Brian Palmer, which is now on view at Bloomingdale's. I'm bound to say that Founders Keepers Two is not worse than Stowaways—in some respects, it is even more handsome—but it is about twice as expensive, and therefore might just as well not exist, as far as the people who are its natural market are concerned. A wall area over eight feet long and six and a half feet high, which can be filled with Stowaways modules for $830, requires an outlay of $1,635 if Founders Keepers Two modules are used. The Founders Keepers Two furniture is made of a Canadian elm veneer that looks almost identical to the maple veneer of Stowaways—perhaps a bit cooler in tone—and is slightly more expensive. What brings the cost up so drastically is the use of cane or Plexiglas in the cabinet doors and of rounded moldings at the tops of the pieces. A bookcase thirty-three inches long, fifteen and a half inches deep, and fifty-two inches high, with three adjustable shelves and a long, narrow Plexiglas or cane door covering a third of its area, is priced at $335, and a bookcase of the same length and depth

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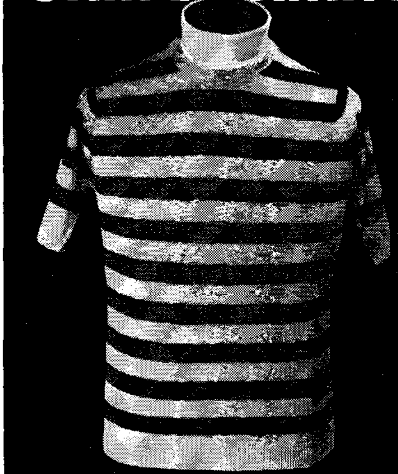

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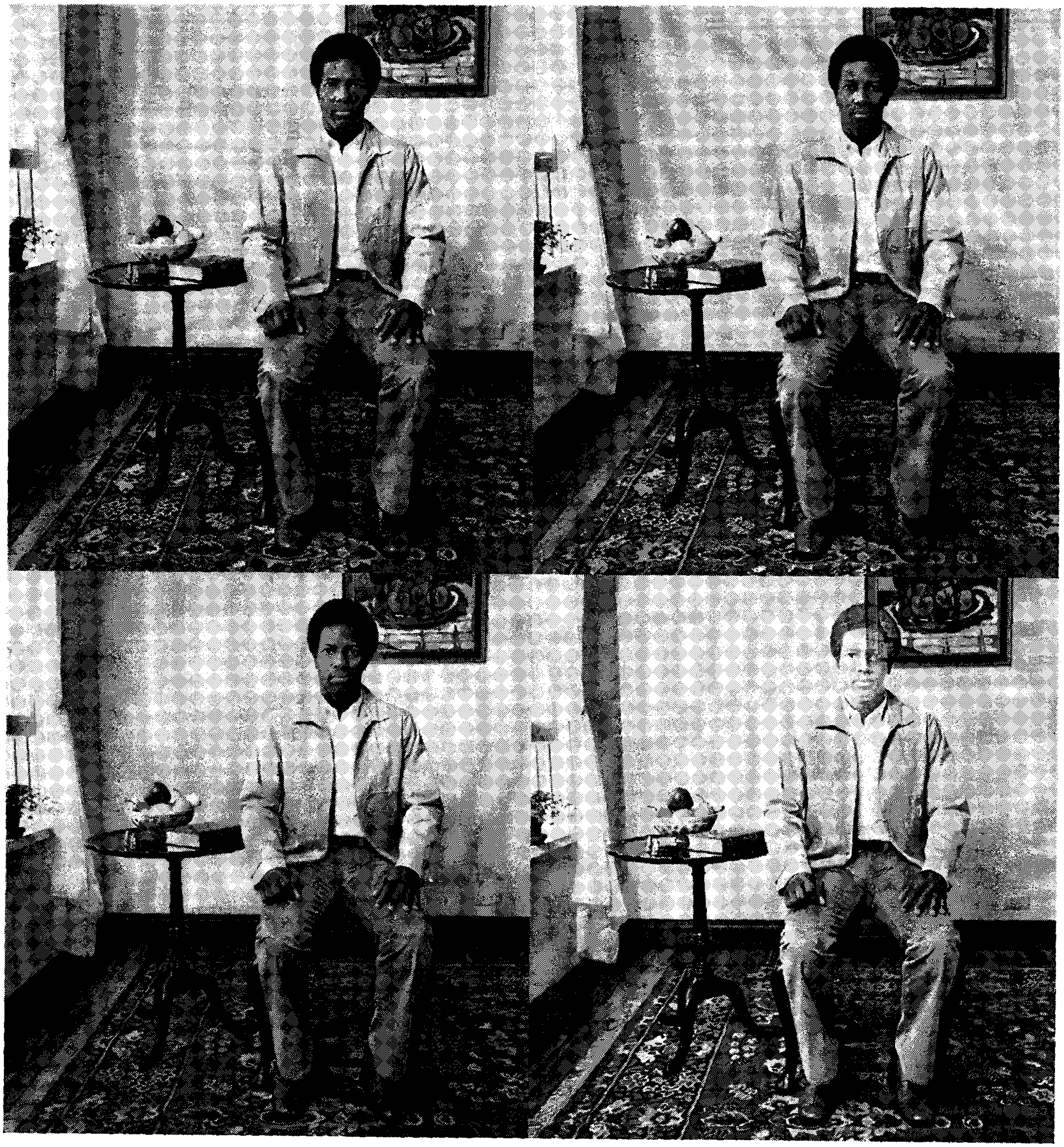

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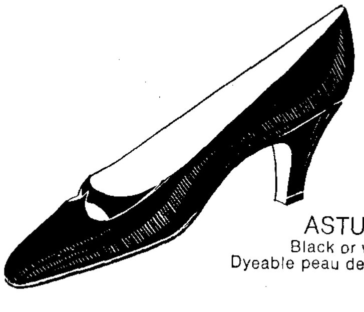

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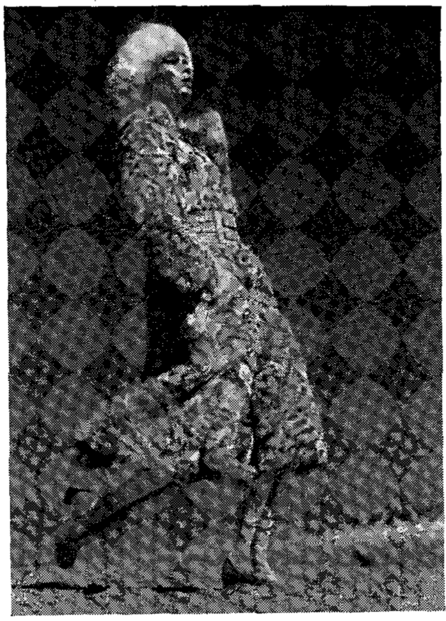

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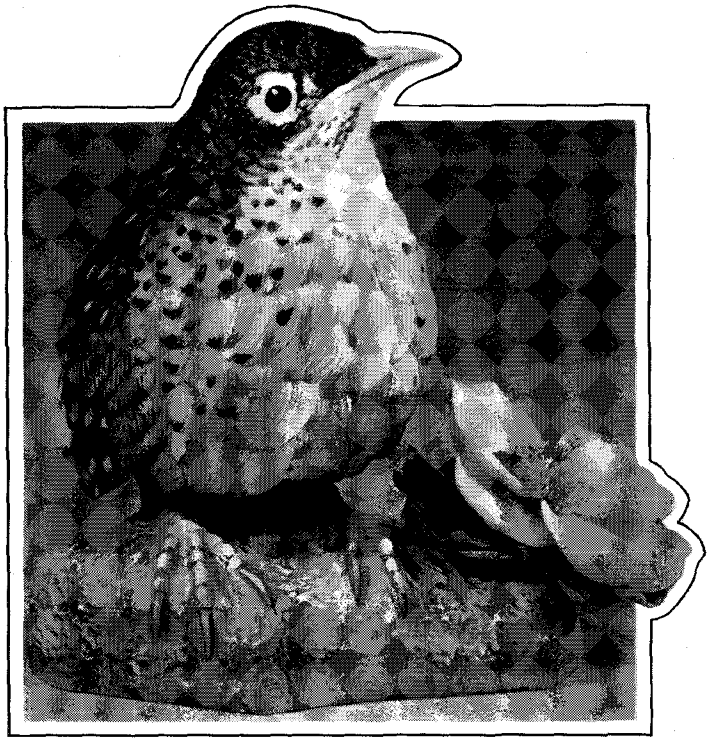
and half as high, with a Plexiglas or cane door that occupies two-thirds of its frontage, is $210. As these measurements indicate, the Founders Keepers Two pieces have more interesting proportions than the symmetrical Stowaways modules; however, when the Stowaways units are used in quantity they can be *arranged* to produce asymmetries just as interesting. The Founders Keepers Two doors are very elegant—the Plexiglas ones, in particular, have a dashing European appearance—but, again, for my money they're not worth the great difference in price. Three other Founders Keepers Two modules, one doorless and two with wooden doors, are available at more agreeable prices, though still not as agreeable as those that obtain for Stowaways. A two-door cabinet thirty-three inches long, fifteen and a half inches deep, and twenty-six inches high is $195, and an open bookcase of the same dimensions is $170. The sixty-eight-inch flip-top table described above is available for $295 in Mr. Palmer's version, and here I'm almost inclined to think that the refinement achieved is worth paying an extra $75 for. The table divides down the middle and so folds only once (it goes from twenty inches to forty inches in width), it is Canadian elm veneer on all sides, and instead of the wide bench legs there are four legs, solid but graceful.

TO arrive on Bloomingdale's furniture floor after visiting other local furniture sources is a startling experience. Instead of depressing vistas of ugly upholstered chairs and sofas covered in garish fabrics, and a funereal hush broken only by the sound of a dejected salesman's pencil writing a word into a crossword puzzle, there are delightful arrangements of good-looking modern pieces and a festive babble of voices such as one hears at art-gallery openings. At Bloomingdale's, the problem is not to find things to admire but to avoid being seduced into overbuying by the blandishments of Barbara D'Arcy, who is the store's director of interior design and something of a genius. Miss D'Arcy could go to the Salvation Army furniture store and create a room of great elegance with her purchases; in fact, one of her most successful current rooms is furnished entirely with cardboard furniture. The rest of us, however, being without Miss D'Arcy's gifts (and Bloomingdale's architectural resources), could easily go to Bloomingdale's and create a mess with our purchases. The cardboard furniture is particularly treacherous. It is called Easy Edges by its designer and fabricator, a Los Angeles architect named Frank Gehry, and it is made of cross-laminated layers of corrugated cardboard. Look at the edge of a cardboard carton, and this, many times multiplied, is the surface of the Easy Edges furniture. The honeycomb surface is tasteful and is velvety to the touch, and some of the pieces are well designed. Others—notably those that a publicity release refers to as "whimsical and intricate sculptural shapes which would be costly and unfeasible in other materials"—look kind of unfeasible to me even in cardboard. Among the pieces that I have no objection to are a plain Parsons table, five feet long, thirty inches wide, and thirty inches high, priced at $75; an étagère made of benchlike sections, each thirty-eight inches long, eleven and three-quarters inches wide, and fourteen inches high, which are $15 each; a nest of three curved lounge chairs, at $95; and a rocking lounge chair, at $70. The material is supposed to be impervious to damage (it stands up to kicks and blows, and a cigarette burn can simply be scraped off with the fingernail, leaving the surface unruffled). Moreover, the surface is supposed to stay presentable without much care, and even to mellow with age. When I saw the Easy Edges furniture in its manufacturer's showroom, I thought it looked a bit—informal, to put it politely, and I reminded myself of this impression when I gazed at Miss D'Arcy's rich and sumptuous model room furnished with Easy Edges pieces. In Miss D'Arcy's artful composition—in which the floors are covered with squares of the Easy Edges material, the side walls covered with sheets of it, and the wall facing the viewer lined with cylinders of it, piled horizontally one on top of another—the cardboard furniture seems almost to be growing out of its surroundings. Even the pieces that I don't like (such as one called the wiggle-stool) look distinguished in Miss D'Arcy's strange, beautiful room. But comprehending the illusory nature of Miss D'Arcy's splendors has its instructive as well as its cautionary side. The effects she achieves with seemingly offhand decorative touches repay close attention. In the decoration she has chosen for one wall of the Easy Edges room—a small medieval tapestry—there is a lovely lesson in the art of the unexpected. And, indeed, the larger lesson of her rooms—and of the whole

Bloomingdale's furniture presentation, which is entitled "Together"—is that furniture is the least of today's interior decoration, while things like plants, books, pictures, art objects, fabrics, rugs, pottery, and baskets are its crucial elements. What one wants from furniture today is that it fulfill its practical functions and do so as unobtrusively as possible. The furniture offered at Bloomingdale's, accordingly, is made of pale woods, rattan, wood painted white, beige-and-white upholstery, and the above-mentioned cardboard. One's impression as one enters the display area is of Bauhaus functionalism tempered by Whole Earth Catalogue naturalism. Tubs of small trees just coming into leaf are deployed throughout the area, the floor is covered with beige coconut matting, shelves are filled with white earthenware bowls and pitchers and Chinese baskets, a hammock is casually strung from hooks in the ceiling, bird twitters come from hidden tape recorders. Beyond this open area are the model rooms, which, in addition to the Easy Edges room, include a white-on-white composition inspired by a Greek-island interior; a blue-and-white country bedroom; a "Caribbean Getaway;" and a "Retreat in the Desert," which is furnished with a big off-white sofa, rattan pieces, a wall of the Founders Keepers Two Plexiglas-door modules, and a cactus that, for once, doesn't look Art Deco.

IN one of his "Lectures on Art and Industry," William Morris says, with the "modernity" for which he is always being quoted, that "the arrangement of our houses ought surely to express the kind of life we lead, or desire to lead," and continues, "For us to set to work to imitate the minor vices of the Borgias, or the degraded and nightmare whims of the blasé and bankrupt French aristocracy of Louis the Fifteenth's time, seems to me merely ridiculous. So I say our furniture should be good citizen's furniture, solid and well made in workmanship, and in design should have nothing about it that is not easily defensible, no monstrosities or extravagances, not even of beauty. . . ." But then Morris goes on to say, "Besides this kind of furniture, there is the other kind of what I should call state-furniture, which I think is proper even for a citizen; I mean sideboards, cabinets, and the like, which we have quite as much for beauty's sake as for use; we need not spare ornament on these," and here Morris is no longer speaking like a modern but like a fur-



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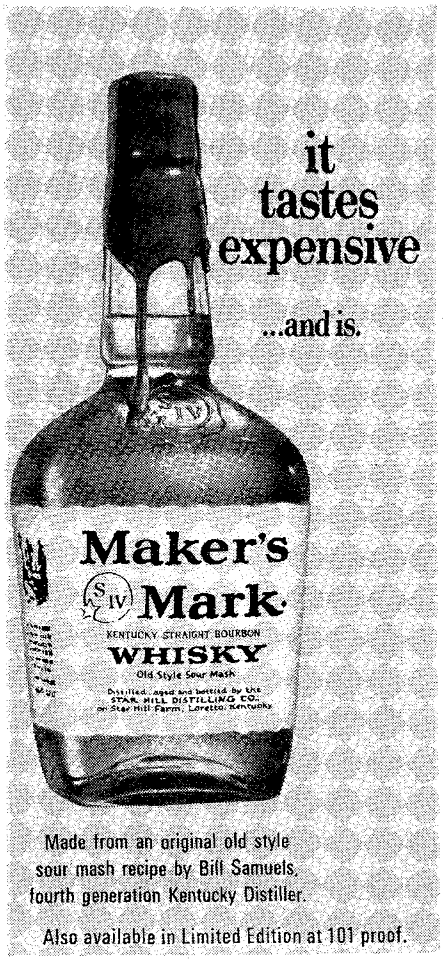
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niture manufacturer, and we must not heed him. Even in Morris's day good ornate furniture for the masses was a dubious proposition, and in ours it is an impossible one. But, unfortunately, the idea of "state-furniture" is still firmly entrenched in the minds of most of the furniture-buying public, and the Borgia-like plastic pieces that fill the furniture stores and the homes of workers and executives alike are the result. A furniture manufacturer writes in a recent *Home Furnishings Daily*, "Mediterranean appeals to people because it has that 'rich look.' It is big, massive, solid. . . . It has substance. . . . The introduction of plastic molds and dies has helped the manufacturer put more into furniture at reasonable cost and Mediterranean has benefited most by this." Another manufacturer agrees: "Mediterranean appeals to people because the use of plastic has made incredible reproductions of carvings, moldings, and turnings possible. These are prohibitive in natural wood, and the look mesmerizes the customer. It looks expensive and solid." Those of us not mesmerized by the look of Mediterranean or the other ersatz styles currently available are not thereby condemned to live in the bleak, austere surroundings that the term "modern" used to connote. As many people have long known—and as the Bloomingdale's exhibits confirm—comfortable, inviting, even "rich" rooms can be created with minimal furniture and maximal decorative art. The proper substitute for beautiful wood furniture is not ugly plastic furniture but the sort of non-furniture that modern furniture represents. The clothing industry early realized that it could not make Elizabethan courtiers' outfits from the resources available to it, and has thrived on the sensible, simple citizens' garments that (*pace* Harrington) can be counted as one of our technology's unmitigated blessings. Undoubtedly in time the furniture industry will cast off the foolish anachronism it has been floundering under, and will also enter the twentieth century. Meanwhile, furniture such as the Founders Stowaways—worth a yawn in Sweden—will command grateful attention here.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—President Nixon signed into law yesterday a bill extending for one year the government's job-training problems under the Manpower Act. They otherwise would have expired June 30.—*The Post.*

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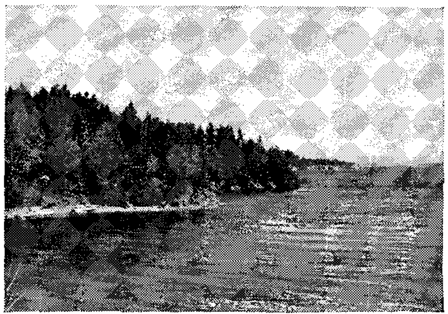

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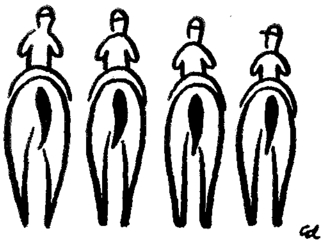
THE RACE TRACK

Blue Ribbons for Two

TWO of our colts won the blue ribbons of three-year-old racing last week—the Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge took the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park, and John W. Galbreath's Roberto took England's Derby at Epsom Downs.



In the Belmont, it was Riva Ridge all the way, as it was in the Kentucky Derby last month. His post position was the one closest to the rails, he got away forwardly, and Turcotte, who rode him, slipped him into the lead going round the first turn. He was never headed, passing the post seven lengths in front of the Greentree Stable's Ruritania. The Pen-y-Bryn Farm's Cloudy Dawn came in third, three-quarters of a length away, and the Rokeby Stable's Key to the Mint was fourth, five lengths farther back. It was enthralling to watch, from beginning to end of the mile and a half, and there's no doubt the best horse that day won. There had been talk that his trainer, Lucien Laurin, would also saddle Upper Case and Spanish Riddle, but as he dropped Riva Ridge's entry into the box he said, "I think I have the best horse and he can run alone." Ten went to the post, and in the paddock it was a tossup whether Riva Ridge or Key to the Mint was the pick of the lot. The former looked especially hard and fit, and even the most critical observers could find no fault with the latter. In the parade to the post, Key to the Mint became nervous and difficult to handle. Ruritania, by Graustark, had a well-trained appearance; Cloudy Dawn, a last-minute entry—a big, rangy, ungainly gray—was hardly a picture horse, and I thought No Le Hace was light in flesh. From a good start, Riva Ridge was quickly joined by Smiling Jack, the winner of the Jersey Derby, and a furlong or so farther on by Key to the Mint, and they went down the backstretch lengths ahead of the others. After about a mile, Smiling Jack dropped back, leaving Riva Ridge and Key to the Mint to race together, as they did in the Preakness. Approaching the turn for home, Key to the Mint began to shorten his stride, and in the stretch Ruritania and Cloudy Dawn swept past him. Presently, Mrs. John Tweedy, who has directed the destinies of the Meadow Stable since her father, C. T. Chenery, fell ill, was leading the hundred-and-fourth Belmont Stakes winner into the enclosure to receive her trophies.

Riva Ridge, who is a nice little bay by First Landing out of Iberia, ran the mile and a half in 2:28—the fastest since Stage Door Johnny's 2:27⅕ in 1968. For doing it, he picked up $93,540 in prize money, bringing his earnings to $802,250. Not bad. I've no excuses for Key to the Mint, and I don't think his stable has, either. Nor am I going into the eight other disappointments in the race, although one caused quite a stir. I'm thinking of Cloudy Dawn, who carried the Belair Stud colors of William Woodward. William W. Bancroft, who owns him, is a grandson of Mr. Woodward, and his mother, Mrs. Thomas Bancroft, owned Damascus, who won the Belmont five years ago. His trainer is Frank Whiteley, Jr., a Marylander, who was a rider and then a trainer at the half-milers, and was better than a green hand as both. He whisked the colt up at the last moment from Delaware Park, where he'd been running on the grass, and engaged Hartack, who in my book is one of the best race riders we have. Oh, well, it was a good try.

Taking one thing with another, Belmont Park had a good day. The weather was cold and blustery, but the racing was lively, most of the finishes were close, and the betting was lavish. It totalled $8,155,988, of which $3,179,743 was bet on the Belmont. Of course, a lot of the latter sum was OTB money. Still, it was more than a lot of tracks I won't name would be glad to handle all day on a Saturday. Attendance was 54,634, which isn't much, but OTB can be blamed for that.

THERE is a saying cherished by old gambling men that all good things run in threes. Well, for the third year in succession an American-owned three-year-old, bred on this side of the Atlantic, won the Derby at Epsom. As you probably have read, John Galbreath's Roberto came storming up the stretch from Tattenham Corner to beat a 22–1 shot named Rheingold by the shortest of noses, with Pentland Firth, a 50–1 chance, third. In fact, Roberto had to win twice, for he and Rheingold bumped in the stride-for-stride struggle uphill to the winning post, and it took the stewards what must have seemed an interminable time (actually, it was about twenty minutes) to decide whether to disqualify him or let the placings stand. As for the race, Roberto, like Riva Ridge, was drawn nearest the rails, where Piggott, who rode him, likes to be, and he was always well up in the field of twenty-two runners to the turn into the straight, from where Piggott probably rode as hard as he has ever ridden in his life to get his sixth Derby winner home. Mr. Galbreath, who was at Belmont last Saturday and spent most of the afternoon accepting congratulations, said it took him longer to cool out after the race than it took Roberto.

Named after Roberto Clemente, one of Mr. Galbreath's Pittsburgh Pirates, Roberto is a bay by Hail to Reason out of Bramalea, and was foaled at Darby Dan Farm in Kentucky. He was sent for handling to Vincent O'Brien in Ireland, where he won his three starts last season and was rated best of his age. This year, he started off with a victory at Phoenix Park in Dublin, and his windup for the Derby was the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, in which he finished second to High Top, the favorite, beaten by half a length in a driving rainstorm. Vincent O'Brien will decide next week when and where he'll start next. Speaking of numbers and O'Brien, whom I'm not surprised the Irish call the greatest trainer in the world, he's the only man who has saddled three Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase winners in a row—Early Mist in 1953, Royal Tan in 1954, and Quare Times in 1955. Hatton's Grace won the Cheltenham Champion Hurdle for him in 1949, 1950, and 1951, and Cottage Rake the Cheltenham Gold Cup in 1948, 1949, and 1950. Then O'Brien turned to flat racing. His first Epsom Derby winner was Raymond Guest's Larkspur in 1962, his second Mr. Guest's Sir Ivor in 1968, then Charles Engelhard's Nijinsky in 1970. Next?

By the way, the day after the Derby, Paul Mellon's Mill Reef, who won it last year, took the Coronation Cup, at a mile and a half, at Epsom. Though it was a photo finish, he had Homeric, who was second, measured for the last quarter of a mile. Mill Reef's next will probably be the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, and then there will be the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. —Audax Minor

U.S. JOURNAL: TEXAS

REFORMER

IT is customary for any woman in politics who is against the established regime to be called feisty, more or less the way any elderly black sharecropper whose picture is taken by a magazine photographer is spoken of as having great dignity. Frances (Sissy) Farenthold, a state legislator from Corpus Christi who just lost a runoff for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Texas, was occasionally called feisty during the campaign by some visiting reporter, but the *Texas Observer*—a liberal Austin biweekly that happens to have as its principal editors two women who are sometimes called feisty themselves—titled its cover story on her last year "A Melancholy Rebel." When Mrs. Farenthold said during the campaign that a "private government" of special interests controls the state capitol, she seemed to be expressing disappointment even more than anger. Her voice often had a tone of weary resignation, as if nothing would please her more than to hear that everyone in Austin had reformed and thus relieved her of the unpleasant duty of dealing once more with a tiresome subject. When asked about her mood by reporters, Mrs. Farenthold sometimes said it derived partly from her experiences during the two years she served as director of a legal-services program in her home county, just before her election to the Texas House of Representatives. An alternate theory is that anybody who has seriously worked for change through three sessions of the Texas House of Representatives is fortunate to escape with a melancholy frame of mind instead of severe, disabling depression.

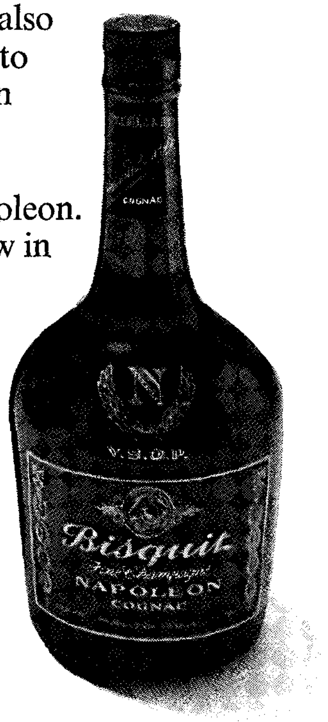
Mrs. Farenthold went to Austin in 1968 with the idea of working for welfare reform—having come to the conclusion that the welfare laws had a lot to do with the pathetic condition of her clients in Nueces County—but she eventually became identified with reform of the state government itself. The Sharpstown stock-fraud scandal—a complicated series of events tied together by the passage of some banking legislation and the stock profits of some people who were helpful in passing it—made corruption the most important issue in Texas politics during her second term in the House. Normally, officeholders in a state like Texas have differed from eminent public servants in the federal government primarily in the way some social scientists claim that lower-class Americans differ from those Americans who have arrived at the middle class—an inability to defer reward. A commissioner of an important federal regulatory agency is content to live on his government salary, secure in the knowledge that his next job may be as a highly paid executive or counsel in the industry he has been regulating. Distinguished Washington lawyers who serve as deputy secretaries of one department or another are ordinarily not given large retainers to use their influence until after they resign their posts. In some states, though, it is understood that such patience is too much to ask of a poor frail human being who happens to find himself governor. In Texas, participatory democracy has meant that leading Democrats can participate in the most lucrative business deals. During her campaign for governor, Mrs. Farenthold would sometimes ask her audience, "How long has it been since we've had a governor who left office without a ranch?" When Orval Faubus left the governorship of Arkansas, he was asked how he had managed to build a two-hundred-thousand-dollar house after having earned only ten thousand dollars a year during his twelve years in office, and he said he owed it all to thrift.

What brought Sissy Farenthold to prominence was that the Sharpstown scandal was blatant enough to offend the voters but not the Legislature. In the House, Mrs. Farenthold's resolution calling for an independent committee to investigate the scandal drew the support of only thirty out of a hundred and fifty members—a group that became known in Austin as the Dirty Thirty. But it soon became obvious that even Texans who are relatively tolerant about how the temptations of high public office might strain a man's patience were shocked by the Sharpstown disclosures. Voters never seem shocked at hearing about the impersonal forces that actually control a state government. Nobody seemed surprised during the campaign, for instance, at Mrs. Farenthold's disclosure that there were a hundred and seventeen utility lobbyists registered at the last session of the Texas Legislature and that Texas remains one of the few states in the country without statewide regulation of utility rates. Candidates for governorships around the country rarely bother to bring up the fact that the state regulatory agencies that do exist are often controlled by the industry they are supposedly regulating. (When Mississippi's insurance commission authorized a rate increase after Hurricane Camille, the commission consisted of two insurance agents and a lawyer for insurance companies.) But personal corruption can make voters angry. In Texas, there has been much more interest in how relatives of some legislators managed to end up on the payroll of other legislators than in how Texas manages to remain one of the four states in the union without a corporate income tax.

"I'm taking good care of myself now, because someday I hope to be spry."

When the governor of Texas, Preston Smith, who profited personally in some stock transactions connected with the Sharpstown case, decided to run for renomination in the Democratic primary this spring anyway, he was given little chance of success. Dolph Briscoe, a millionaire banker and rancher from Uvalde, who had finished fourth after an expensive campaign for the nomination in 1968, was considered a strong candidate, partly because he could prove that he was innocently banking and ranching in Uvalde when everybody was trading stock in Austin, his only state-government service having been as a legislator in the fifties. The favorite in the primary was Ben Barnes, the lieutenant governor, who had not been directly involved in the Sharpstown transactions, although, as David Broder of the Washington *Post* pointed out, all the talk about the number of investigations that had failed to link him with the scheme made him sound uncomfortably similar to Big Jule in "Guys and Dolls," who was renowned for having had thirty-three arrests, no convictions. (In the financial statement required of gubernatorial candidates, Barnes stated that he had two hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars in assets—which, for a young man who had spent his entire career as a public servant at a salary even below that of the governor of Arkansas, displayed a degree of thrift that approached asceticism.) In winning the lieutenant governorship, Barnes, a protégé of Lyndon Johnson and John Connally, had carried every single one of the two hundred and fifty-four counties in Texas. His political rise was considered so inevitable that the two sides of a late-night political discussion about him in Austin could be divided by differing opinions on precisely which year he would become President of the United States.

The candidacy of Frances Farenthold seemed barely able to survive a description of who she was—a politically liberal woman who was called Sissy and had gone to Vassar and was married to a foreigner. (George Farenthold is a businessman who was born in Belgium and has been an American citizen since 1940. The George Farenthold, Jr., who was found murdered last week was his son by a previous marriage.) She was dismissed by all professional politicians as a token candidate who had absolutely no chance of making the runoff. In Austin, she was known for holding strong views and expressing them—which in the way professional politi-



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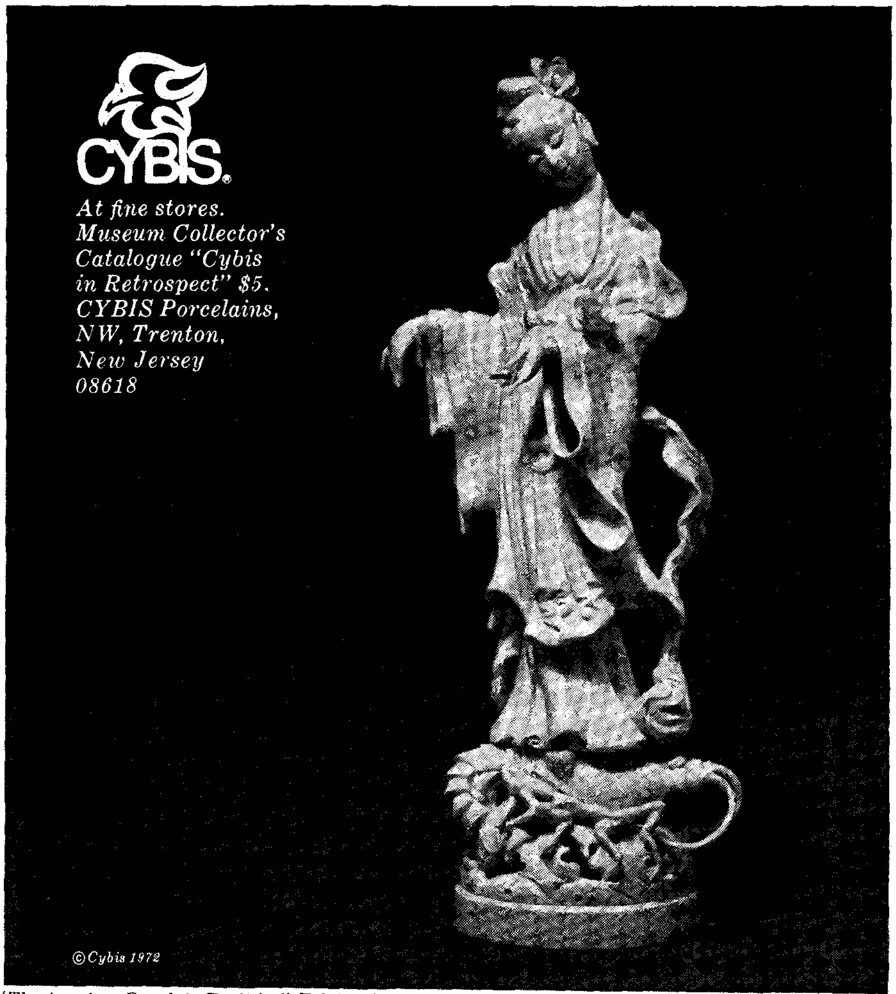

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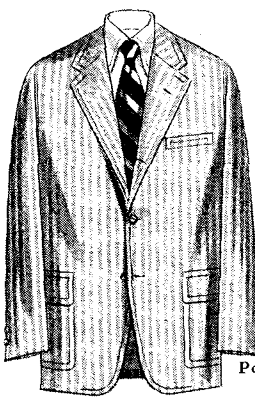

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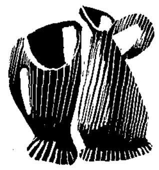
cians judge candidates for statewide office is like having a serious disease and developing complications. In 1969, a resolution commending Lyndon Johnson for his handling of the Presidency, including, presumably, his handling of the war in Vietnam, had divided the Texas House along strictly male-female lines—a hundred and forty-nine for, one opposed. Among all the legislators who believed that sooner or later there had to be a change in the Texas marijuana law, which now makes possession of marijuana a felony that can be punished by life imprisonment, Mrs. Farenthold was the one willing to become identified as an advocate of pot by introducing a bill that would have made first-offense possession a misdemeanor. She openly supported the farm workers' boycott of lettuce and refused to join the other candidates in reciting the dread effects of school busing. Early in the campaign, she called for the abolition of the Texas Rangers—an élite corps of the state police that many Texas Anglos think of as a symbol of proud Texas history and many Mexican-Americans in the southern part of the state think of as a symbol of Anglo oppression. (She later said she would settle for making South Texas off-limits to the Rangers.) Her supporters could think of hardly anything else she could do to offend the type of voters Texas candidates ordinarily cultivate, except, perhaps, to launch a vitriolic personal attack on John Wayne. But her most important identification was still as someone who had fought the corruption in Austin rather than tolerated it—the Den Mother of the Dirty Thirty. Dolph Briscoe, advertising that he was a man Texans could believe in, got forty-four per cent of the votes, almost winning the primary without a runoff. But Sissy Farenthold finished second, eliminating both the incumbent governor and the incumbent lieutenant governor from the race.



WHETHER the simple fact of being a woman gained or lost votes for Sissy Farenthold was a popular subject for discussion after the primary—the primary results having relieved the discussants of the burden of arguing about which year Ben Barnes would be President. There was some question whether a woman candidate was culturally unacceptable to a lot of Mexican-Americans or to those Texas Anglos whose idea of a public leader is the father of the Cartwrights on horseback. There was some question whether middle-class Anglo women found her a source of pride or envy. She had, after all, lived what might be the fantasy of any housewife who felt unfulfilled by the League of Women Voters: a lawyer from a family long prominent in Texas law, she had waited until her youngest child was in school before taking up full-time practice, and seven years later had found herself as a candidate for governor. There were those who believed that her unusually strong primary vote in normally conservative suburbs reflected the support of women, although other analysts traced it to simple snob appeal.

In the runoff campaign, being a woman gave Mrs. Farenthold certain advantages—all of them the kind of advantages that would strike a women's liberationist as reflections of a sexist society. Briscoe suffered from his refusal to meet her in debate, a refusal normally expected of a candidate who knows he has a large lead, mainly because it made him appear to be cowering before a woman. Mrs. Farenthold, who at one point trapped Briscoe in a Fort Worth hotel lobby to ask him about the debate face-to-face, often said that Briscoe was running away from her, and in speeches during the last week of the campaign she sometimes followed that accusation with a line that never failed to draw applause: "How unmanly!"

The singularity of a woman candidate was probably responsible for some of the television and newspaper coverage that made Mrs. Farenthold's name familiar to voters in an extraordinarily short time. At some point in the runoff campaign, Mrs. Farenthold became a star, and rallies would end with dozens of young people coming up to the platform to thrust forward posters on which she was expected to scrawl "Sissy." Outside Corpus Christi, she did *not* receive the endorsement of one major newspaper, but any news item about Dolph Briscoe seemed to be accompanied by two or three about Sissy Farenthold. The headlines usually referred to Briscoe formally by his last name and called Mrs. Farenthold Sissy, as if the reporter thought of him as some stiff banker suffering an interview and of her as a personal friend—which, as it happened, was usually the case. Just before the runoff voting, a labor lawyer who has become accustomed to finding word of his candidates somewhere back near the auction notices told an acquaintance that he first realized Mrs. Farenthold's appeal to the press after she made a routine trip to inspect the pollution in the Houston ship channel. (The ship channel may be best known to future historians not for the role it plays in Houston's economy but for a remark made in defense of its cleanliness. When environmentalists were being particularly critical a year or so ago about what some factories were dumping into the water, one official tried to put it all into perspective by telling a reporter that arsenic is a scare word.) "At breakfast the next morning, I picked up the paper and there was a three-column headline saying 'Sissy Astonished at Pollution in Ship Channel,' " the labor lawyer said. "Three columns! I said, 'Well, the Lord is with us this time.' " On the day the conservative Dallas *Morning News* endorsed Briscoe on its editorial page, its two interpretive pieces on the campaign were headlined "Briscoe Strategy Barring Full Coverage by Press" and "Sissy Shoulders Burden of Stardom with Aplomb."

DESPITE their reputation for being embattled, liberals in Texas are not just a tiny minority, as they would be in, say, Mississippi. When their traditional coalition of labor and the minorities and ideological liberals is operating, they can carry the state—which hasn't happened in the governor's race for many years but has accounted for the election of Ralph Yarborough to the Senate a few times. The two or three people who told Sissy Farenthold that she had a chance of making the runoff based their prediction not on her appeal as a reformer but on what they called a "structural opportunity"—a number of liberal votes that no other candidate was likely to get. She went into the runoff without the official endorsement of the state labor organization and without assurance of a large turnout of black and Mexican-American voters. But her advisers hoped she could make up the difference with the support of young voters and women and, most of all, people of all sorts of backgrounds who were disgusted with the state government and wanted reform.

It is routine for Texas candidates who can be labelled liberals to assure voters that old labels like "liberal" and "conservative" are meaningless. Mrs. Farenthold managed to sound more persuasive than most, partly because of her approach—she seemed to be considering each issue separately rather than fitting it into some ideological framework—and partly because of the issue that brought her to prominence. Al-

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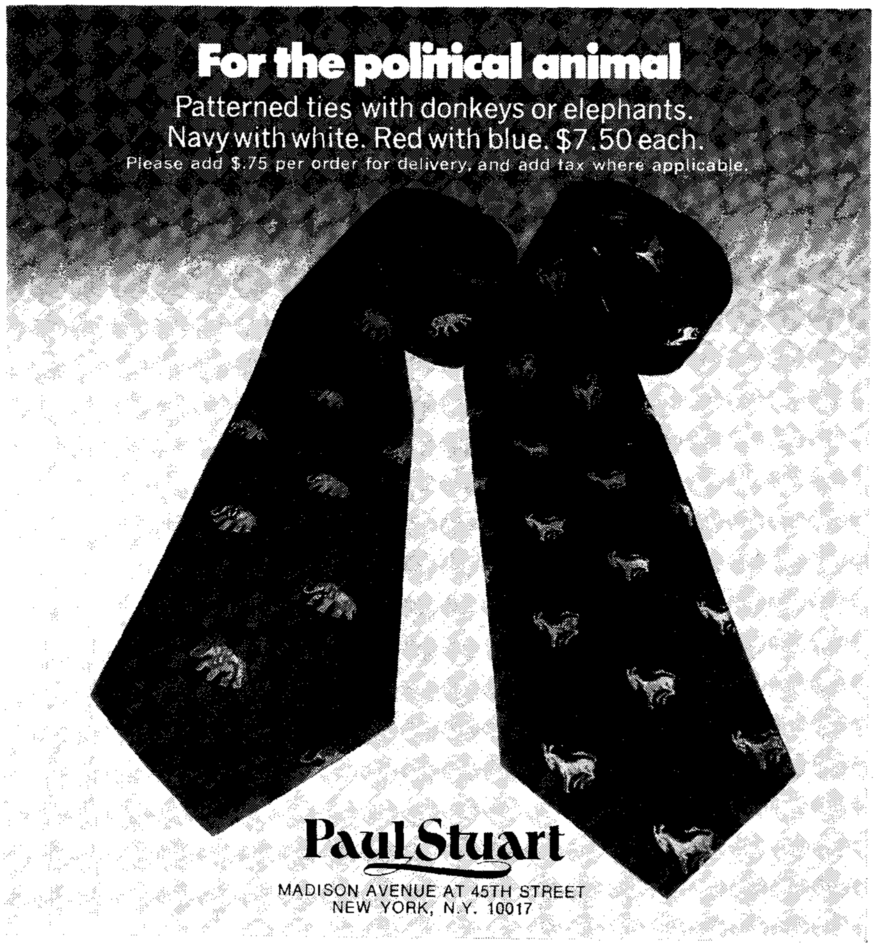

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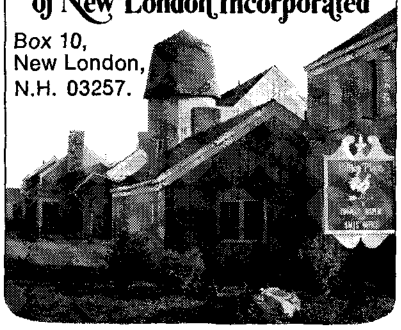

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though the Dirty Thirty had included the liberal faction in the House, it had also included some Democrats who were not liberals and even some Republicans. Mrs. Farenthold, campaigning as a reformer rather than a liberal, maintained that the issue of the campaign was public government versus private government rather than liberal versus conservative. Compared to what she was accused of believing about marijuana and busing and abortion, her concentration on the need to end favoritism and bring honest representation to Austin sometimes sounded like a respectable, middle-class appeal for good government. But if public government actually ever did replace private government in Austin—if, as Mrs. Farenthold suggested, the lobbyists were reduced to the role of petitioners rather than manipulators—the result would have been the "radical upheaval" Briscoe accused Mrs. Farenthold of favoring. The manipulators she was talking about represent the most powerful financial interests in the state. What the Democrats who have always defeated the liberals in statewide races have had in common is not a rigid political ideology—a number of them, including Ben Barnes, are noted for their flexibility—but a compassion for the plight of people who have to wake up every morning and face the problems of running an oil company or a bank or a utility.

Briscoe, in a cautious campaign restricted pretty much to television and newspaper advertisements, said that the reform issue had been settled in the first primary. As most voters perceive the need for reform—ending personal corruption rather than tampering with corporate control—he was right. The incumbent governor had been badly defeated, after all, and the Speaker of the House had eventually been convicted of conspiracy to commit bribery. The line that always drew the most applause at one of Mrs. Farenthold's speeches—that the governor's chair was not for sale this year—expressed a view that cost Briscoe no votes among voters who were interested in reform. As a matter of personal corruption, it made no difference that, as Mrs. Farenthold often said during the campaign, Briscoe had already begun to deal with the same lobbyists she had been fighting. In the traditional view of reform, Briscoe had the same qualification that is often mentioned about a Rockefeller who runs for governor in a place like Arkansas or West Virginia or New York—"He's too rich to steal."

—Calvin Trillin

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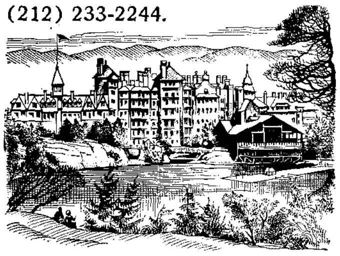

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 10

IT appears now that Senator McGovern will arrive at Miami Beach about two hundred votes short of the fifteen hundred and nine needed for nomination. He is an affable man, schooled in a prairie parsonage in the techniques of evangelism, and his own powers of persuasion should make up at least part of the deficit. Moreover, some of the uncommitted delegates and some pledged to candidates no longer seriously in contention share his general outlook and would at some point join his cause. All this could happen and he could still find himself shy of a majority, so it is by no means impossible that he could be stopped cold by his opponents, three of whom—Governor Wallace and Senators Humphrey and Muskie—have announced that they intend to try. This would almost certainly assure the reëlection of President Nixon, which is regarded by many as inevitable in any case, and it would so splinter and demoralize the Democratic Party that it would fall apart as a national institution. For George McGovern could be denied the nomination only by a combination that included all or nearly all the Wallace delegates. Their price for collaboration would be high, and might include the naming of Wallace or a prominent Wallaceite as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. If that should happen, the McGovern people and the Senator himself would have nothing to do except help out in a few congressional races and hope for a smashing Nixon victory. In any case, it is doubtful whether there would be much rejoicing in the White House if the Democrats rejected McGovern, since most Administration people regard McGovern as the least formidable of the leading Democrats. He is the one who can most easily be portrayed as an irresponsible radical bent on appeasement and unilateral disarmament, and as an ideologue who would pick the pockets of the entire middle class and turn everything over to welfare recipients. It is also thought in the White House that McGovern has the shortest, flimsiest coattails in his party, and that scores of Democratic candidates for the Congress and lesser offices could be defeated if he headed the ticket. They see him or claim to see him, presiding over the dismemberment of the Democratic Party, which would assure Republican supremacy at least into the eighties.

Turning back McGovern now would require help not only from the Wallace people but from a good many Humphrey and Muskie people. Because Wallace is no longer as shrill a racist as he was a few years ago, he is spoken of more gently, and particularly so since the attempt on his life last month. This may also be connected with the success he has enjoyed on the busing issue and on the exploitation of economic grievances, which has led some of his opponents to emulate him. It is by no means inconceivable that some of the Humphrey and Muskie delegates might collaborate with Wallace in a stop-McGovern drive, but one must suppose that they could be led to it only through despair or unscrupulous ambition, and one imagines that most of them could live with themselves more easily after an honorable than after a dishonorable try for victory. On balance, then, the general opinion is that McGovern, though far from assured of nomination, will get it, because, even in so cynical a pursuit as Presidential politics, the supply of opportunism on hand at Miami Beach will not be large enough to hold together a stop-McGovern coalition deeply tainted with racism. But among those who would like to work for his election as well as his nomination there remain serious doubts about his electability. The speed of his rise in national politics has been extraordinary, as has been his mastery of national organization and strategy. His appeal is deep, but it has only now begun to show signs of acquiring breadth. Some of his early victories were attributable to the fact that he had so many opponents, most of them less well known and less well managed than he. In no primary except Massachusetts, where he led the field by two per cent, and his own South Dakota, where he was the only candidate, has he carried an actual majority. Until very recently, he was getting no votes—in fact, no recognition—in the ghettos or from union labor. In most parts of the country, he was known only for his opposition to the war. He had a following among the young, who admired him for his radicalism and for his refusal to equivocate on the war; among

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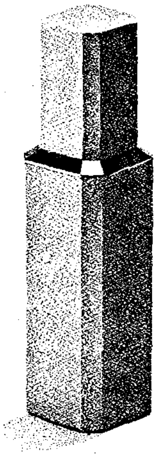

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portions of the educated middle class who shared his hatred of the war and were either undisturbed by his radicalism or unaware of it; and among other portions of the middle class who liked his looks and manners and judged him to be the kind of man who trimmed his lawn and his fingernails neatly. But these groups come nowhere near constituting a Presidential majority. In California this week, he showed for the first time that he was capable of reaching at least part of the way into Humphrey territory—the ghettos and the blue-collar districts. He carried the state, but his victory fell far short of what he and his managers expected just before the balloting. They expected a margin of between fifteen and twenty-five per cent; in reality it was only about five. If nominated, he will, it would seem, have a long way to go against an incumbent who is currently well regarded by about sixty per cent of the electorate.

Nixon's present high standing, however, rests on what may turn out to be very soft and shaky foundations. He is in front partly because the war is generally supposed to be just about over and because his press agents have spread the word that he has tamed the fiercest beasts in the Communist world. It may be, though it seems improbable, that the war will be over in the fall, and it may even be that our highly escalated air and naval assaults will lead to what can be claimed as a military victory. On the other hand, we may only be in a lull before the storm, with the tide of battle turning again in the next six months and the war growing hotter and costlier than ever. Hanoi might like to get into American politics in the hope of dealing with a McGovern rather than a Nixon. The accommodations that Nixon made with the leaders in Peking and Moscow may stick or they may be invalidated by any one of a number of developments. We know there is internal dissension over them among the higher-ups in both Peking and Moscow (there is even some in Washington), and the Nixon visits may turn out to have been just sightseeing tours and idle conversation. Some of the agreements he made with the Kremlin leaders may have rough going in the Democratic Senate. Moreover, they are acceptable to Melvin Laird only on terms that may make them unacceptable to the Kremlin. At the moment, the Sino-Soviet split shows no signs of healing, but if our planes and our new "smart" bombs prove a critical menace to Hanoi, the healing process may be aided.

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Nixon's present assets are all in foreign policy, his liabilities in domestic policy. In the past, most American elections have ultimately turned on domestic affairs. Precedents of this sort exist to be broken, and anyway the war in Indo-China has become largely a domestic issue in the minds of millions of Americans—it is damaging our economy, our morale, and our ability to solve our own problems. If Nixon's recent initiatives in foreign policy do not show real gains in the months ahead, and if he cannot do better with inflation and unemployment, he may become vulnerable once again and an easy mark for an acceptable Democrat. Then, if McGovern is the nominee, there will be a testing of whether a man with McGovern's convictions is acceptable. For the fact is that in American terms McGovern is a radical. He is a leveller. He genuinely wants a redistribution of wealth and a reordering of priorities. He may not be, as some journalists are now calling him, a "Goldwater of the left," for while Goldwater wanted to do away with many of the reforms of recent decades, McGovern wants to retain them, strengthen them, and add to their number. Still, there is a point to the sobriquet; McGovern stands almost as far from the Democratic center as Goldwater stood from the Republican center. Goldwater tended to revel in his political heterodoxy, whereas McGovern, a considerably more astute politician, will not flaunt his radicalism when he ventures into conservative territory. He has already conceded that his economic program may be a bit grandiose for our present means. His rhetoric, which has never been wild, may become even softer. But there are limits to how far he can go in tempering his positions, for not only does he seem a man of tested integrity but he cannot alienate his original backers, who signed up not because they liked his looks but because they liked what he said he stood for.

It will be interesting to see how Nixon handles McGovern's views if the two men run against each other. If Nixon were to go entirely by the record, he would color him pink and un-American. He would accuse him of being an appeaser and an enemy of the free-enterprise system. He would seek credit with Roman Catholics and certain other denominations by calling him a proponent of abortion. But Nixon nowadays seems too smart to believe that what worked in the forties and fifties can be used in the seventies. For

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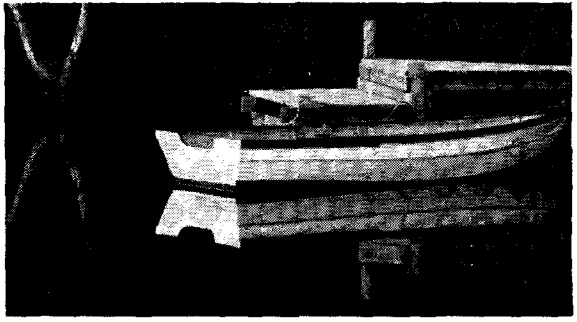

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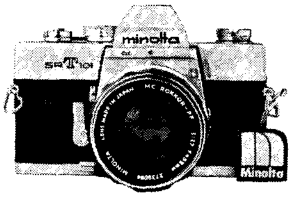

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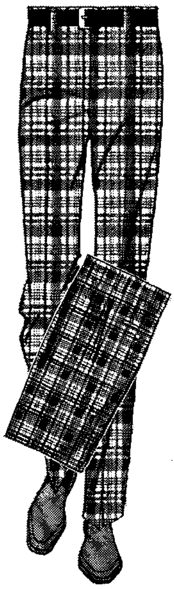

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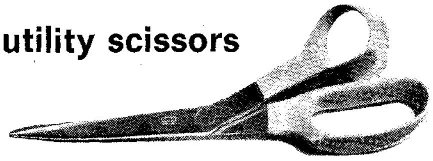

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one thing, Nixon may by election time look like something of an appeaser himself. For another, he may by then find our economic system faulty in many respects and a large part of the public more interested in hearing proposals for change than recitals of past accomplishments. Nixon and his campaign advisers may realize that there is alienation of many kinds in this country, and that, although he may not be to blame for much of it, things are no better now than when he was inaugurated. Unless there are sudden dramatic improvements in American life, there will be little for the President to say but that Rome wasn't built in a day and it will take him another four years (and more Republicans in Congress) to stamp out crime and poverty, get the last American out of Vietnam, and put the economy back on its feet. He can try to shift some of the blame to the Democratic Congress and to his Democratic predecessors, and in doing so he will get some sympathy, for this Congress has, generally speaking, been an unproductive one and has failed to respond to the several innovative features of the Nixon program. But it is always the President who gets the major share of the blame.

If McGovern should meet with rejection at Miami Beach, the candidate would almost certainly be Humphrey or Muskie, and all Nixon's problems would be substantially the same. It might not make much difference to the future of the country who runs as a Democrat, but a campaign involving McGovern should be of greater interest than any other, since it would probably reveal more about what we have become as a people. For example, we know that disenchantment over the war in Indo-China is almost universal, but we cannot be certain whether a majority is ready to go as far toward demilitarization as McGovern proposes to, nor can we be certain whether it perceives our divisions at home as threats to "security." No Democrat or Republican of standing has gone as far as McGovern in proposing a redistribution of wealth that would make really large family fortunes a thing of the past. To be sure, no Congress elected in 1972 is likely to view the McGovern proposals as anything more than proposals, and it could turn out that at the end of four years his record of domestic accomplishments would be about as dreary as Nixon's. (He would doubtless negotiate us out of the war as rapidly as possible and not worry about Pentagon reactions, and his appointees would probably have better track rec-

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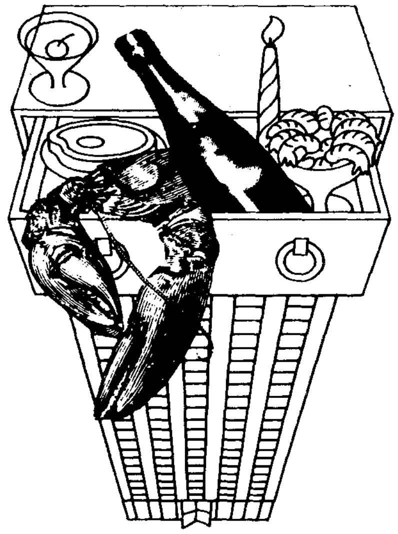

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ords.) But at least we would learn from a Nixon-McGovern confrontation whether we as a people wish a new social order or prefer to stay as we are, merely tightening a few nuts and bolts here and there—which is all that most of the other candidates propose.

CALLING a bluff may be a purely Occidental tool of horse trading, and this may explain why the leaders in Hanoi have not once in recent years tested out one of our negotiating proposals to try our sincerity. Since they have repeatedly informed the world of our deceptiveness, bringing that deceptiveness into the clear light of day could do nothing for them but demonstrate their soundness of judgment and our hypocrisy. This seems more than ever the case with the President's latest proposal, which has been criticized, from Hanoi's point of view, largely on the ground that we might use the cease-fire to procure a few more shipments of arms for the Saigon troops. Morally, it might not be beyond us to do this, but we could hardly do it without the Vietcong's knowledge, and our presumed criminality would then be once more exposed to the world, and war as usual could be resumed. We know there have been occasions when our government was reluctant to negotiate, but there has never been a time when accepting an American suggestion, sincere or otherwise, would have been damaging to Hanoi. For years, it has been clear that we can't go on this way forever, and that once we get out we'll never return, leaving North Vietnam, if it has not been bombed out of existence, to have things all its own way throughout Indo-China. Perhaps things look different to Hanoi, but to many Americans it has looked very much as if Hanoi's principal war aim were to keep the war going and show the world how a small country could fight a large one to a standstill. This may have seemed a good reason to a dedicated revolutionary, but the demonstration, after all, was adequately made several years ago.

Now, for the first time since the initial gathering at the round table, it seems possible that North Vietnam feels that its point has been made. Le Duc Tho, Hanoi's principal negotiator, has several times let it be known that something might come out of a few more talks with Henry Kissinger, provided we agree to some kind of interim political settlement before the cease-fire and arrange for the replacement of President Thieu. As good democrats and anti-imperialists, we are hardly in a

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position to cashier the chief of another government, but since Hanoi's leaders know that it would require little in the way of inducement to get Thieu's resignation if we pulled all our men and equipment out in a few months, one is baffled that they do not withdraw this requirement. (In all likelihood, Thieu and his ministers would lose no time in making reservations on the first plane leaving Saigon for any place outside Southeast Asia.) It is hard to avoid the feeling that small nations, like large ones, prefer winning wars to settling them. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

DEAR ANN LANDERS:

A good friend left here a few minutes ago, in tears, because I refused to tell her hate to be responsible for what happened to her marriage if my advice didn't work.

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Dear Susan: No you did not. Friendship does not carry the obligation of assisting social acquaintances with their marital problems. Instead of refusing flat out, however, you saying over and over. "If you were a real friend, you'd tell me what to do."

Although I am seven years older than she is, I don't feel qualified to advise her. I'd what to do about her husband. She is having "other woman" trouble.

To be perfectly frank, Ann, my husband and hers do business together and I don't want to become involved in their marital problems. She kept heavy eyeliner, blue and green eyeshadow, false eyemight have suggested that she seek the professional advice of a clergyman or a marriage counselor.

—*Ann Landers' column in the Boston Herald Traveler.*

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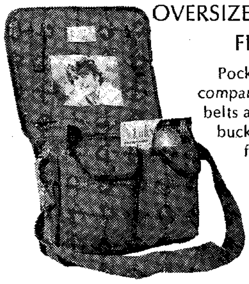

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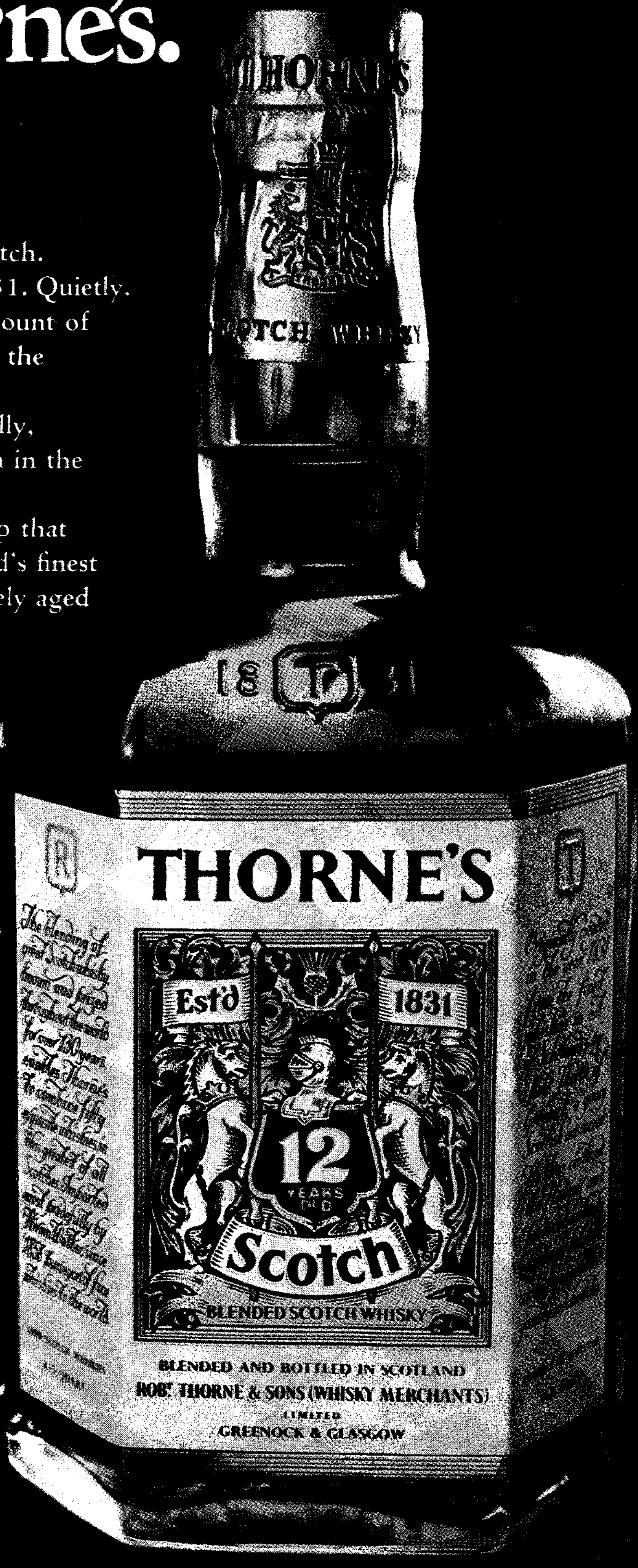
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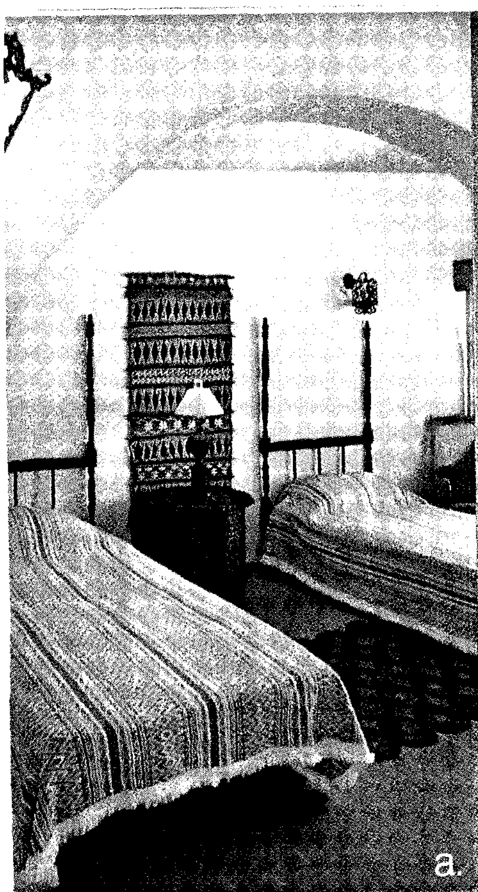
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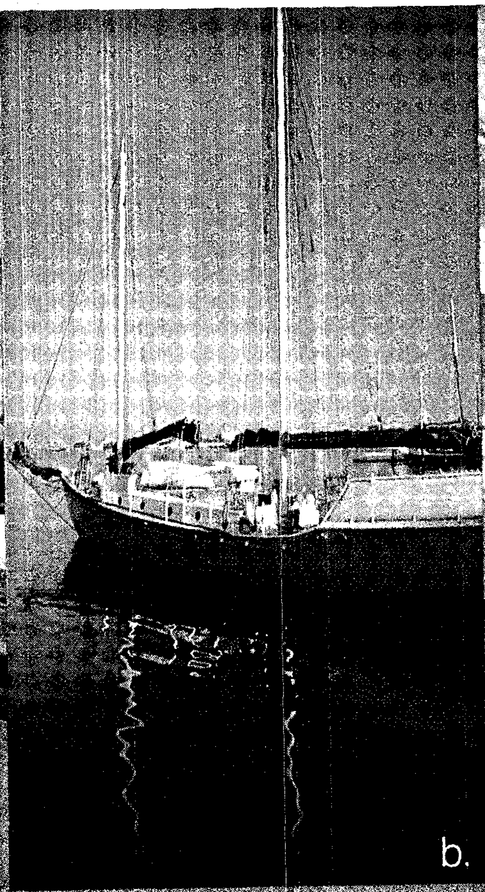
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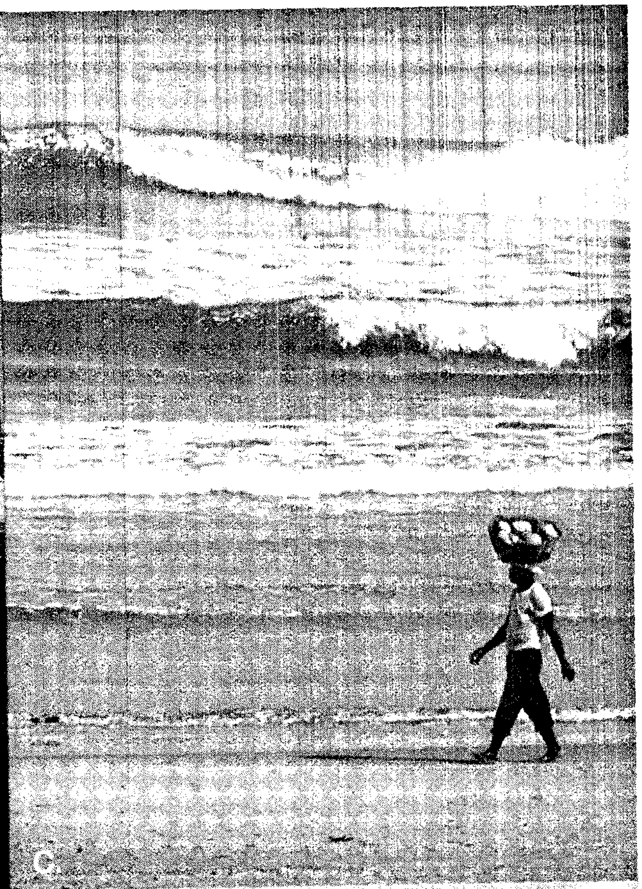
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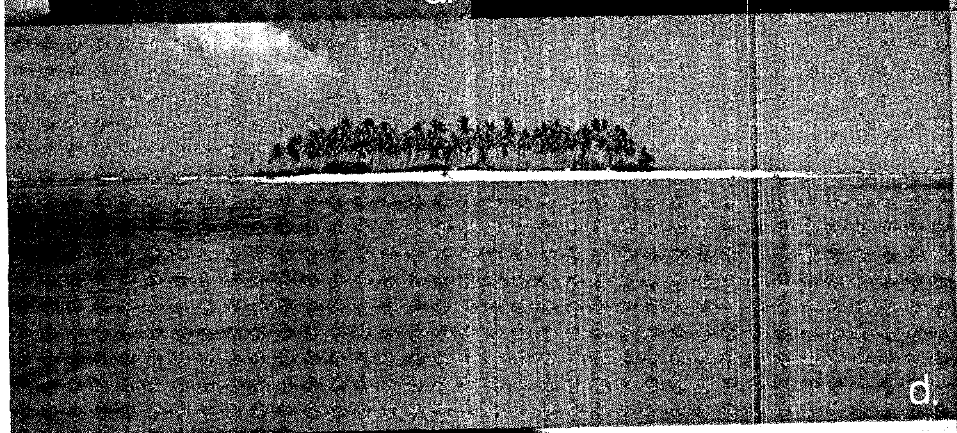
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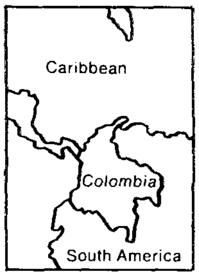

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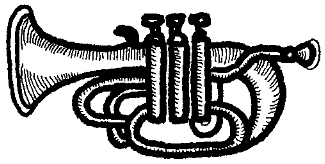
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz



JUNE 8TH: Ever since he came, at the age of nineteen, to Café Society Uptown, Ellis Larkins, the singular, magical, forty-nine-year-old pianist, has made a career out of being semitransparent. Some of it has been spent as the leader of a quiet, diaphanous trio, and some of it as accompanist to such singers as Mabel Mercer, Ella Fitzgerald, and Joe Williams, all of whom venerate him. (They would sign him for life, but he never stays long with any one singer.) Some of it has been spent in the even more self-effacing position of vocal coach. And some of it has been spent in little, introspective retirements. Everything about Larkins suggests reserve, withdrawal, reticence. He is a slight, shy man, barricaded behind big spectacles, who, when pressed too hard in conversation, emits a smoke screen of fluttering hands and half-sentences. His style—delicate, inward, pastel—seems to constantly apologize for existing. And even his name, with its sibilances and treading-water "l" sounds, gives the impression of vanishing as it is said, of being pulled discreetly from view by its final, towing "s."

Larkins has not been visible in New York for eleven years, and the place where he is reappearing could not have been chosen more carefully, for it continually threatens to render him invisible again. It is called Gregory's, and it is on a corner of Sixty-third Street and First Avenue. It consists entirely of a small bar separated from the street by a glassed-in gallery. Larkins, accompanied by his bassist, Al Hall, sits at a small upright midway between the bar and the gallery, and he is an island of serenity besieged on one side by the din of his admirers, who tend to be fervent and numerous, and on the other by the din of traffic. But none of this appears to bother him, for there he sits—his body a modest parenthesis and his long, tuning-fork fingers touching the keys so lightly they seem only to suggest the tones that emerge—and spins out his fragile, luminous solos, solos that have the liquid light of de La Tour's famous candlelight paintings. There are intimations in Larkins' style of Count Basie and Fats Waller and Art Tatum, but beyond these his playing appears to be his own. It is a style—delivered conspiratorially by hands never more than inches apart—that celebrates silence and space: when no note is needed, none is played, and those notes that are played are given such value that they become three-dimensional. Its spare, equally quiet dynamics range from a whisper to a murmur; a loud chord would be immediately cast out. Larkins' mixture of chords and single-note figures is ingenious. At first hearing, he appears to issue little more than a neat legato parade of chords that occasionally catch up to and embrace the beat, and, indeed, he will play a whole chorus of blues by repeating a simple riff. But much of the time his chordal passages are varied by surprising, almost half-hidden single-note lines that are brilliant synopses of Tatum's arabesques. His solos continually revolve, displaying at one moment silken single notes and at the next angora chords, and they are kept slowly spinning by his loping, urgent way of swinging.

There were many beauties in the dozen numbers I heard at Gregory's tonight—Larkins is the soul of brevity in all he does, for his sets tend to be short and spaced well apart—and among them were a fast, tumbling "Undecided," a wonderful, long "C-Jam Blues," full of good chords and single-note bracelets, a meditating "Until the Real Thing Comes Along," and a refreshingly skeletal "Willow Weep for Me." Inevitably, Larkins accompanied several singers, including the manager's wife, an unidentified woman, and the actor Ralph Meeker, who suddenly bellowed a couple of choruses of the old blues "The Outskirts of Town." Larkins could make a walrus croon, and for a moment Meeker sounded just like the lamented Jimmy Rushing.

JUNE 9TH: For, indeed, Rushing died yesterday, at the age of sixty-eight. He was a short, joyous, nimble, invincible fat man who shouted the blues as if he were wearing kid gloves and carrying a swagger stick. His diction was faultless; in fact, it had an elocutionary quality, for his vowels were broad and sumptuous, his "b"s each weighed a pound, and he loved to roll his "r"s. His lyrics had a pearl-gray, to-the-manor-born cast to them.

His voice—light, tenorlike, sometimes straining—was not much, but it was hand-polished and it could be, despite his dandyish style, extraordinarily affecting, as in the mourning, deep-blue "How Long Blues" he recorded in memory of his friend Hot Lips Page. But most of the time Rushing's blues were elegant, lifting celebrations of life, and he sang them that way—his voice finally threadbare—until almost the day he died.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

RUTH

They would waken
face to face, the windshield
crystalled, the car
so cold they had to get out.
Beyond the apple orchard
they saw where the dawn sun
fell among plowed fields
in little mounds of shadow
and a small stream ran black below
where the rocks slept.
Her wrists pounding
against it, she rubbed
the water into eyes
and temples, the iron taste
faint on her tongue.
And they'd get going, stopping
for Cokes and gas
and cold candy bars all
through Ohio,
and when the sun failed
north of Toledo,
they were almost there,
the night sky burning
up ahead at River Rouge
like another day.

Another day.
Now he was gone, the children
grown up and gone,
and she back home,
or whatever you could call it,
West Virginia.
A wafer of sunlight
on the pillow, and she rose
and heard the mice startled
beneath the floorboards. Washed
in the sink, lit the stove,
and waited. Another day
falling into the fields, tufted
like a child's quilt.
Beyond the empty yard,
a wall of poplars stared back,
their far sides
still darkness, and beyond,
its teeth dulled with rust,
the harrow tilted
on one frozen wheel, sliding
back to earth.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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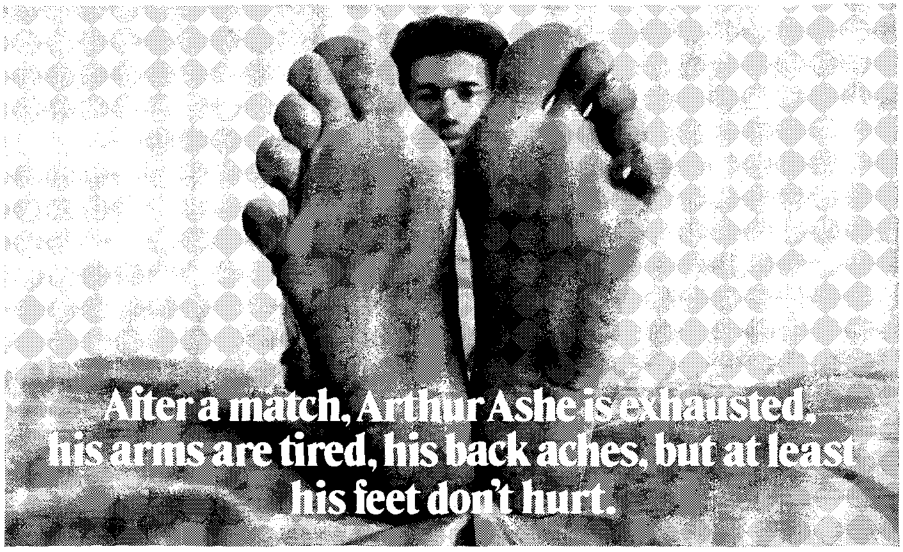
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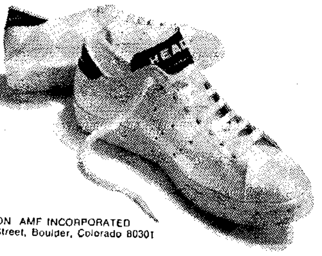

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BOOKS

Mr. Pritchett's Apprenticeship

TO resort to a parlor game: If Mr. V. S. Pritchett were an instrument in a symphony orchestra, what instrument would that be? The answer is the bassoon. As a rule, it is off to one side and not in the front rows, which are hogged by the strings. It and the lyric-soprano voice seem made for each other, husband and wife, but for some reason this fact has largely gone unnoticed by composers. The bassoon cannot, even in the hands of a virtuoso, stand apart from or above what it is asked to play, like the violin, say, or the English horn, but to the ear bent on hearing it the pleasure it gives is very deep and satisfying.

The first volume of Mr. Pritchett's autobiography, "A Cab at the Door," began:

> In our family, as far as we are concerned, we were born and what happened before that is myth. Go back two generations and the names and lives of our forebears vanish into the common grass. All we could get out of Mother was that her grandfather had once taken a horse to Dublin; and sometimes in my father's expansive histories, *his* grandfather had owned trawlers in Hull, but when an abashed regard for fact, uncommon in my father, touched him in his eighties, he told us that this ancestor, a decayed seaman, was last seen gutting herrings at a bench in the fish market of that city. The only certainty is that I come from a set of storytellers and moralists and that neither party cared much for the precise. The storytellers were forever changing the tale and the moralists tampering with it in order to put it in an edifying light.

What distinguishes a classic from an ordinary book is, of course, authority, and to write with *this* degree of authority you have to have a great deal to say and no hesitation about how it is to be said or about saying it.

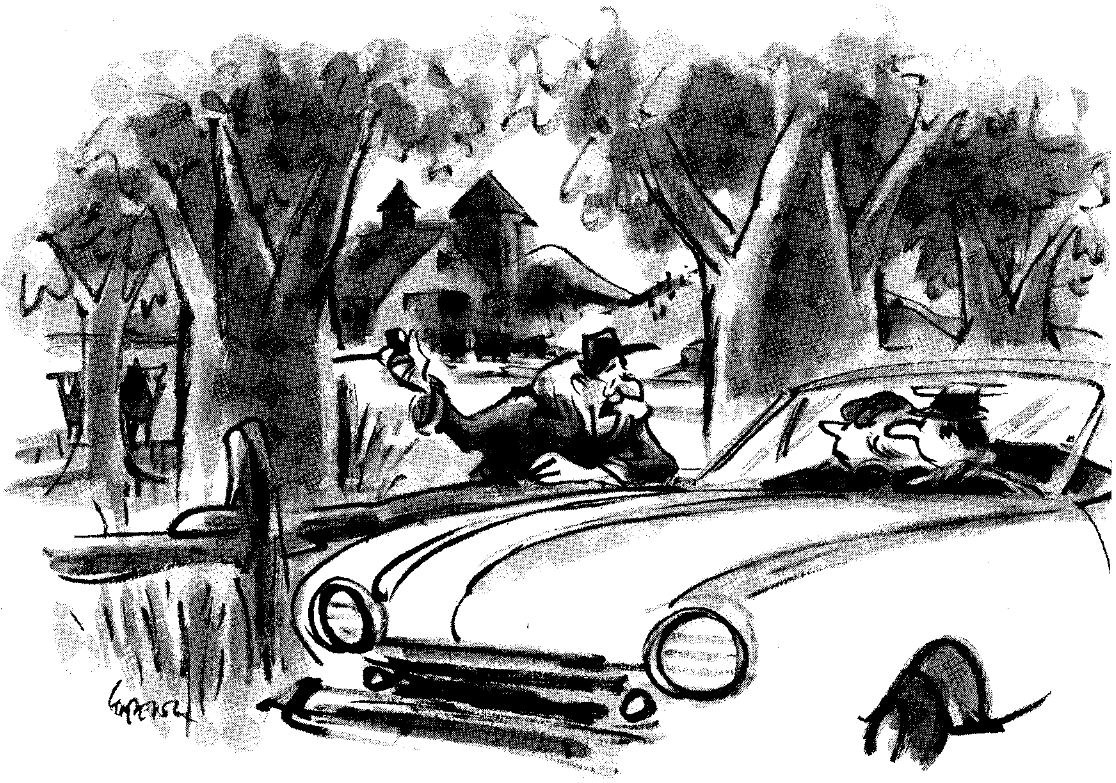
Mr. Pritchett's mother was the daughter of a coachman and gardener and was, he says, "lively, sexy and sharp-spoken in the London way and very changeable, moody, and, in the long run, not to be trusted." His father was a Yorkshireman cut from the same cloth as Wilkins Micawber. He conned everybody in sight, including—part of the time—himself. They lived in one small, damp brick villa after another, and the children learned to sit at the door and open it for him, because he was affronted if he had to open it with his own key. About once a year he went bankrupt and they found themselves in a cab driving to a new house in a new part of London. Their mother would begin to cry and their father would begin to sing, in a bass voice:

> "Oh dry those tears,
> Oh calm those fears,
> Life will be brighter tomorrow."

He was not entirely a fraud; he had some business ability, combined with too much sense of style, and nothing less than the grandiose would satisfy him. Needless to say, his children all turned out well.

"Midnight Oil" (Random House) takes up where "A Cab at the Door" left off, and suffers from the fact of being tied to it, though a very different kind of book. Unfortunately, the writer has to leave home, like everybody else; it is what is wrong with the second volume of almost every literary autobiography that has ever been written. For home—and especially a home "where manners were unknown, where everybody shouted, and no one had any notion of taste, either good or bad"—is bound to be more interesting to read about than the solitary, industrious apprenticeship of a writer. In the present instance, the reader is advised to be patient, have faith, and try to forget the raffish pleasures of "A Cab at the Door" in order to appreciate the virtues and courage of the innocent young man now occupying the center of what was until a moment ago a stage crowded with scene-stealers.

"THE professional writer who spends his time becoming other people and places, real or imaginary, finds he has written his life away and has become almost nothing," Mr. Pritchett remarks, at the beginning of "Midnight Oil." "The true autobiography of this egotist is exposed in all its intimate foliage in his work. But there is a period when a writer has not yet become one, or, just having become one, is struggling to form his talent, and it is from this period that I have



"Straight ahead past the Peace Eye Commune, take a left at the Severed Head Bead and Book Store, bear right at the fork with the Glad Rags Dress Shop, stay on that till you hit the Liberation Health Food Bar, then a right around the rotary, and there you are."

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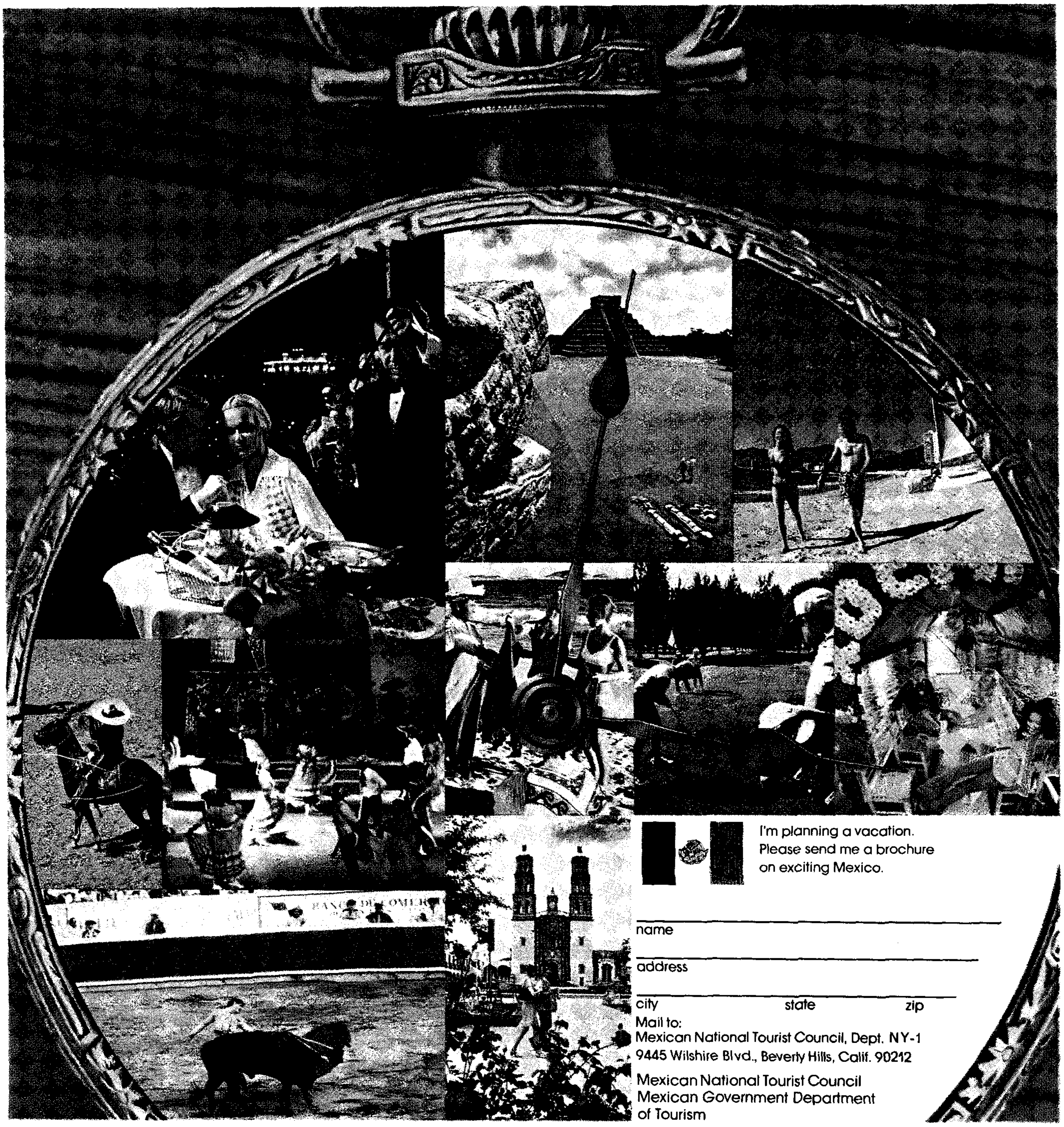

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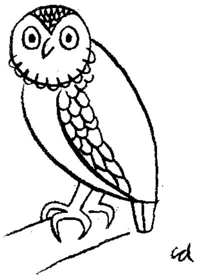
selected most of the scenes and people in this book. It *is* a selection, and it is neither a confession nor a volume of literary reminiscences, but as far as I am able I have put in my 'truth.' "

Thanks to all those bankruptcies and removals, his early schooling had been haphazard in the extreme. France seemed to offer salvation; in France, somehow, he would make up for his lack of education. When he was pressed as to how this would come about, he said that France was different; in France a street was called a *rue*. "Is that all?" his father demanded. It was, as a matter of fact, but it was an all that he could not explain because it was too strange and immense. He got himself out of the leather trade, and he got around his father, and in the spring of 1921 arrived in Paris. He was right: France was educating. Wherever he went, he repeated to himself the names of the shops—*quincaillerie*, *boulangerie*—and any phrase he happened to overhear. The word that had the most significance for him was *cinquième*; his room on the *cinquième étage* of a cheap hotel near the Champ de Mars meant the liberty that had been hard to come by. The street signs were an encyclopedia of French history, and "to be alone in Paris, knowing nobody, was an intoxication: it was like being on the dizzy brink of knowing everybody."



He had been brought up a Christian Scientist ("I believed, yet did not believe, very comfortably, at the same time"), and a letter of introduction put him in touch with the little congregation in Paris. For the most part, they were American and British tourists, in whom, Mr. Pritchett says, the Divine Mind fizzed like some harmless *vin mousseux*. When his money was nearly gone, he saw an advertisement in the Paris *Daily Mail:* the Paris branch of an English manufacturer of photographic plates and supplies needed a stock clerk. An old photograph of him sitting on a counter in this shop shows "a thin youth of twenty with thick fairish hair, exclaiming eyebrows, loosely grinning mouth, and the eyes raised to the ceiling with a look of passing schoolboy saintliness." The French boys in the shop could not pronounce his name, and he was the office joke until he managed to become the office humorist instead. A month after he started to work there, his awkward French had become fluent. He found a decent room in Auteuil, in the flat of a war widow who worked as a charwoman. In the evening, he went in search of a cheap restaurant and ate alone, reading or looking at the people. He lived by the appetite of the eye, and was in the simplest way happy. He made the acquaintance of a very old lady who was a friend of his landlady's priest, and on Sunday afternoons he would sit on a hard, upholstered chair and converse with her about Racine and Corneille, and submit to having his grammar and pronunciation corrected. Though it was an excruciating experience, he ended up speaking two kinds of French fairly well.

He knew that he wanted to become a writer, but he could not see that he had anything to write about except that he was alive. He sent a joke in to the Paris *Herald*, and it became his first published work. Encouraged by this, he wrote a sketch about that *cinquième-étage* hotel room—the rough blue cloth on the table, the view from the attic window, the carpet worn thin as a slice of ham by he had no way of knowing how many predecessors, the electric light flicking off at eleven, the sound of the bugle at the Champ de Mars—and sent it off to the London office of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He wrote two more pieces and sent them to English weeklies. When all three were accepted, he didn't have to go on saying, "I want to be a writer": he *was* a writer, but a writer who had taken for his models men who were no longer in fashion, and he hadn't the slightest knowledge of the writers who were in fashion.

> When I read in memoirs about the Paris of the Steins, Sylvia Beach, Joyce, Hemingway, and Scott Fitzgerald, I am cast down. I was there. I may have passed them in the street; I had simply never heard of them. Nor had I any notion of what they were trying to do. I had really carried my isolation in England with me. One evening I did see a number of young people walking up the Boulevard Montparnasse with a thick, blue-covered book, like a telephone directory. They went to the Dome, the Coupole, or the Rotonde and sat there reading. I asked a young Irishman whom I sat next to at the Dome what the book was. He was dressed in green and wore a cowboy hat. He was surprised to be asked such a question. The book, he said, was "Ulysses;" for years "everyone" had been waiting for this great moment. He allowed me to read the first page; its adjectives and images annoyed and flustered me. . . .
>
> I did not know that I was living at the center of a literary revolution.

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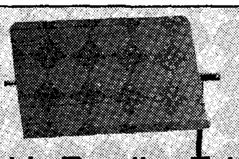

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Cloud, to Marly, to Chartres, to Pontoise and Poissy. Tormented by sexual longing, he tried to seduce a tall, hearty Danish girl, and was so clumsy at it that in the end she capitulated because there was no other way around his ineptitude. He left the photographic studio for a better-paying job, with a firm that dealt in shellac and glue and, briefly, ostrich feathers. After several months, the absentminded owner noticed that he had made hardly any sales whatever and gave him the sack. He decided to live by writing. For a short time he did manage to do this, and either hummed inside with the giddiness of his genius or relapsed into feeling that he was a hack:

> To write little sketches of places, how feeble! . . . A writer ought, I felt, to know about "low" society, but "low life" is as hard to discover as High Society is. The *Monitor* certainly would not publish anything about the whores prancing about the hotels of Les Halles, with their red dresses, slit up to the thigh, and their hard voices shouting at the draymen below. If I nosed my way up to a *clochard* who had kipped down on one of those iron plates on the pavement where the warmth from the central heating comes through, near the Gare d'Austerlitz, I never got much more than a grunt out of him. The paper would not like that, unless I made him a picturesque character amusing to tourists. . . . I began to get the suspicion that I was hired to leave half of life out.

Because of a lawsuit in Boston, the *Monitor's* funds were frozen. The editor in London continued to accept his sketches but could not pay for them. In order to eat, he sold his books: Boileau, Balzac, Maupassant, Vigny, Hugo went, but, significantly, not Rabelais. He sold his other suit. He fed on the menus outside restaurants and was half out of his head with hunger. He might have starved—for nothing on earth would make him give up and go home—if his landlady had not noticed that his armoire was empty and that he did not go out in the evening. She brought him a bowl of soup and a glass of wine, and then settled down to get the truth out of him. The next day, she arranged a loan, in a roundabout fashion, through the old lady who corrected his grammar and pronunciation, who knew the reader of the Christian Science church, who was an American and had money.

"I wish you'd stop gesticulating and shrugging your shoulders and raising your eyebrows all the time like a Frenchman. You've got lines on your forehead already. You look like an old man," his father said when he turned up in London. He had come over to try and collect the money that was owed

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him. The editor of the *Monitor* put him off with promises, but eventually paid up, and later called him in and offered him twenty-five pounds to go to Ireland and write six articles on how people were living their ordinary lives in spite of the Civil War.

HIS first sight of the Dublin mountains "rising with beautiful false innocence in their violets, greens, and golden rust of grasses and bracken" made his breath go thin. As he walked along the Liffey, he was frisked by the patrols again and again; his green velours hat with a wide, turned-down brim, purchased in the Boulevard des Italiens so that he would pass for a Frenchman, was an item of the uniform of the I.R.A. In the foyer of the Abbey Theatre, he saw Lady Gregory talking to Lennox Robinson. There were a dozen people in the audience, watching the last act of "The Countess Cathleen." Soot came down the chimney of his hotel room twice in the night, when a bomb went off.

The journey from Dublin to Cork took fourteen hours. Soldiers came into his room and searched his bedding and luggage but looked respectfully at his books, and one of them started to read a poem of Yeats. He travelled across Tipperary to Limerick, and on to Enniskillen, and discovered that places overwhelmed him. "Every movement of light, every turn of leaf, every person, seemed to occupy me physically, so that I had no self left." In despair, he was driven to write flatly what he saw and heard. With a conviction of failure, he sent his first four articles to the paper, and was dumfounded to get a telegram saying that they were excellent. He settled down in an office on St. Stephen's Green, a cheerful outsider to Irish quarrels, and became the regular correspondent for a paper from whose religion he had lapsed. The weather, changing from hour to hour, excited his fancy, and so did the vivid and inventive talk. He lodged with two Protestant spinsters, who left him a supper of cold meat and pickles and a pot of very strong tea, and popped up every quarter of an hour if he brought home a young woman visitor. He walked by the sea at Blackrock or Dalkey, with a crowd of young men and girls, or over the mountains to Glendalough. He saw Æ riding a bicycle and carrying a bunch of flowers. He had tea with James Stephens. One afternoon he called on Yeats:

> The exalted voice flowed over me. The tall figure, in uncommonly delicate tweed, walked up and down, the voice becoming

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more resonant, as if he were on a stage. At the climax of some point about the Gaelic revival, he suddenly remembered he must make tea, in fact a new pot, because he had already been drinking some. The problem was one of emptying out the old teapot. It was a beautiful pot and he walked the room with the short steps of the aesthete, carrying it in his hand. He came toward me. He receded to the bookcase. He swung around the sofa. Suddenly, with Irish practicality, he went straight to one of the two splendid Georgian windows of the room, opened it, and out went those barren leaves with a swoosh, into Merrion Square.

He went several times to see O'Casey, in a tenement with a smashed fanlight above the door. The teakettle was singing over a fire of cheap coal dust, and O'Casey wore his cap in the house. He was writing "The Plough and the Stars" and on the wall had printed "Get on with the Bloody Play."

A passionate pleasure in the scenery did not prevent the *Monitor's* Irish correspondent from being aware of the disheartening villages and ruined farms of the west, or of the misery of the Dublin slums. In his articles, he sided with the pro-Free State faction, and there were complaints from Irish readers, who were mostly Protestant and of the opposite faction. He was called back to London, and expected to be fired. Instead, he was informed that nobody wanted to read about Ireland anymore, and, shortly after his twenty-third birthday, found himself serving as the *Monitor's* correspondent in Madrid.

HERE, halfway through the book, there is a noticeable change of pace and focus. Events take place in time rather than at any given moment of time. The descriptions of people tend to be generalized: "Barefooted children ran coughing their lungs out and poor women screamed out the names of newspapers and sold lottery tickets in the wet." This is very good, but it is not the same as "Mr. Shaves stuck a finger in an ear, burrowing there, in thought." Sometimes the writing is steady ("Each light in a window, though it might be miles away, was distinct and itself, as if it were the signal of a person or a family"); sometimes it is hurried, as if he felt compelled for one reason and another, including his two books on Spain, to make a long story short. And one is aware of information withheld out of delicacy. Just before he left Ireland, he married a young woman journalist who was working with him and who had also been brought up a Christian Scientist. The marriage turned out badly, and Mr. Pritchett doesn't go into it, beyond saying that his father-in-law disapproved of the match and "would get up from his daylong game of patience and leave the room muttering about the 'nasty little clerk' his daughter had brought into the house," and that in Spain his wife was homesick. She must have kept returning to Ireland, for he was alone for long stretches of time.

During the lax dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, there was little in the way of news to cable home. He sat huddled over an oil stove in the freezing weather, reading about the Moorish Conquest and the Counter-Reformation. He read Miguel de Unamuno's "Del Sentimento Tragico de la Vida" and suffered a moral shock. The "diluted transcendentalism of Mrs. Eddy" could not stand up to "the Spanish paradox: life intensely felt in the flesh and made whole by the contemplation of death." In Spain, the young man with the loose grin had stopped grinning and become thoughtful. He began to question everything he had taken for granted. When he went out to a café in the evening, it was to join a little group of liberal intellectuals, men of conscience and sensibility, who exerted an influence on his character and on his mind. In the Spanish Civil War, their reformist ideas were swept away and many of them were murdered, but all that was in the future. As in France and Ireland, he went on walking journeys, in the Guadarrama Mountains, to Avila and Segovia. Coming into the fishing village of Llanes, he and two friends were stoned by the local youths because they were strangers. It was not uncommon. He drove, with his wife, to Cordova and Seville and Granada (where people shouted "A woman driving!" and rushed after them), and round the coast to Barcelona, and back through Aragon, and came to the conclusion that there were as many Spains as there were provinces, towns, villages, and, finally, individual Spaniards. Eventually, he began to tire of his life as a newspaper correspondent; it seemed superficial, and he was convinced that he wasn't good at it. "In my heart I despised news and was confused by opinion." So he sat down to write his first short story.

HE was moved from Spain to North Africa when there was a flareup of the Riff war, and then to Boston, which he disliked, and back to Ireland. Dublin had changed, Yeats and O'Casey were in London, and he could feel the reaction that was about to set in, and the dullness of a growing re-

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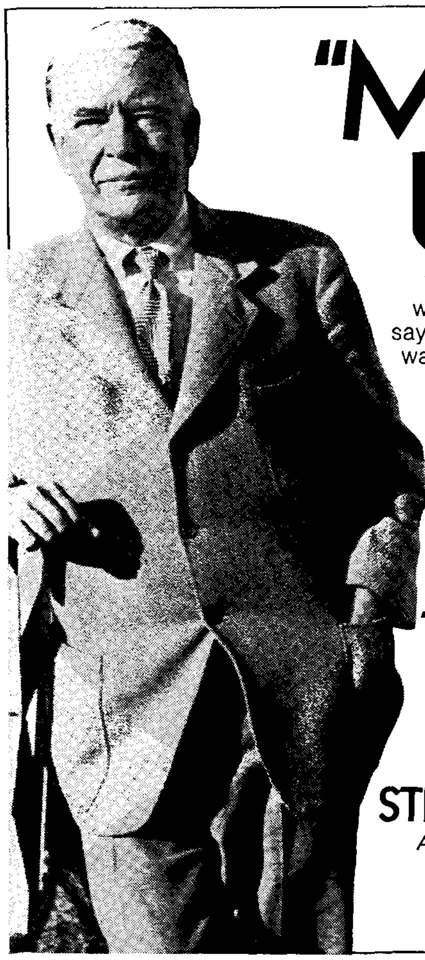
ligious domination. Also, his writing having got too fancy, the *Monitor* at last did fire him. He went back to London and lived in a series of furnished rooms that stank of mice or old tea leaves or, in one instance, cheese from the shop below. He supported himself by various ill-paying jobs, and was subject to one nervous illness after another, and fevers, and often sat in a crowd of out-patients at hospitals, waiting to have his stomach X-rayed. "Are you still doing the writing?" his mother asked, commiseratingly. In time, his life became less precarious. He reviewed novels for *The Spectator* and wrote articles for *The New Statesman*, and had stories published here and there. Since this did not give him enough money to live in London, he "became a literary journalist of highbrow tastes who lives in a country cottage because it is cheap and who divides his time between reviewing and doing his 'own work.' " He had to be told about the Bloomsbury group, just as he had had to be told about "Ulysses," and he did not try to make their acquaintance. He and his wife, who had been acting in repertory companies, separated for good.

Suddenly, in his early thirties, his life changed completely. His writing improved and his talent began to be recognized. And, emerging from a period of emotional bankruptcy, he fell deeply in love and married again. This second, ecstatically happy marriage he keeps in his closed fist, like a boy with a prized marble. "There is, I am sure," he says, "a direct connection between passionate love and the firing of the creative power of the mind. . . . The mind of the restrained or sexually discontented man wanders off into shallows. My mind had been abroad too long, in a double sense: not simply in France, Ireland, or Spain, but in a manner that had used only half of myself."

AS "Midnight Oil" continues on down through the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War (of which he says, "Looking at the war egotistically, from a writer's point of view, it was a feverish dispersal and waste of one's life"), the reader is aware of ground covered too quickly, of subjects—literary friendships, for example—not done justice to, and other subjects not done at all. If he had allowed himself another hundred pages it still would not have been a long book. Was he prevented by his announced plan of writing mostly about the period when he had not yet become a writer



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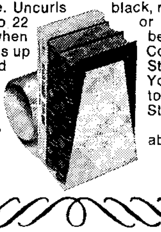

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or, having become one, was trying to form his talent? Plans can be altered. Was the hesitation of a more serious kind? He remarks that his father had taken to buying quantities of books and storing them, unread, in his wardrobe. "We were at the beginning of that phase so common in the lives of fathers and sons, when the father feels *he* is the son." There is an equally common and more lasting phase during which the son, arriving at middle age, helplessly sees himself doing those things that as a young man he most disliked in his father, and shudders. That self-inflating, irresistible old poseur, going through a new house and discovering that it had a balcony a foot wide and three feet long, announced, "I'll have my breakfast on it," fancying himself on the Riviera. And when he was living in Uxbridge he bought himself a yachting cap, a blazer, and cream trousers suitable for the Royal Yacht Squadron and Cowes, and a monocle, in order to walk grandly among the old men fishing with worms off the towpath of the canal. Could it be that the rather noticeable desire to get on with the bloody autobiography, in the last section, is nothing more than a fear of seeming egotistical and overblown?

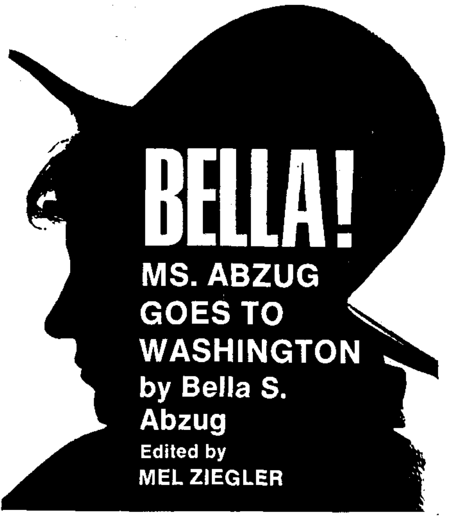
In any event, it is not fatigue, for instead of following his life down from the end of the Second World War to the present, he turns aside in favor of a coda of two whole chapters, about the old age and death of his mother and father, that is the strongest and best writing in this book.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BRIDGE, by H. L. Mountzoures (Scribners). The first chapter of this novel appeared as a story, "Bits of Glass," in this magazine. In it, a boy, Philip, is becoming acquainted with a new home in New England. His mother speaks Greek—she is an immigrant—and Philip is learning English from his brothers; Philip's father goes away for days at a time, to work in a fruit store on an island, and returns, exhausted, on Sundays. The chapter is simply a stream of impressions, pithily rendered, following no particular form but arriving at a definite, intense ending; it has the exact shape, and lack of shape, of a childhood memory. The novel, which continues at a consistent level of craft, gradually opens up new characters and new voices, but it always returns to the troubled triangle



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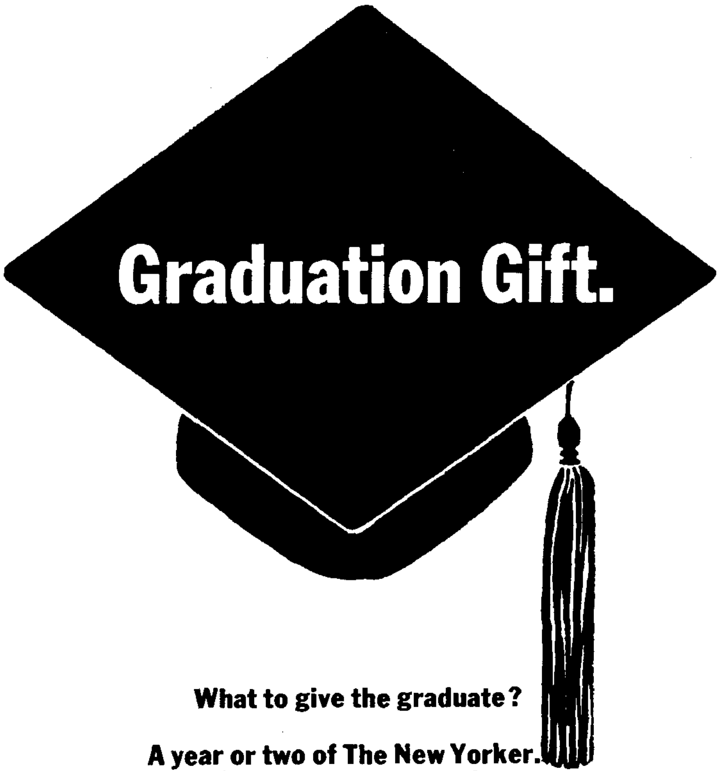
of Philip and his mother and father. The mother is overcome by her foreignness and by almost continuous rounds of childbearing; she begins showing signs of paranoia, which the father, paralyzed by a tenacious love, refuses to acknowledge. Philip spends his adolescence in a foster home in Connecticut, and enters college during the early fifties, with the vague intention of becoming a doctor. He falls in love with an intelligent, rather aggressive Catholic girl, Joanna, and they go through anguish over the guilt that religious young Americans feel about sex. Literature also distracts Philip, and, failing to enter medical school, he is drafted into the Army. Eventually, he finds himself in Greenwich Village, leading a bohemian life, which is to say a delightfully absurd one. This is followed by an attempt to help a mixed-up friend, David, a trip to Greece, and a return—still as a young man—to his parents' home. The novel does so many things so well—with such precision and honesty—that we are left wanting to know more and more about Joanna and David and the other people who have entered Philip's life.

GENERAL

EXISTENTIAL ERRANDS, by Norman Mailer (Little, Brown). Twenty-eight pieces from the past five years, on boxing, bullfighting, theatre, film, the New York literary Establishment, the author's campaign for mayor, and other matters. In his preface, Mr. Mailer calls the book "the abstract journal of a trip from the relative certainty of boxing and bullfighting to that cubist state of the psyche where one runs for mayor with one's heart in one's mouth and is congratulated for the éclat in the put-on." Mr. Mailer does not mean that his campaign *was* a put-on. Quite the contrary; putting people on, or being facetious, is the one charge that he seems to resent the most. In turn, it is the fault that he seems most inclined to find in others; in one essay, he says that the put-on is a characteristic form of the literary Establishment, and in the preface he says that "the put-on is perhaps the spirit elixir of technology." He also speaks in favor of things that he considers the opposite of put-ons—things that are earnest, self-exposing, and risky. Norman Podhoretz, in writing a book that offended the Establishment, was doing the opposite of a put-on; so, in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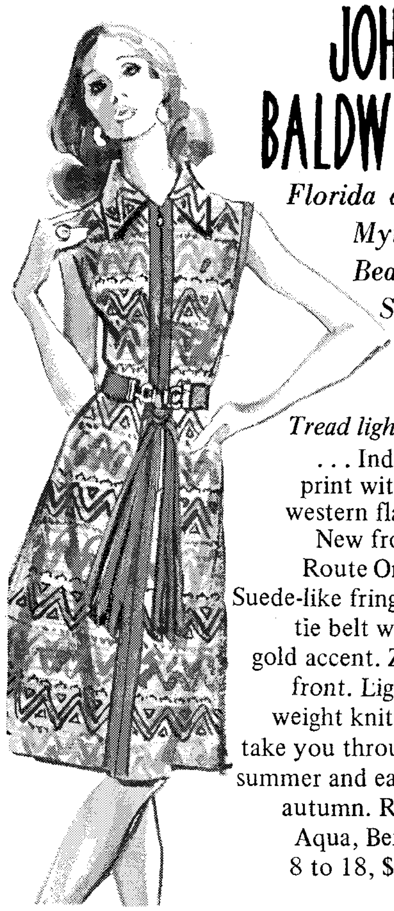

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their own ways, were Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier, the bullfighter El Loco, and the people involved in Mr. Mailer's theatrical and cinematic productions. All these people earn the word "existential," which means that in their actions all pretense is stripped away and whole reputations stand to be lost or gained. An existential errand, then, is an act of honesty and daring. This is an attractive notion, but it falls down at a few points. A sloppily made film, a quixotic race for mayor, a blanket diatribe against "plastic" culture are possibly honest and daring, but they are also self-indulgent. At times, Mr. Mailer seems to have a strategy of behaving flamboyantly—or writing bombastically—and then accusing the world of not taking him with sufficient seriousness. He is capable, though, of opening up our imaginations, and this book has some remarkable writing on boxing and bullfighting, and some sympathetic criticism of Mr. Podhoretz' book.

DAISY BATES, by Elizabeth Salter (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). A biography of a pertinacious, original, troublesome Australian gentlewoman (1863?-1951), who made herself an anthropologist and became the ally and protector of the aborigines. Mrs. Bates was the daughter of Irish gentlefolk. She lost her parents, went to Australia, and married (unhappily) a man who lost much of her capital. However, she never lost her zest, energy, and resourcefulness, and an initial curiosity about the Australian natives led her to amazing feats of endurance and scholarship. Her biographer avoids hagiography: Mrs. Bates helped native children but failed her own child; frequently a prophet without honor, she tended to blame "enemies," and responded tactlessly to opportunities. Nevertheless, she emerges as a very rare kind of person—someone who could move right into another, wholly dissimilar culture and appreciate its alien crudities and niceties as if to *that* manner born.

A QUESTION OF JUDGMENT: THE FORTAS CASE AND THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SUPREME COURT, by Robert Shogan (Bobbs-Merrill). This is an utterly absorbing book. In the summer of 1968, President Johnson, wishing to continue the "Warren Court" after Mr. Warren spoke of retiring, proposed to elevate Abe Fortas to the Chief Justiceship, but, with a Republican Presidential victory possible, Senator Robert Griffin (R., Mich.) wanted to put everything off until after the election. It is ironic that this battle, which was a politicians' fight about patronage quite as much as an ideological struggle, turned on judicial purity. Mr. Shogan thinks that Fortas's career, from Yale Law School *Wunderkind* to New Deal administrator to Washington lawyer, quite satisfied him; indeed, it was no secret that Fortas's reluctance to join the Court in 1965 at a loss of something more than three-quarters of his income was overborne by his old friend Lyndon Johnson. (One recalls Henry II forcing Becket to become archbishop.) At that time Fortas seems to have had the reputation of being too clever by half, but it was his conduct as Associate Justice, his continuing relations with Louis Wolfson, a sometime client who was convicted of stock manipulation, and his intimacy with an unpopular President that made him vulnerable when he was nominated to become Chief Justice. Mr. Shogan, who is a very good writer as well as an industrious reporter, saw legions of people, but not Mr. Fortas, who has refused to discuss the affair with anyone. This is perhaps unfortunate, since the record makes him appear greedy and sly when he may in fact have been insensitive or indecisive. The setting, by the way, is beautifully drawn: Washington is indeed Vanity Fair, and this fine work of journalism is a novel without a hero.

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SAN CARLOS—The release of 56,000 lady bugs in the school library went almost unnoticed at San Carlos High School this week because of Tuesday and Wednesday's outbreaks of violence.

"The week started with the lady bugs and I wish it had ended with that," a teacher said today.

According to Principal William Walti, the bugs were released at 7:30 Monday morning by students who had bought them for $10 from a lady bug in Auburn.—*Palo Alto (Calif.) Times.*

She must have been in reduced circumstances.

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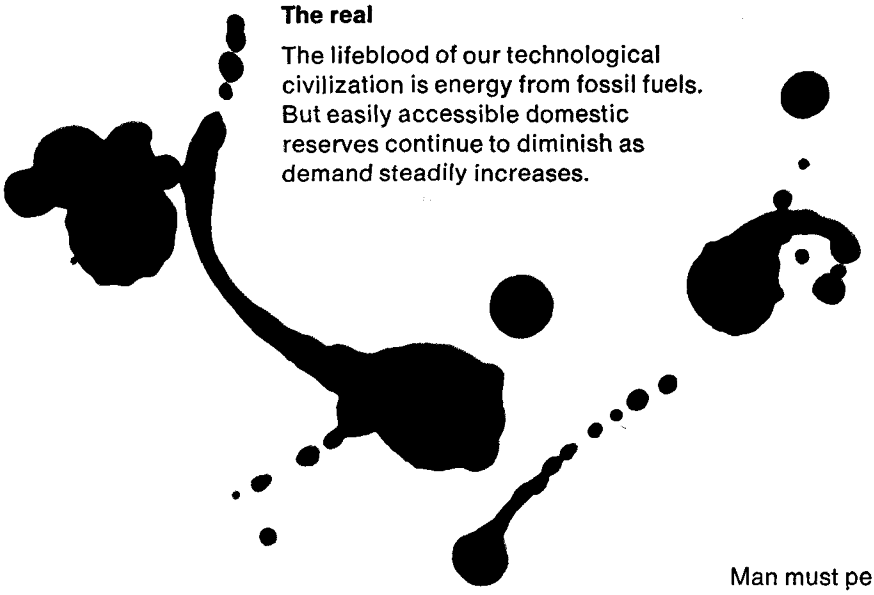
An evening with
Henry Mancini
and the
Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
THREE RIVERS STADIUM
JUNE 3RD 8:30 P.M. (If Rain—June 1st)
—*Mail-order announcement from the Andrew Carnegie Athletic Association.*

And be quick about it!



The real

The lifeblood of our technological civilization is energy from fossil fuels. But easily accessible domestic reserves continue to diminish as demand steadily increases.

The ideal

A practical way to harness the pure, clean force of the sun, source of every energy form man has ever known.

Man must perfect techniques to extract from nature's abundance greater quantities of supplemental energy. Perhaps giant satellite solar cells; perhaps proven safe atomic fission. Or perhaps he will be encouraged to seek greater yield from known natural reserves and synthetics without disturbing either the ecology or the economy.

Whatever the answers, they must be found while we still have the energy to find them.

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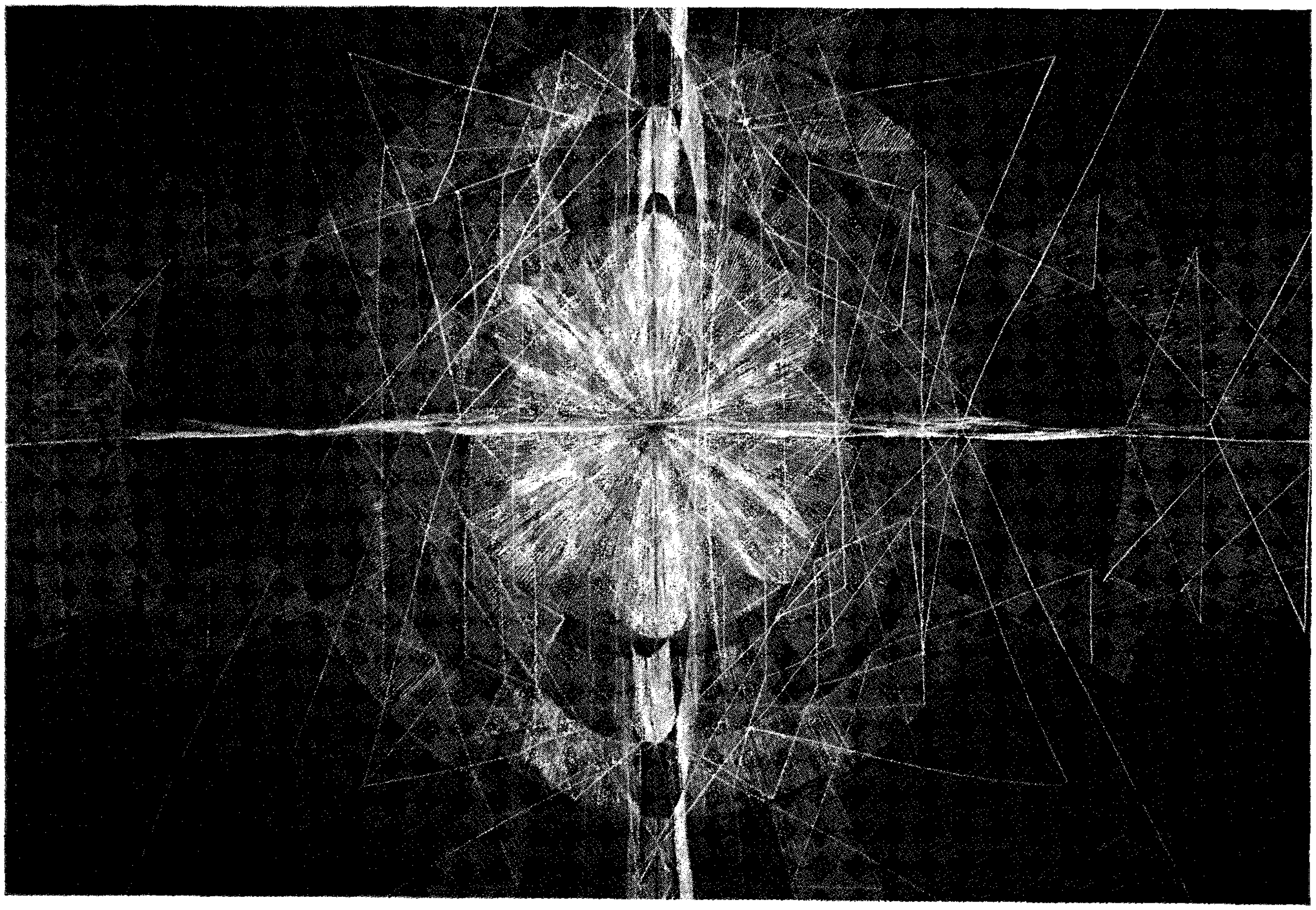
artist lippold The Metropolitan Museum of Art



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P.S. It's also all that's standing in the way of your buying him Chivas for Father's Day.